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NEW X-MEN

E IS FOR EXTINCTION

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NEW X MEN

E IS FOR EXTINCTION

VOL. 1

2001–2002

NEW X-MEN E IS FOR EXTINCTION

VOL. 1

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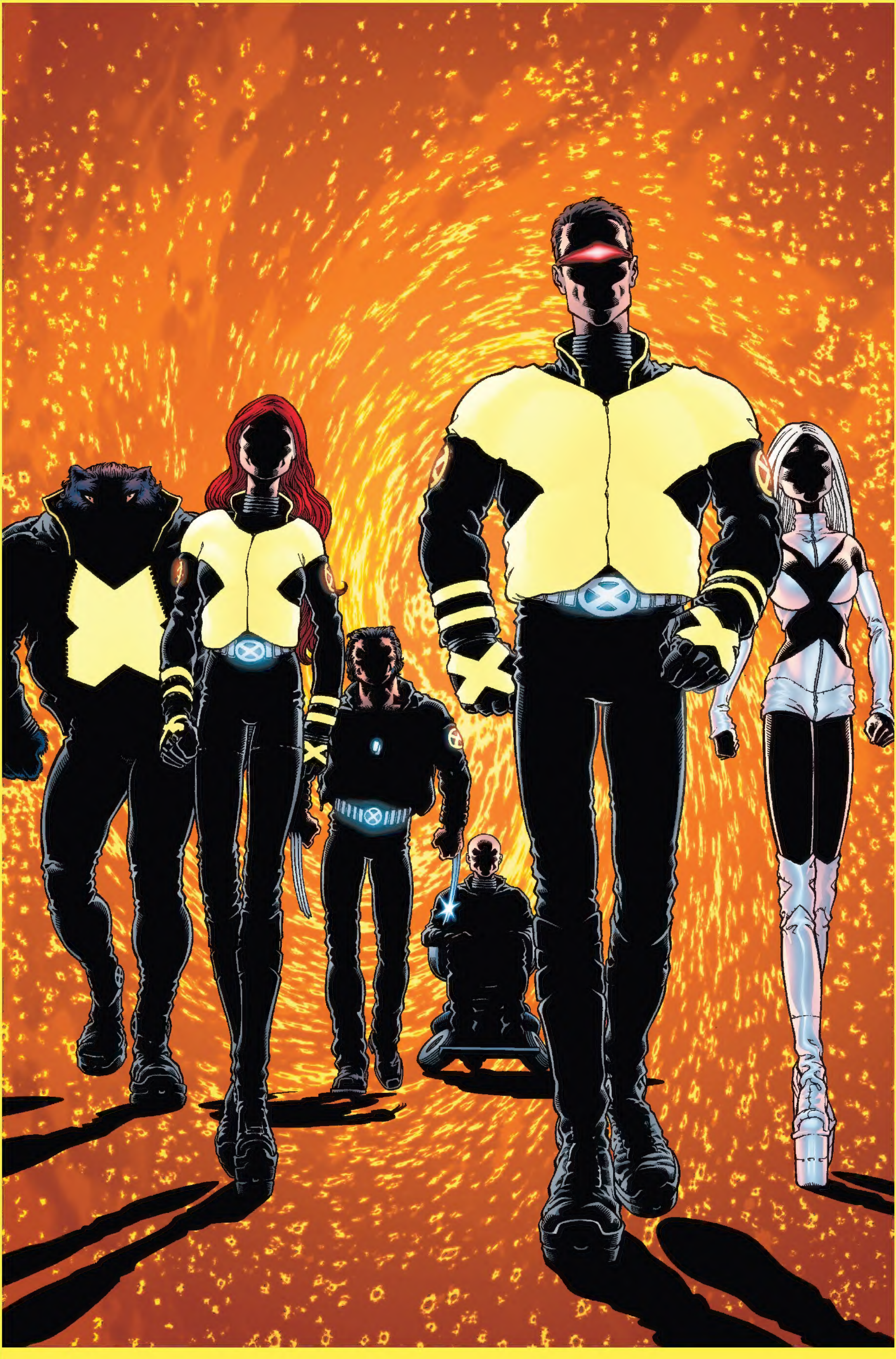
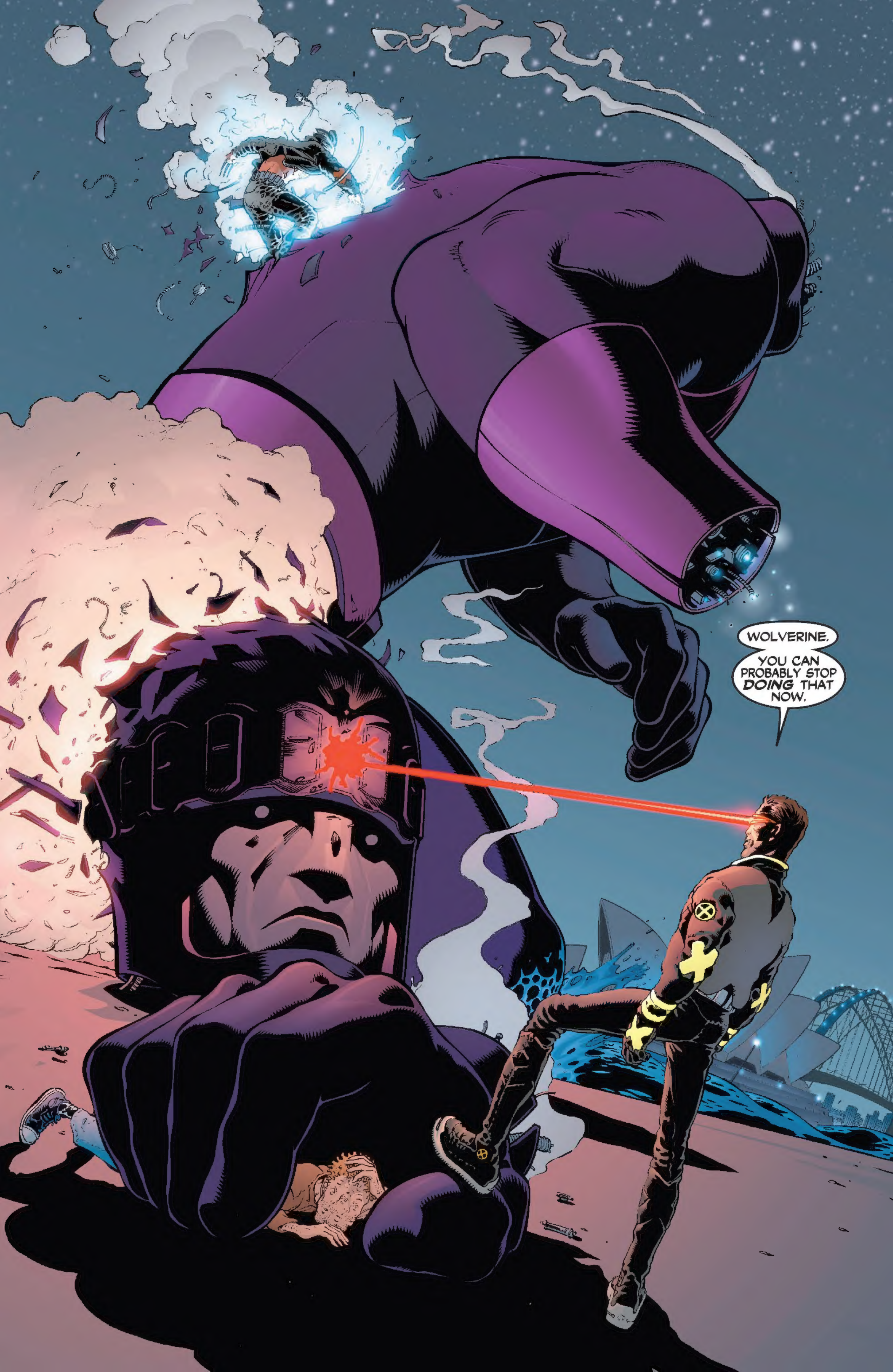
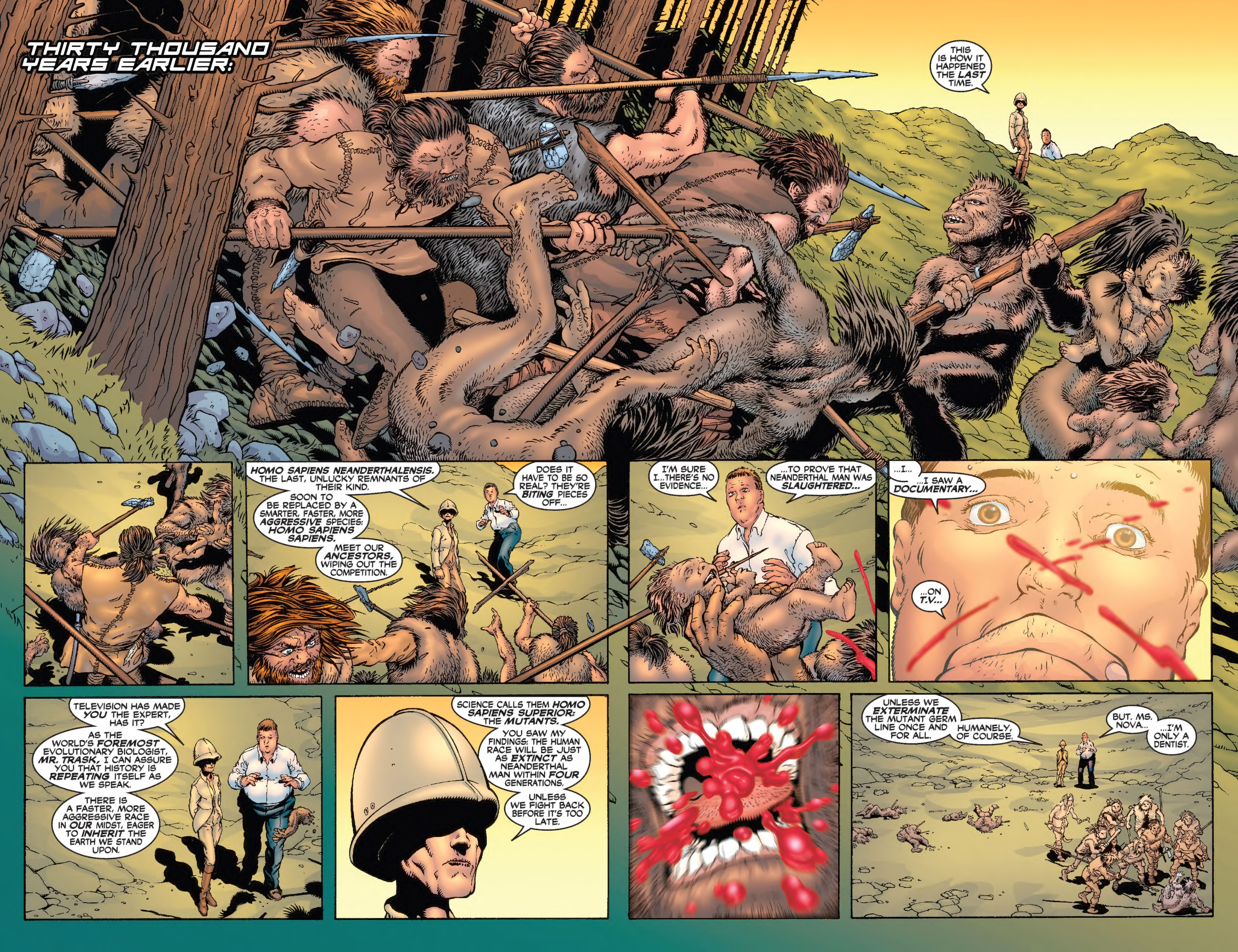


NEW X-MEN #114
"E IS FOR EXTINCTION PART ONE OF THREE"

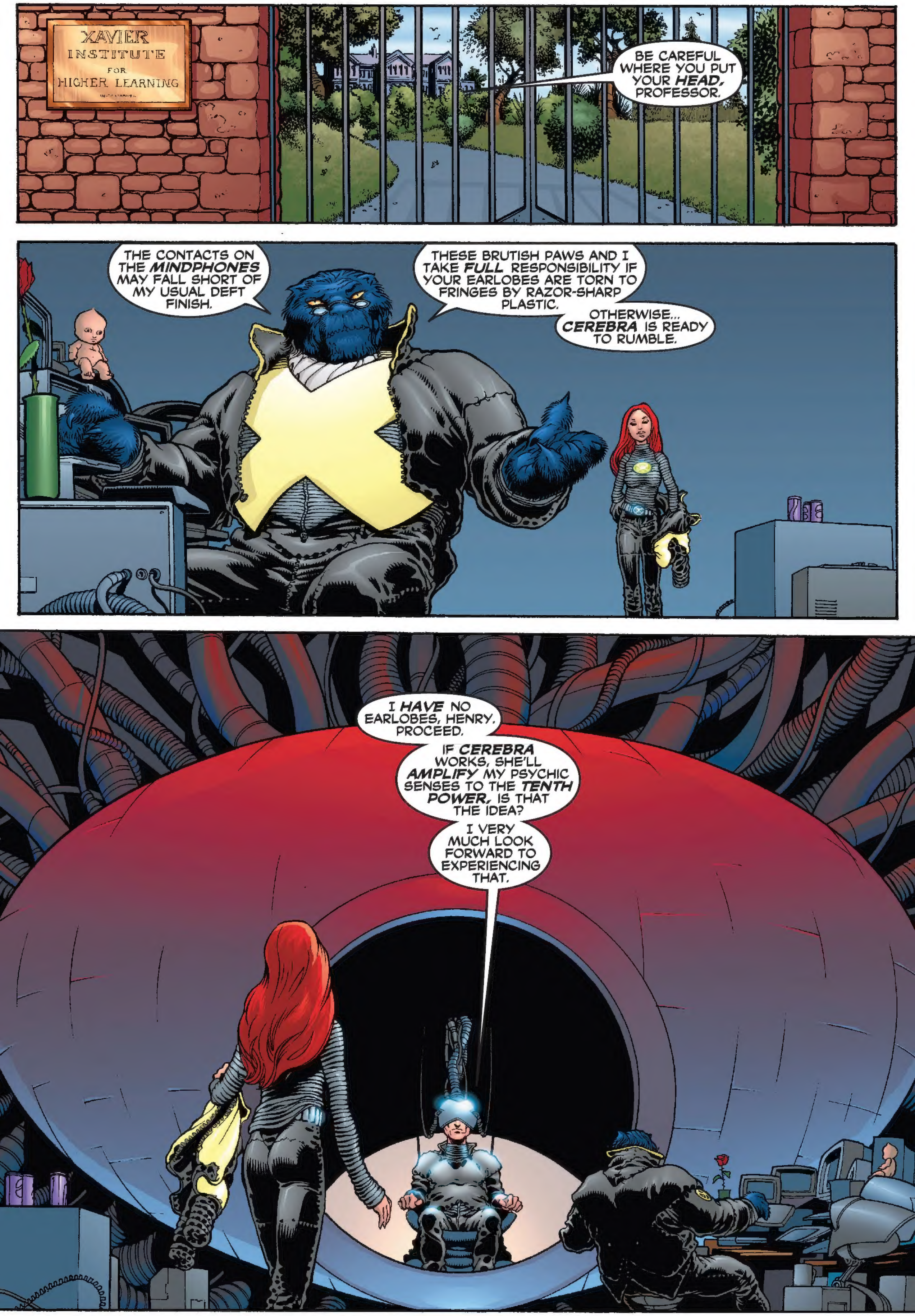

WOLVERINE.
YOU CAN PROBABLY STOP *DOING* THAT NOW.

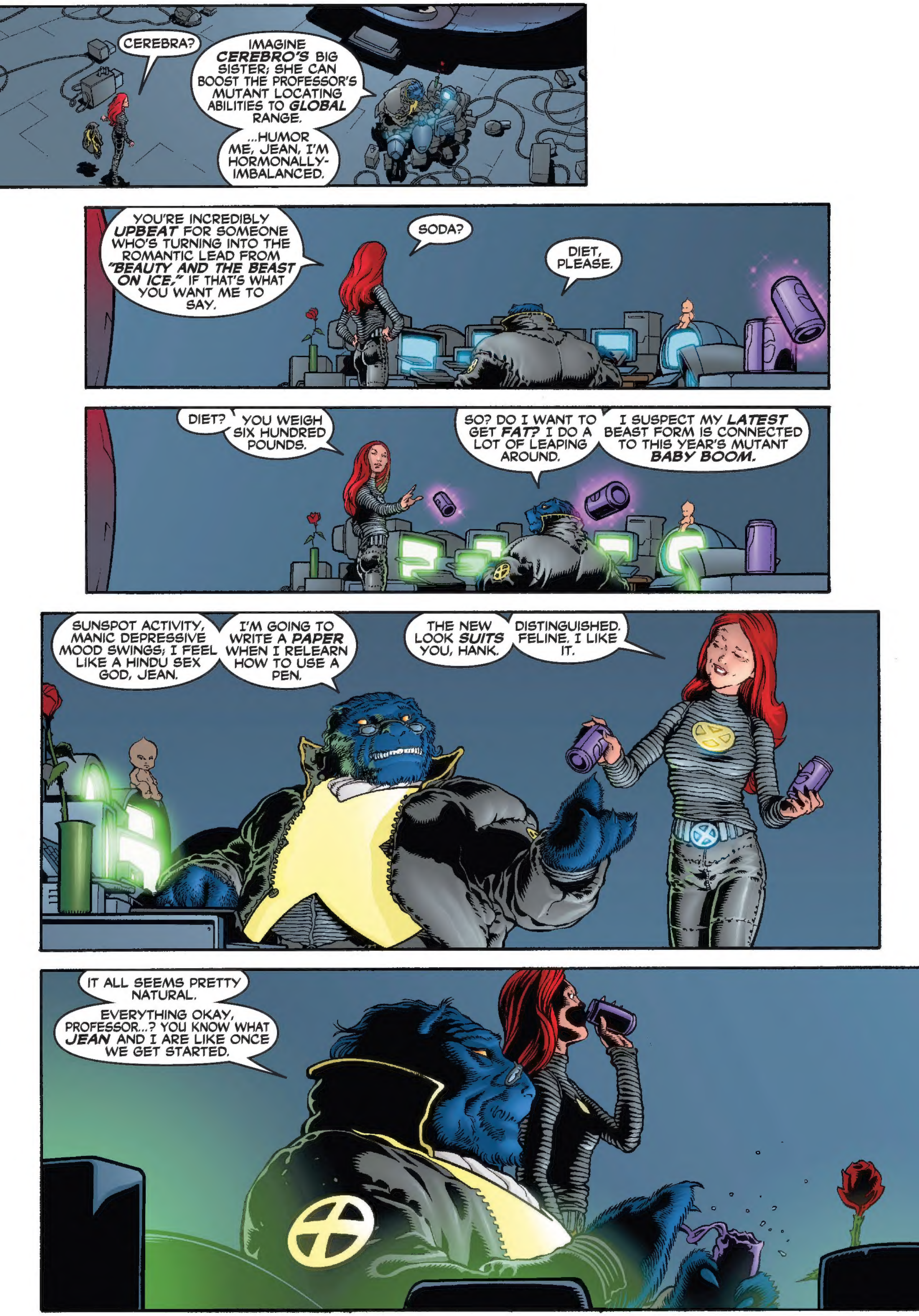

THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS EARLIER:
THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME.
HOMO SAPIENS NEANDERTHALENSIS. THE LAST, UNLUCKY REMNANTS OF THEIR KIND.
SOON TO BE REPLACED BY A SMARTER, FASTER, MORE AGGRESSIVE SPECIES: HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS.
MEET OUR ANCESTORS, WIPING OUT THE COMPETITION.
DOES IT HAVE TO BE SO REAL? THEY'RE BITING PIECES OFF...
I'M SURE I...THERE'S NO EVIDENCE...
...TO PROVE THAT NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS SLAUGHTERED...
...I...
...I SAW A DOCUMENTARY...
...ON T.V....
TELEVISION HAS MADE YOU THE EXPERT, HAS IT?
AS THE WORLD'S FOREMOST EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGIST, MR. TRASK, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF AS WE SPEAK.
THERE IS A FASTER, MORE AGGRESSIVE RACE IN OUR MIDST, EAGER TO INHERIT THE EARTH WE STAND UPON.
SCIENCE CALLS THEM HOMO SAPIENS SUPERIOR: THE MUTANTS.
YOU SAW MY FINDINGS: THE HUMAN RACE WILL BE JUST AS EXTINCT AS NEANDERTHAL MAN WITHIN FOUR GENERATIONS.
UNLESS WE FIGHT BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
UNLESS WE EXTERMINATE THE MUTANT GERM LINE ONCE AND FOR ALL.
HUMANELY, OF COURSE.
BUT, MS. NOVA...
...I'M ONLY A DENTIST.

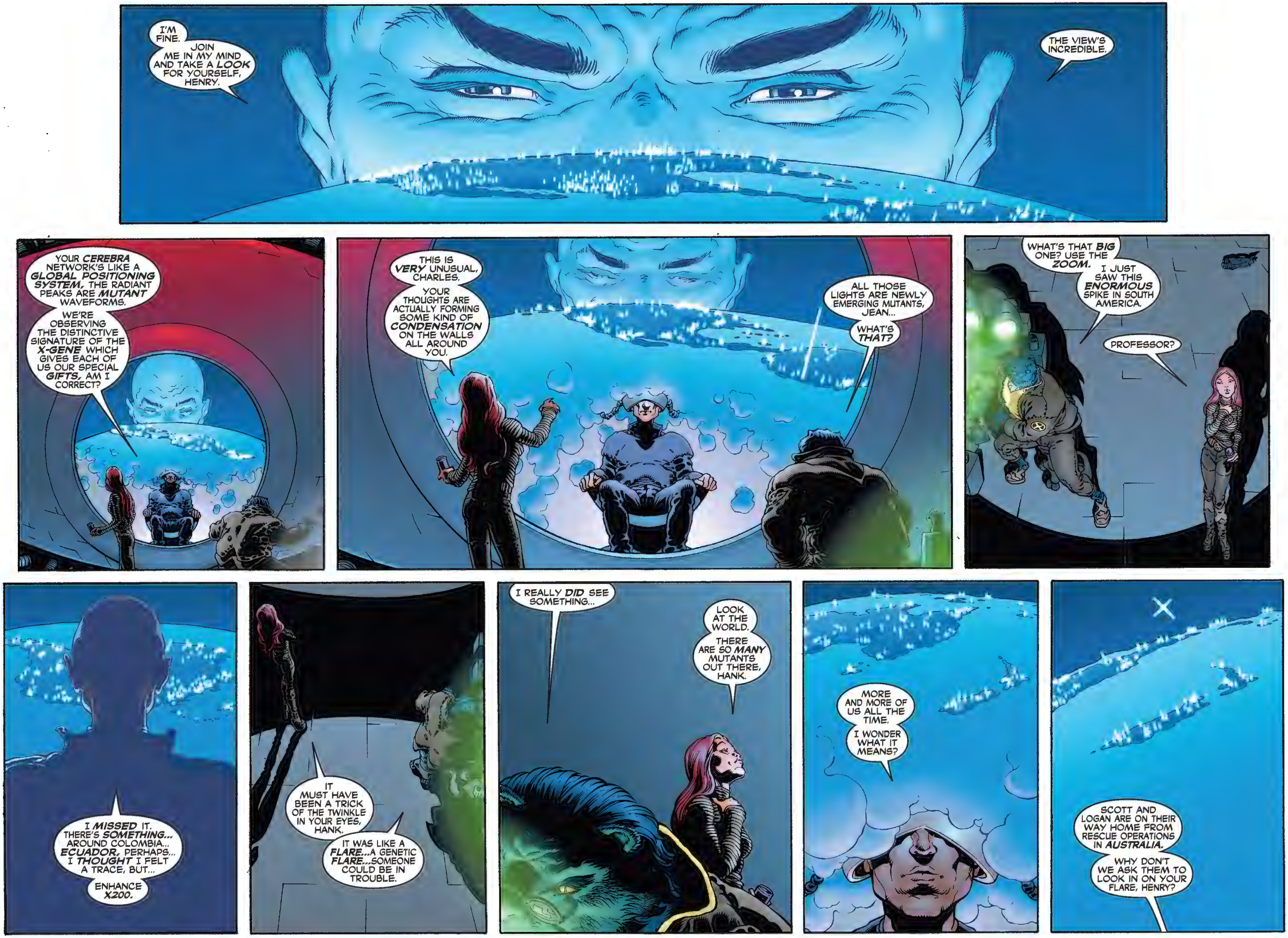
SCOTT SUMMERS/CYCLOPS
JEAN GREY
EMMA FROST
HENRY McCOY PhD/BEAST
LOGAN/WOLVERINE

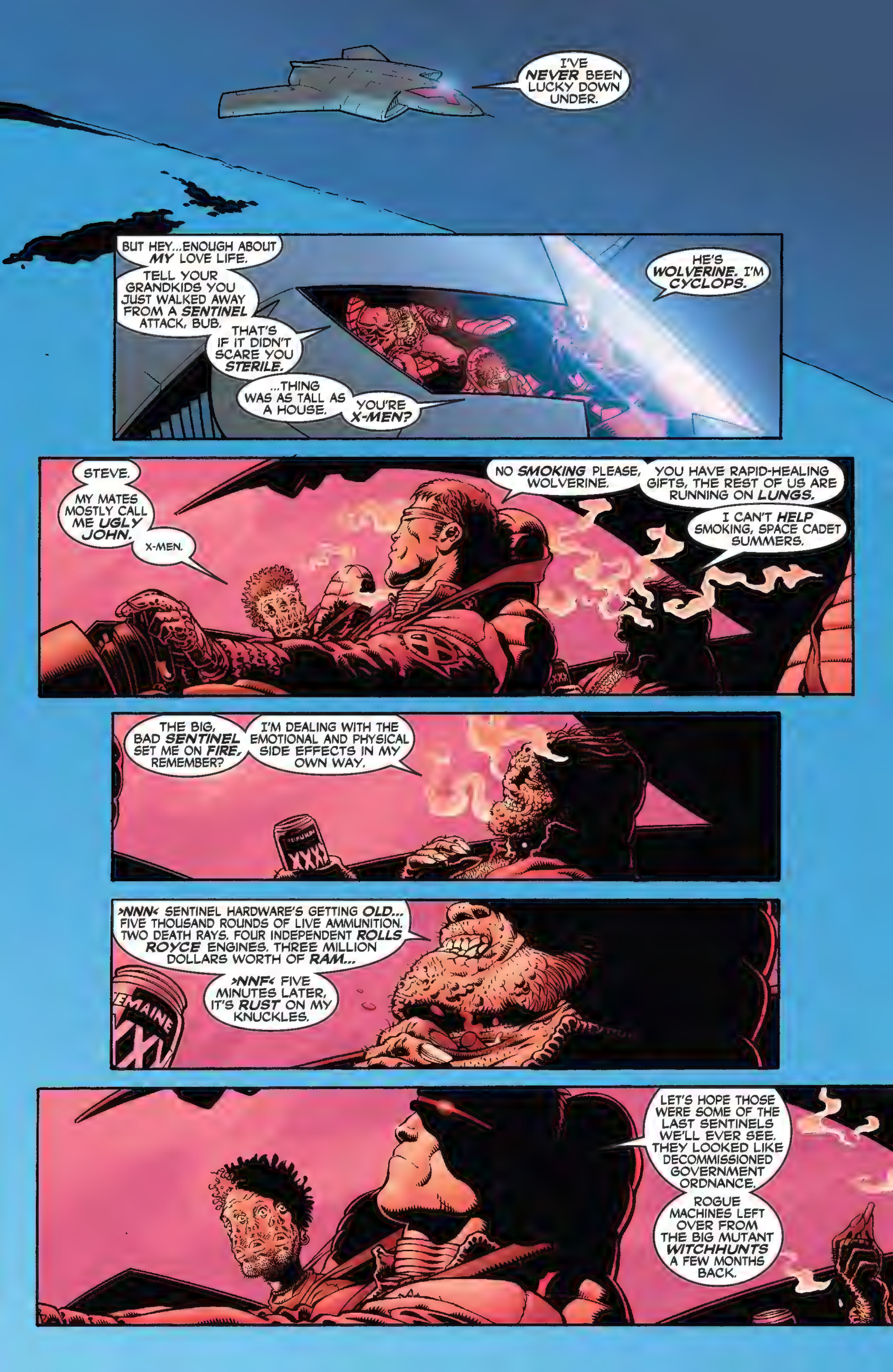
e is for extinction

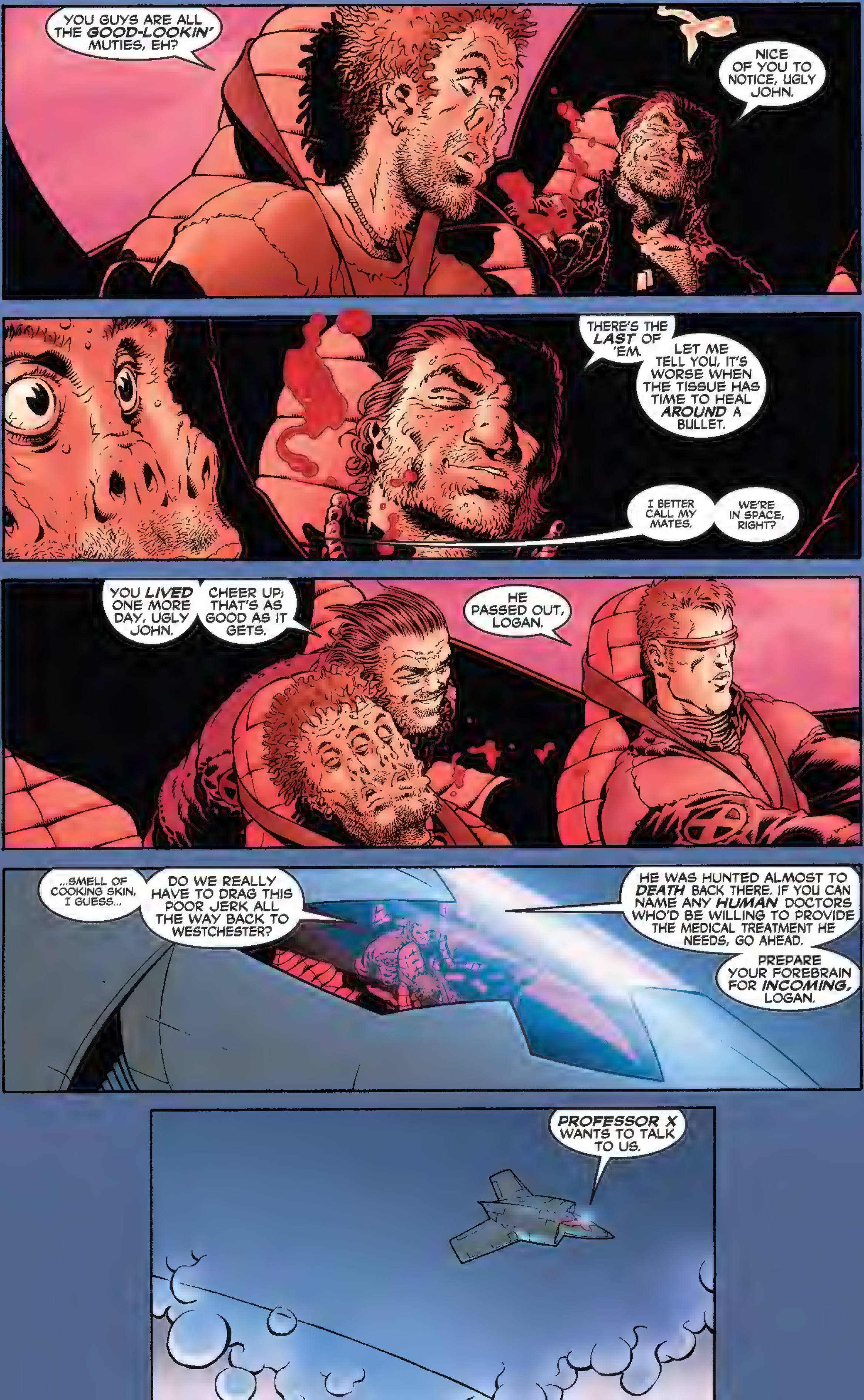
ONE OF THREE

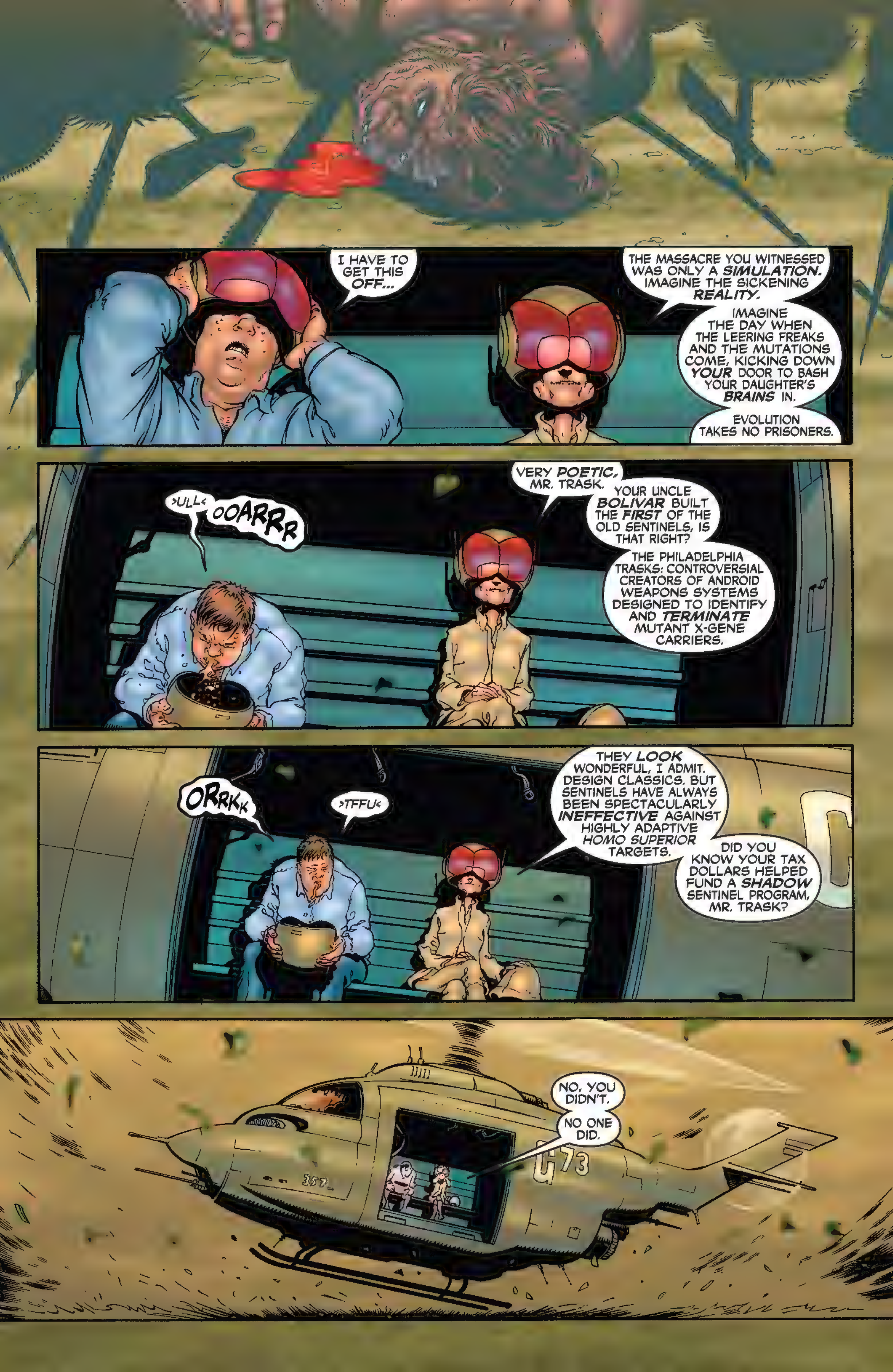

XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING
BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT YOUR **HEAD,** PROFESSOR.
THE CONTACTS ON THE ***MINDPHONES*** MAY FALL SHORT OF MY USUAL DEFT FINISH.
THESE BRUTISH PAWS AND I TAKE ***FULL*** RESPONSIBILITY IF YOUR EARLOBES ARE TORN TO FRINGES BY RAZOR-SHARP PLASTIC.
OTHERWISE... ***CEREBRA*** IS READY TO RUMBLE.
I ***HAVE*** NO EARLOBES, HENRY. PROCEED.
IF ***CEREBRA*** WORKS, SHE'LL ***AMPLIFY*** MY PSYCHIC SENSES TO THE ***TENTH POWER,*** IS THAT THE IDEA?
I VERY MUCH LOOK FORWARD TO EXPERIENCING THAT.

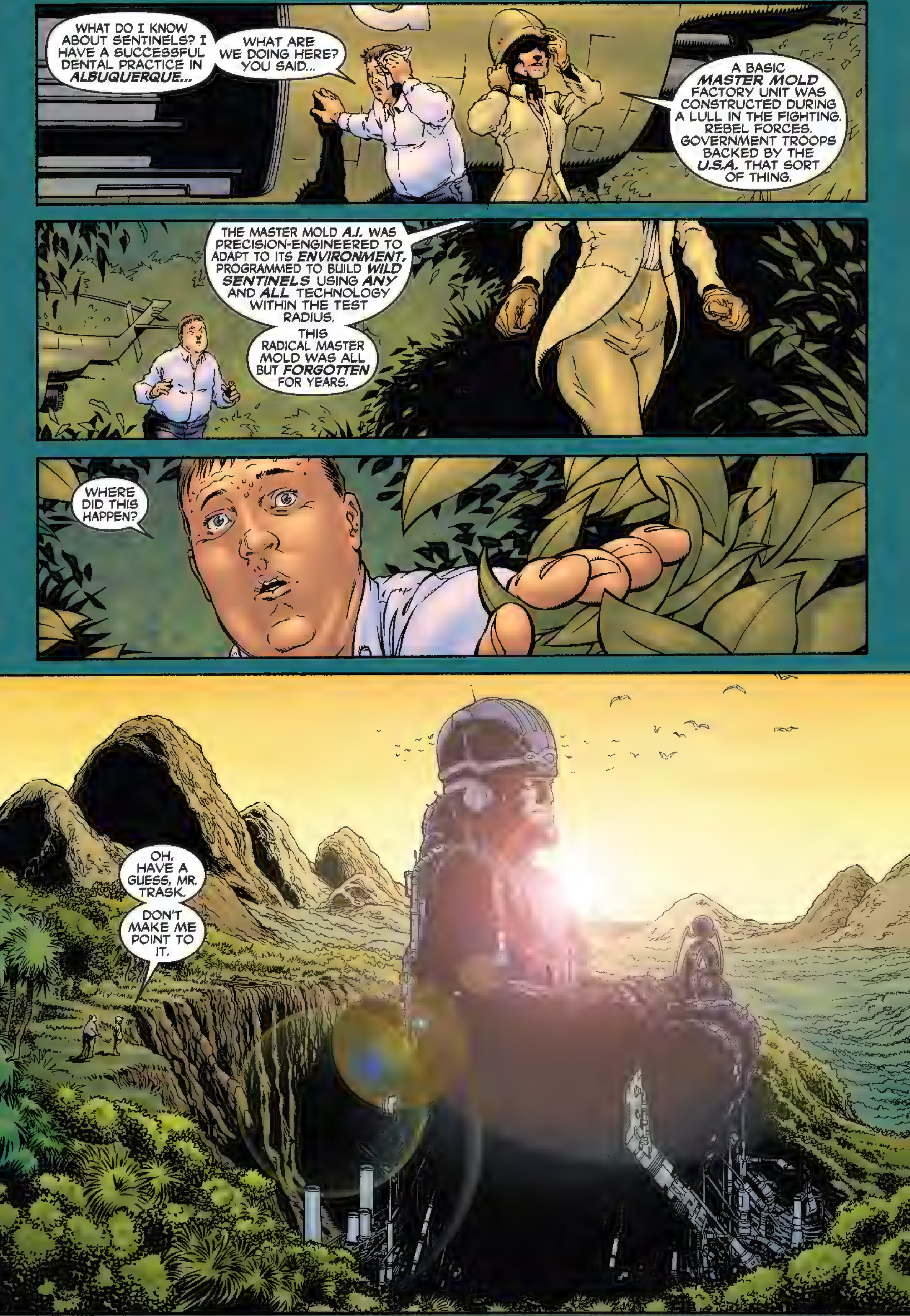

CEREBRA?
IMAGINE *CEREBRO'S* BIG SISTER; SHE CAN BOOST THE PROFESSOR'S MUTANT LOCATING ABILITIES TO *GLOBAL* RANGE.
...HUMOR ME, JEAN, I'M HORMONALLY-IMBALANCED.
YOU'RE INCREDIBLY *UPBEAT* FOR SOMEONE WHO'S TURNING INTO THE ROMANTIC LEAD FROM *"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ON ICE,"* IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT ME TO SAY.
SODA?
DIET, PLEASE.
DIET?
YOU WEIGH SIX HUNDRED POUNDS.
SO? DO I WANT TO GET *FAT?* I DO A LOT OF LEAPING AROUND.
I SUSPECT MY *LATEST* BEAST FORM IS CONNECTED TO THIS YEAR'S MUTANT *BABY BOOM.*
SUNSPOT ACTIVITY, MANIC DEPRESSIVE MOOD SWINGS; I FEEL LIKE A HINDU SEX GOD, JEAN.
I'M GOING TO WRITE A *PAPER* WHEN I RELEARN HOW TO USE A PEN.
THE NEW LOOK *SUITS* YOU, HANK.
DISTINGUISHED. FELINE. I LIKE IT.
IT ALL SEEMS PRETTY NATURAL.
EVERYTHING OKAY, PROFESSOR...? YOU KNOW WHAT *JEAN* AND I ARE LIKE ONCE WE GET STARTED.

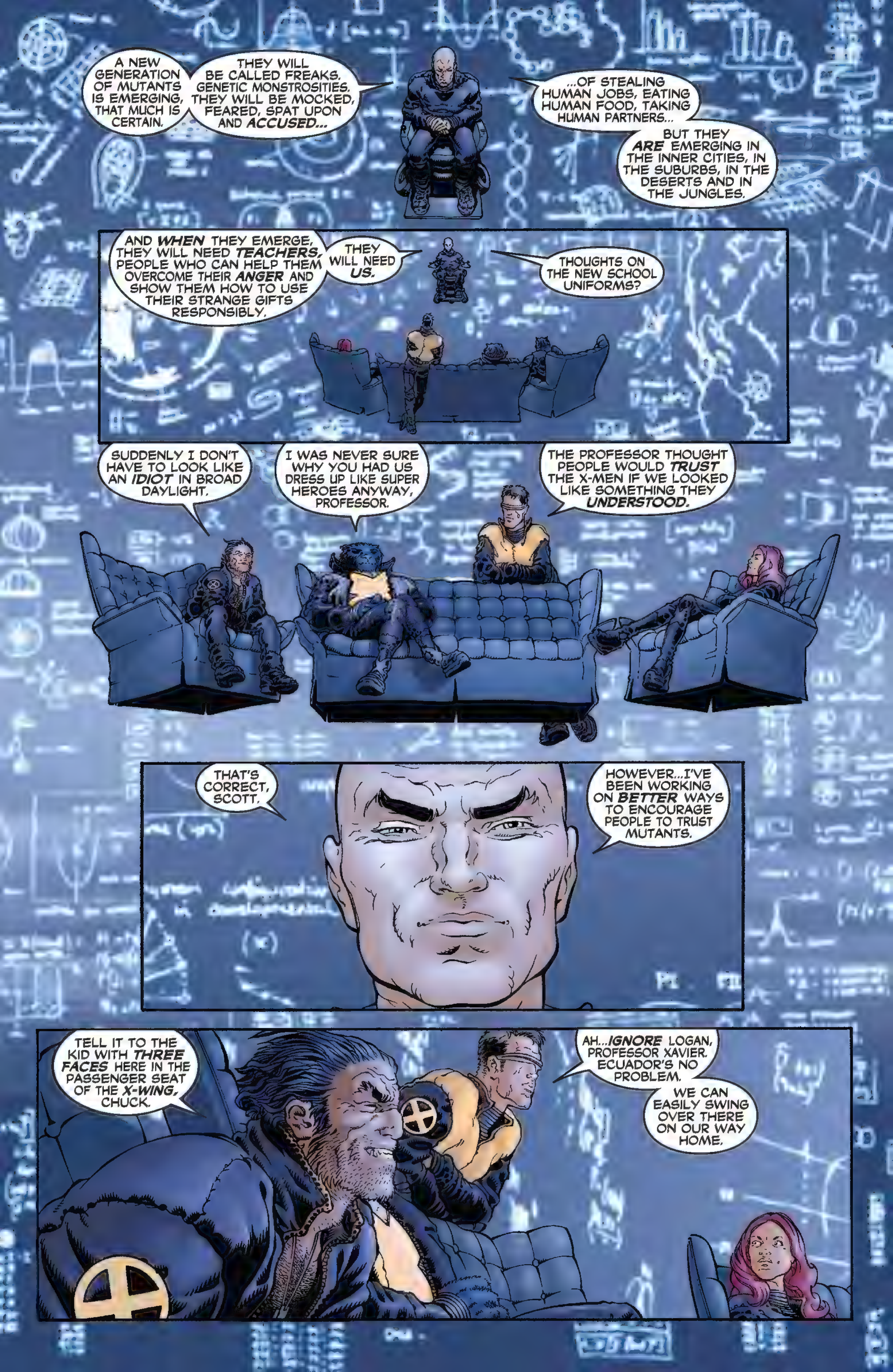

I'M FINE.
JOIN ME IN MY MIND AND TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF, HENRY.
THE VIEW'S INCREDIBLE.
YOUR CEREBRA NETWORK'S LIKE A GLOBAL POSITIONING SYSTEM. THE RADIANT PEAKS ARE MUTANT WAVEFORMS.
WE'RE OBSERVING THE DISTINCTIVE SIGNATURE OF THE X-GENE WHICH GIVES EACH OF US OUR SPECIAL GIFTS, AM I CORRECT?
THIS IS VERY UNUSUAL, CHARLES.
YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ACTUALLY FORMING SOME KIND OF CONDENSATION ON THE WALLS ALL AROUND YOU.
ALL THOSE LIGHTS ARE NEWLY EMERGING MUTANTS, JEAN...
WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT'S THAT BIG ONE? USE THE ZOOM.
I JUST SAW THIS ENORMOUS SPIKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.
PROFESSOR?
I MISSED IT. THERE'S SOMETHING... AROUND COLOMBIA... ECUADOR, PERHAPS... I THOUGHT I FELT A TRACE, BUT...
ENHANCE X200.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TRICK OF THE TWINKLE IN YOUR EYES, HANK.
IT WAS LIKE A FLARE...A GENETIC FLARE...SOMEONE COULD BE IN TROUBLE.
I REALLY DID SEE SOMETHING...
LOOK AT THE WORLD.
THERE ARE SO MANY MUTANTS OUT THERE, HANK.
MORE AND MORE OF US ALL THE TIME.
I WONDER WHAT IT MEANS?
SCOTT AND LOGAN ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM RESCUE OPERATIONS IN AUSTRALIA.
WHY DON'T WE ASK THEM TO LOOK IN ON YOUR FLARE, HENRY?

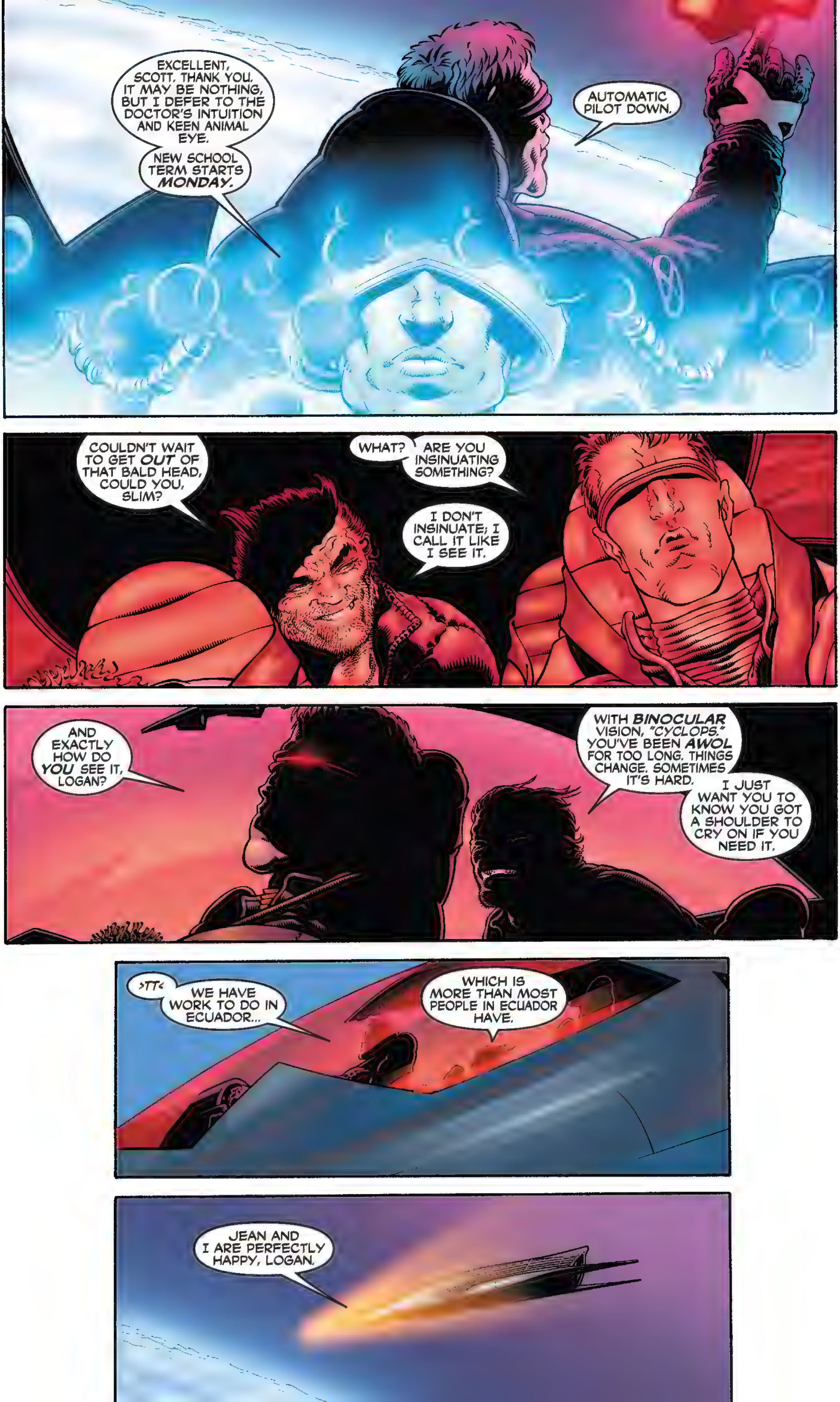

I'VE NEVER BEEN LUCKY DOWN UNDER.
BUT HEY...ENOUGH ABOUT MY LOVE LIFE.
TELL YOUR GRANDKIDS YOU JUST WALKED AWAY FROM A SENTINEL ATTACK, BUB.
THAT'S IF IT DIDN'T SCARE YOU STERILE.
...THING WAS AS TALL AS A HOUSE.
YOU'RE X-MEN?
HE'S WOLVERINE. I'M CYCLOPS.
STEVE.
MY MATES MOSTLY CALL ME UGLY JOHN.
X-MEN.
NO SMOKING PLEASE, WOLVERINE.
YOU HAVE RAPID-HEALING GIFTS, THE REST OF US ARE RUNNING ON LUNGS.
I CAN'T HELP SMOKING, SPACE CADET SUMMERS.
THE BIG, BAD SENTINEL SET ME ON FIRE, REMEMBER?
I'M DEALING WITH THE EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL SIDE EFFECTS IN MY OWN WAY.
XXXX
>NNN< SENTINEL HARDWARE'S GETTING OLD... FIVE THOUSAND ROUNDS OF LIVE AMMUNITION. TWO DEATH RAYS. FOUR INDEPENDENT ROLLS ROYCE ENGINES. THREE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RAM...
>NNF< FIVE MINUTES LATER, IT'S RUST ON MY KNUCKLES.
EMAINE XXX
LET'S HOPE THOSE WERE SOME OF THE LAST SENTINELS WE'LL EVER SEE. THEY LOOKED LIKE DECOMMISSIONED GOVERNMENT ORDNANCE.
ROGUE MACHINES LEFT OVER FROM THE BIG MUTANT WITCHHUNTS A FEW MONTHS BACK.

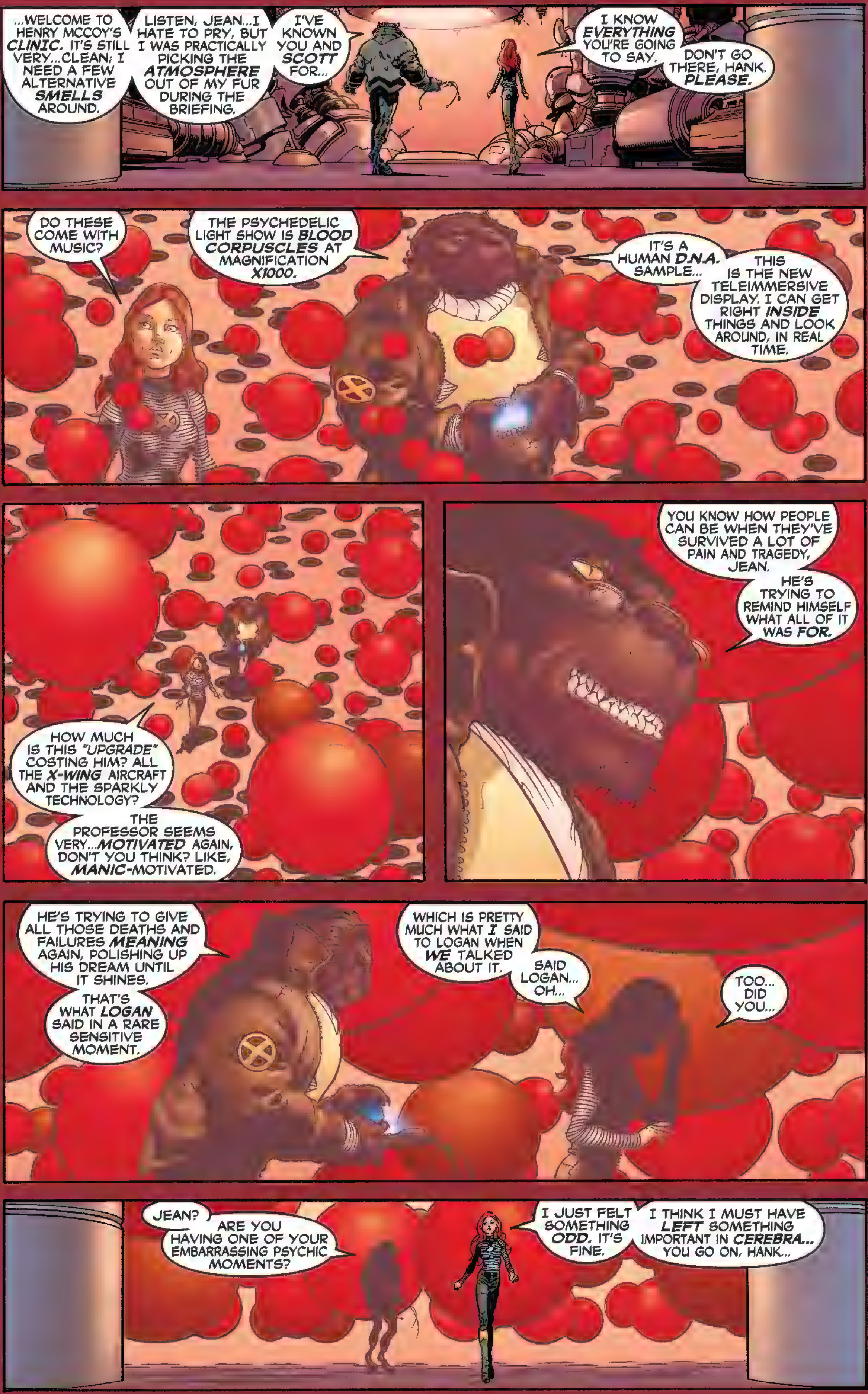

YOU GUYS ARE ALL THE GOOD-LOOKIN' MUTIES, EH?
NICE OF YOU TO NOTICE, UGLY JOHN.
THERE'S THE LAST OF 'EM.
LET ME TELL YOU, IT'S WORSE WHEN THE TISSUE HAS TIME TO HEAL AROUND A BULLET.
I BETTER CALL MY MATES.
WE'RE IN SPACE, RIGHT?
YOU LIVED ONE MORE DAY, UGLY JOHN.
CHEER UP; THAT'S AS GOOD AS IT GETS.
HE PASSED OUT, LOGAN.
...SMELL OF COOKING SKIN, I GUESS...
DO WE REALLY HAVE TO DRAG THIS POOR JERK ALL THE WAY BACK TO WESTCHESTER?
HE WAS HUNTED ALMOST TO DEATH BACK THERE. IF YOU CAN NAME ANY HUMAN DOCTORS WHO'D BE WILLING TO PROVIDE THE MEDICAL TREATMENT HE NEEDS, GO AHEAD.
PREPARE YOUR FOREBRAIN FOR INCOMING, LOGAN.
PROFESSOR X WANTS TO TALK TO US.

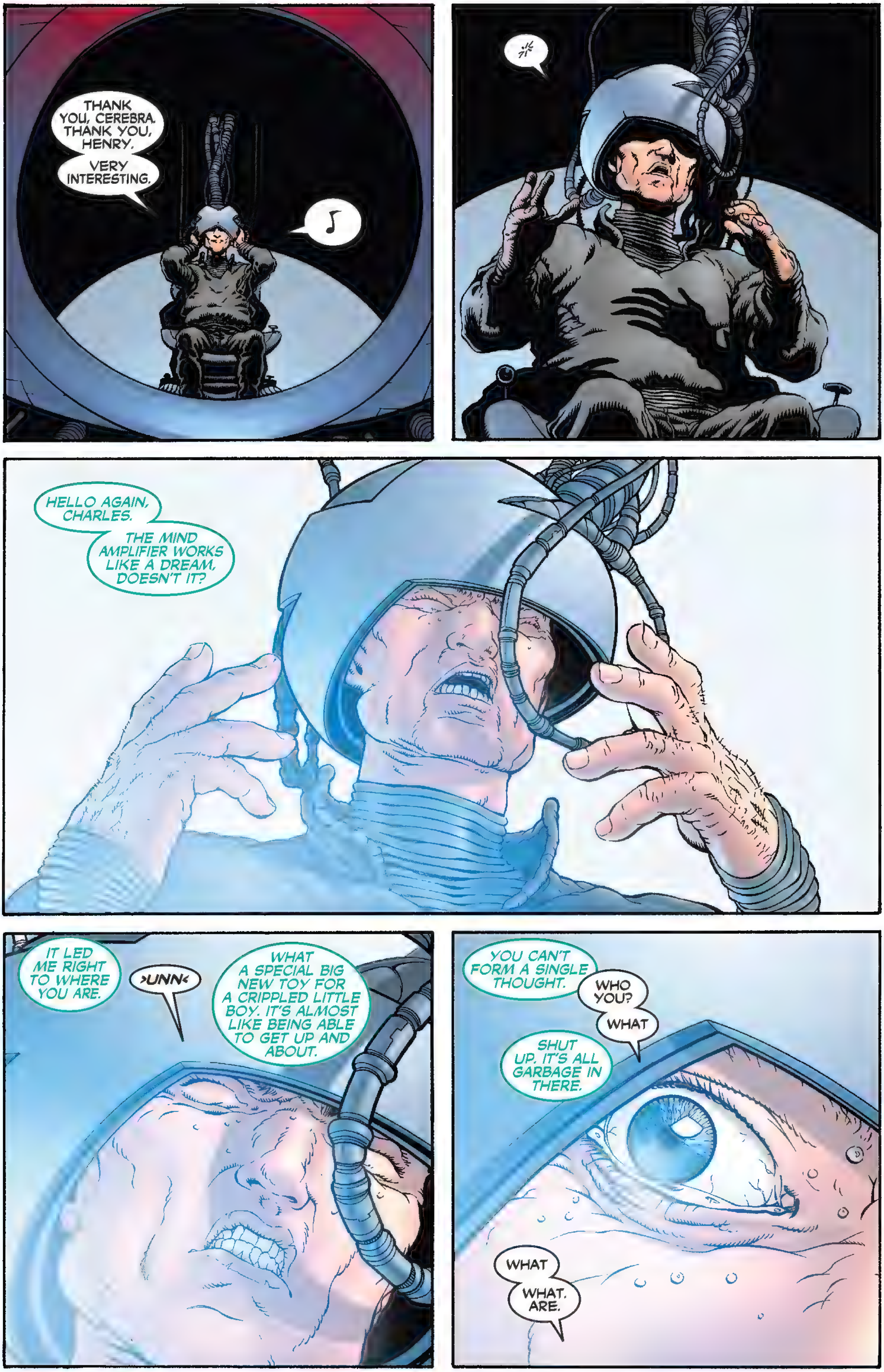

I HAVE TO GET THIS *OFF...*
THE MASSACRE YOU WITNESSED WAS ONLY A *SIMULATION.* IMAGINE THE SICKENING *REALITY.*
IMAGINE THE DAY WHEN THE LEERING FREAKS AND THE MUTATIONS COME, KICKING DOWN *YOUR* DOOR TO BASH YOUR DAUGHTER'S *BRAINS* IN.
EVOLUTION TAKES NO PRISONERS.
>ULL< OOARRRR
VERY *POETIC,* MR. TRASK.
YOUR UNCLE *BOLIVAR* BUILT THE *FIRST* OF THE OLD SENTINELS, IS THAT RIGHT?
THE PHILADELPHIA TRASKS: CONTROVERSIAL CREATORS OF ANDROID WEAPONS SYSTEMS DESIGNED TO IDENTIFY AND *TERMINATE* MUTANT X-GENE CARRIERS.
ORRKK
>TFFU<
THEY *LOOK* WONDERFUL, I ADMIT. DESIGN CLASSICS. BUT SENTINELS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SPECTACULARLY *INEFFECTIVE* AGAINST HIGHLY ADAPTIVE *HOMO SUPERIOR* TARGETS.
DID YOU KNOW YOUR TAX DOLLARS HELPED FUND A *SHADOW* SENTINEL PROGRAM, MR. TRASK?
NO, YOU DIDN'T.
NO ONE DID.
357
G73

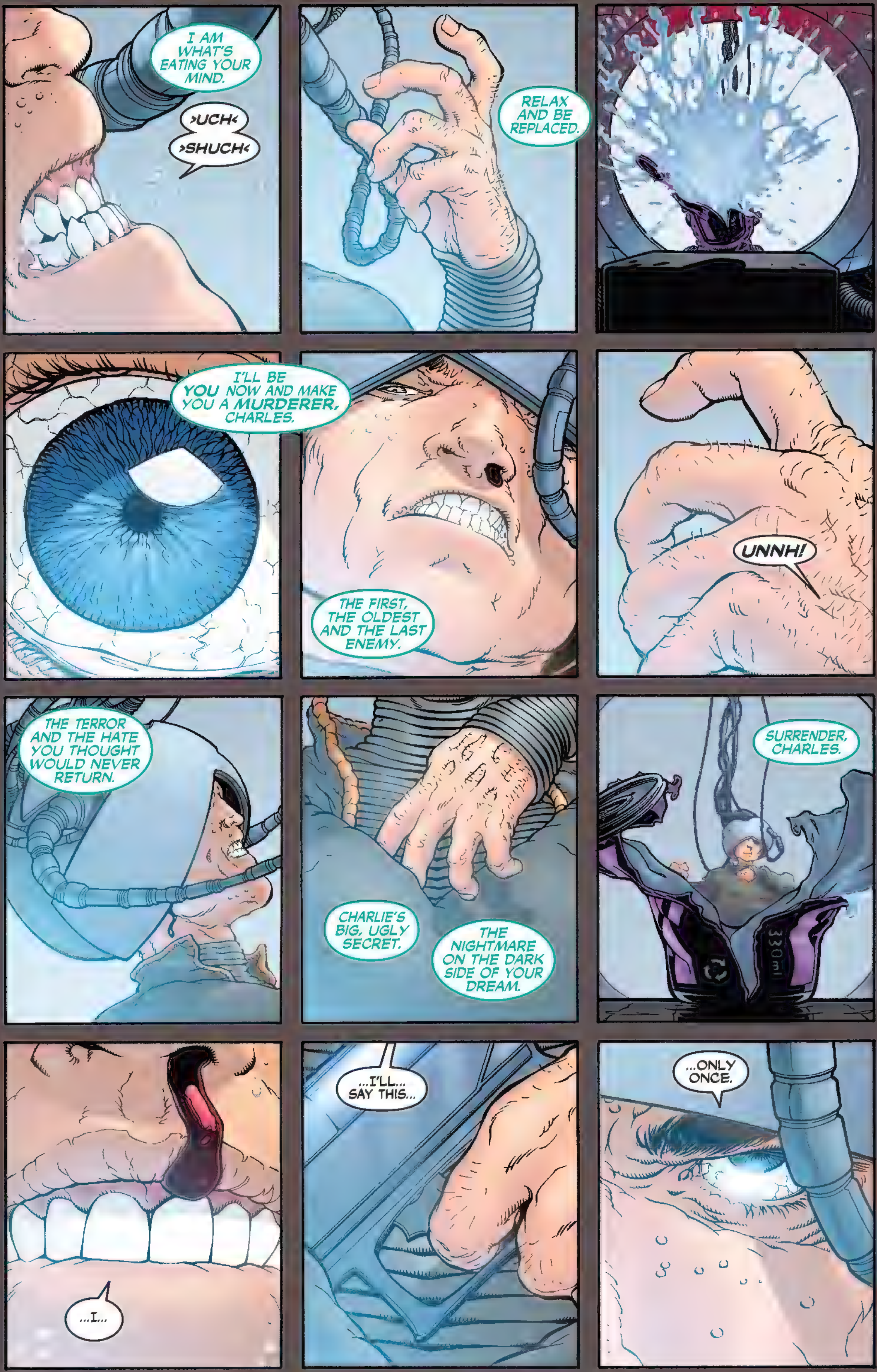

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT SENTINELS? I HAVE A SUCCESSFUL DENTAL PRACTICE IN *ALBUQUERQUE...*
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE? YOU SAID...
A BASIC *MASTER MOLD* FACTORY UNIT WAS CONSTRUCTED DURING A LULL IN THE FIGHTING. REBEL FORCES, GOVERNMENT TROOPS BACKED BY THE *U.S.A.* THAT SORT OF THING.
THE MASTER MOLD *A.I.* WAS PRECISION-ENGINEERED TO ADAPT TO ITS *ENVIRONMENT,* PROGRAMMED TO BUILD *WILD SENTINELS* USING *ANY* AND *ALL* TECHNOLOGY WITHIN THE TEST RADIUS.
THIS RADICAL MASTER MOLD WAS ALL BUT *FORGOTTEN* FOR YEARS.
WHERE DID THIS HAPPEN?
OH, HAVE A GUESS, MR. TRASK.
DON'T MAKE ME POINT TO IT.

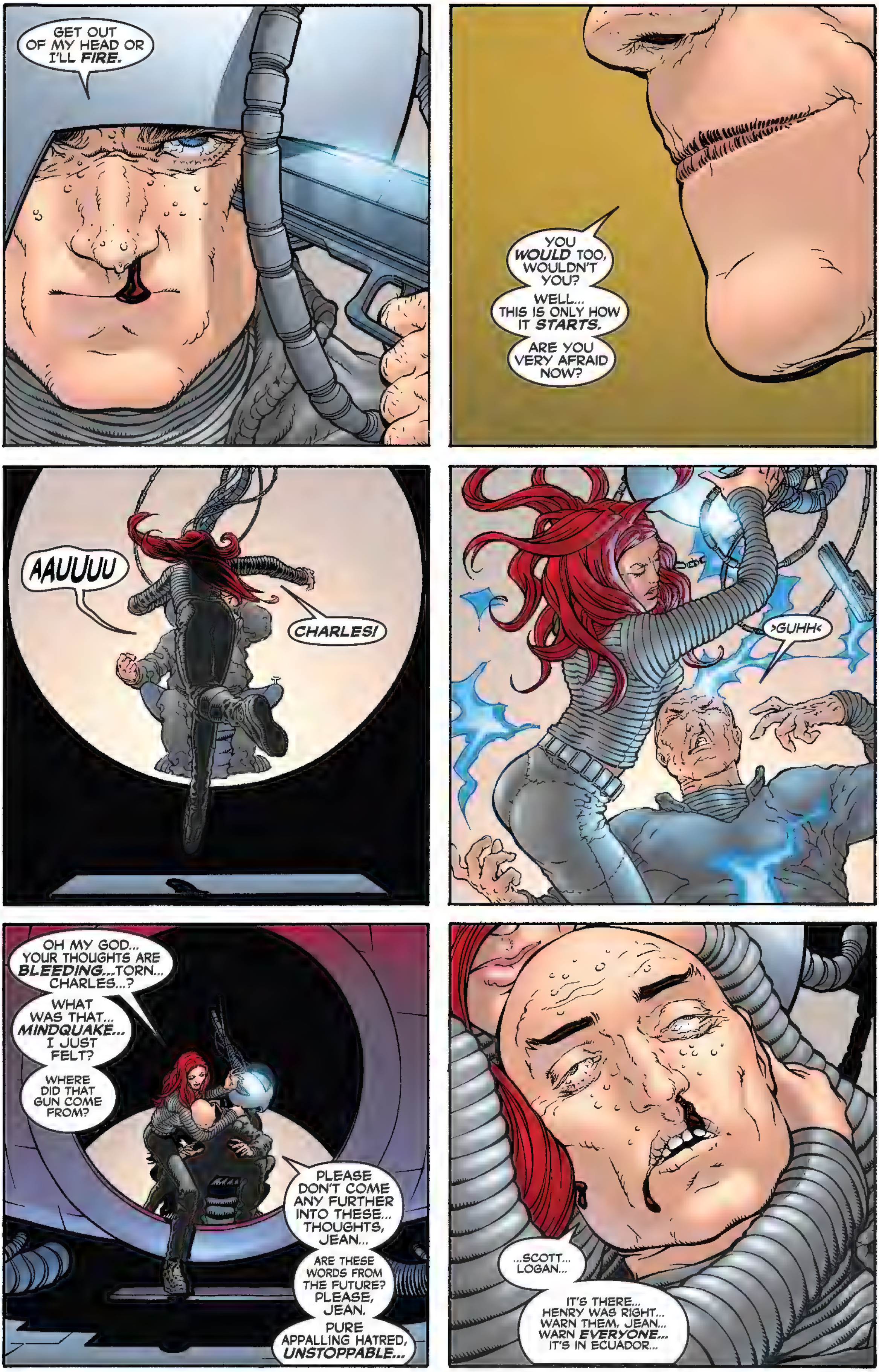

A NEW GENERATION OF MUTANTS IS EMERGING, THAT MUCH IS CERTAIN.
THEY WILL BE CALLED FREAKS, GENETIC MONSTROSITIES. THEY WILL BE MOCKED, FEARED, SPAT UPON AND ACCUSED...
...OF STEALING HUMAN JOBS, EATING HUMAN FOOD, TAKING HUMAN PARTNERS...
BUT THEY ARE EMERGING IN THE INNER CITIES, IN THE SUBURBS, IN THE DESERTS AND IN THE JUNGLES.
AND WHEN THEY EMERGE, THEY WILL NEED TEACHERS, PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP THEM OVERCOME THEIR ANGER AND SHOW THEM HOW TO USE THEIR STRANGE GIFTS RESPONSIBLY.
THEY WILL NEED US.
THOUGHTS ON THE NEW SCHOOL UNIFORMS?
SUDDENLY I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.
I WAS NEVER SURE WHY YOU HAD US DRESS UP LIKE SUPER HEROES ANYWAY, PROFESSOR.
THE PROFESSOR THOUGHT PEOPLE WOULD TRUST THE X-MEN IF WE LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING THEY UNDERSTOOD.
THAT'S CORRECT, SCOTT.
HOWEVER...I'VE BEEN WORKING ON BETTER WAYS TO ENCOURAGE PEOPLE TO TRUST MUTANTS.
TELL IT TO THE KID WITH THREE FACES HERE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE X-WING, CHUCK.
AH...IGNORE LOGAN, PROFESSOR XAVIER. ECUADOR'S NO PROBLEM.
WE CAN EASILY SWING OVER THERE ON OUR WAY HOME.

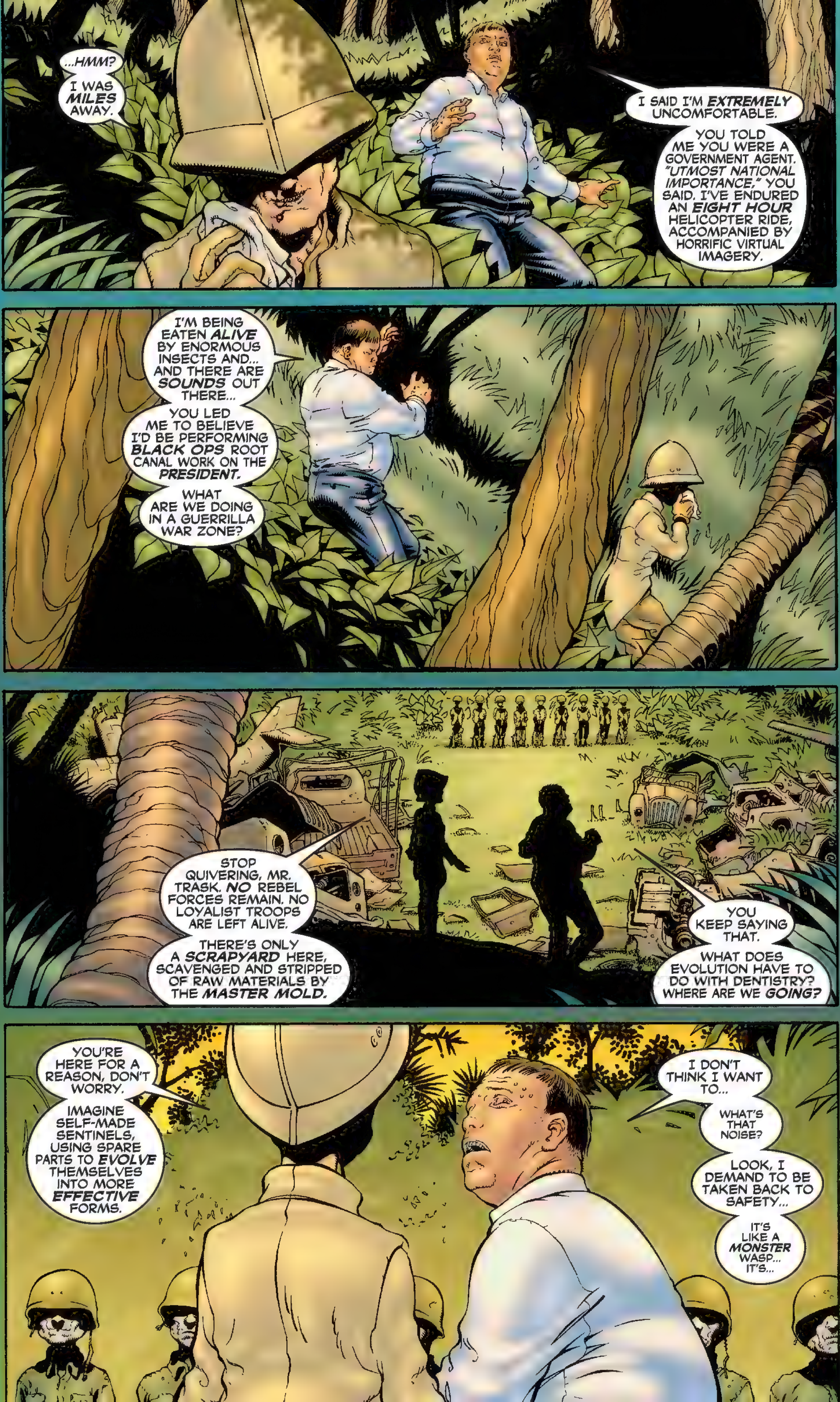

EXCELLENT, SCOTT. THANK YOU. IT MAY BE NOTHING, BUT I DEFER TO THE DOCTOR'S INTUITION AND KEEN ANIMAL EYE.
NEW SCHOOL TERM STARTS *MONDAY.*
AUTOMATIC PILOT DOWN.
COULDN'T WAIT TO GET *OUT* OF THAT BALD HEAD, COULD YOU, SLIM?
WHAT?
ARE YOU INSINUATING SOMETHING?
I DON'T INSINUATE; I CALL IT LIKE I SEE IT.
AND EXACTLY HOW DO *YOU* SEE IT, LOGAN?
WITH *BINOCULAR* VISION, "CYCLOPS." YOU'VE BEEN *AWOL* FOR TOO LONG. THINGS CHANGE. SOMETIMES IT'S HARD.
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU GOT A SHOULDER TO CRY ON IF YOU NEED IT.
>TT<
WE HAVE WORK TO DO IN ECUADOR...
WHICH IS MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE IN ECUADOR HAVE.
JEAN AND I ARE PERFECTLY HAPPY, LOGAN.

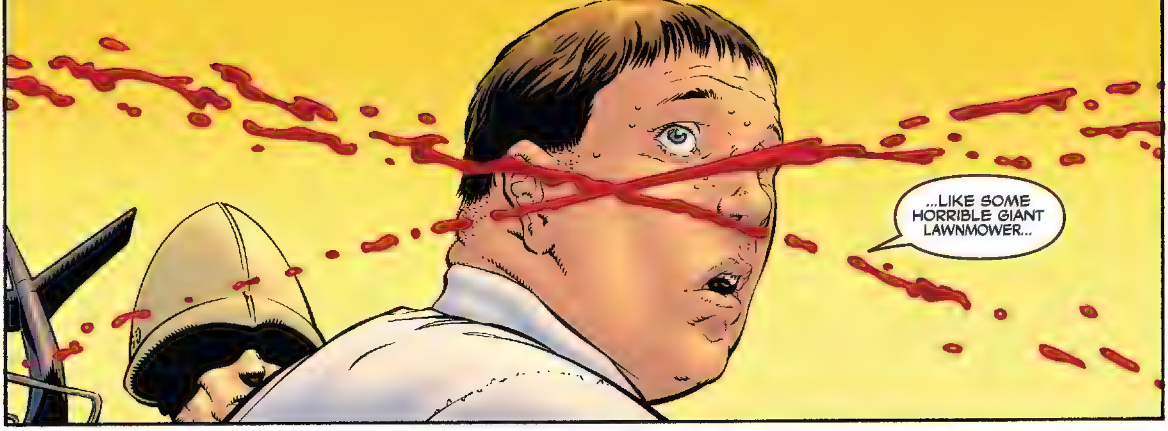

...WELCOME TO HENRY McCOY'S **CLINIC.** IT'S STILL VERY...CLEAN; I NEED A FEW ALTERNATIVE **SMELLS** AROUND.
LISTEN, JEAN...I HATE TO PRY, BUT I WAS PRACTICALLY PICKING THE **ATMOSPHERE** OUT OF MY FUR DURING THE BRIEFING.
I'VE KNOWN YOU AND **SCOTT** FOR...
I KNOW **EVERYTHING** YOU'RE GOING TO SAY.
DON'T GO THERE, HANK. **PLEASE.**
DO THESE COME WITH MUSIC?
THE PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT SHOW IS **BLOOD CORPUSCLES** AT MAGNIFICATION **X1000.**
IT'S A HUMAN **D.N.A.** SAMPLE...
THIS IS THE NEW TELEIMMERSIVE DISPLAY. I CAN GET RIGHT **INSIDE** THINGS AND LOOK AROUND, IN REAL TIME.
HOW MUCH IS THIS *"UPGRADE"* COSTING HIM? ALL THE **X-WING** AIRCRAFT AND THE SPARKLY TECHNOLOGY?
THE PROFESSOR SEEMS VERY...**MOTIVATED** AGAIN, DON'T YOU THINK? LIKE, **MANIC**-MOTIVATED.
YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE CAN BE WHEN THEY'VE SURVIVED A LOT OF PAIN AND TRAGEDY, JEAN.
HE'S TRYING TO REMIND HIMSELF WHAT ALL OF IT WAS **FOR.**
HE'S TRYING TO GIVE ALL THOSE DEATHS AND FAILURES **MEANING** AGAIN, POLISHING UP HIS DREAM UNTIL IT SHINES.
THAT'S WHAT **LOGAN** SAID IN A RARE SENSITIVE MOMENT.
WHICH IS PRETTY MUCH WHAT **I** SAID TO LOGAN WHEN **WE** TALKED ABOUT IT.
SAID LOGAN... OH...
TOO... DID YOU...
JEAN?
ARE YOU HAVING ONE OF YOUR EMBARRASSING PSYCHIC MOMENTS?
I JUST FELT SOMETHING **ODD.** IT'S FINE.
I THINK I MUST HAVE **LEFT** SOMETHING IMPORTANT IN **CEREBRA...** YOU GO ON, HANK...

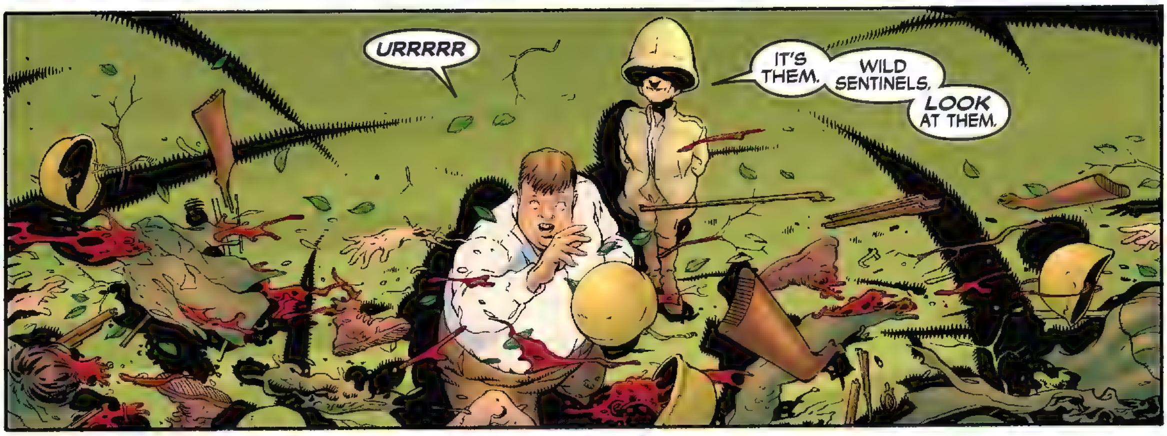

THANK YOU, CEREBRA. THANK YOU, HENRY.
VERY INTERESTING.
♪
HELLO AGAIN, CHARLES.
THE MIND AMPLIFIER WORKS LIKE A DREAM, DOESN'T IT?
IT LED ME RIGHT TO WHERE YOU ARE.
>UNN<
WHAT A SPECIAL BIG NEW TOY FOR A CRIPPLED LITTLE BOY. IT'S ALMOST LIKE BEING ABLE TO GET UP AND ABOUT.
YOU CAN'T FORM A SINGLE THOUGHT.
WHO YOU?
WHAT
SHUT UP. IT'S ALL GARBAGE IN THERE.
WHAT
WHAT. ARE.

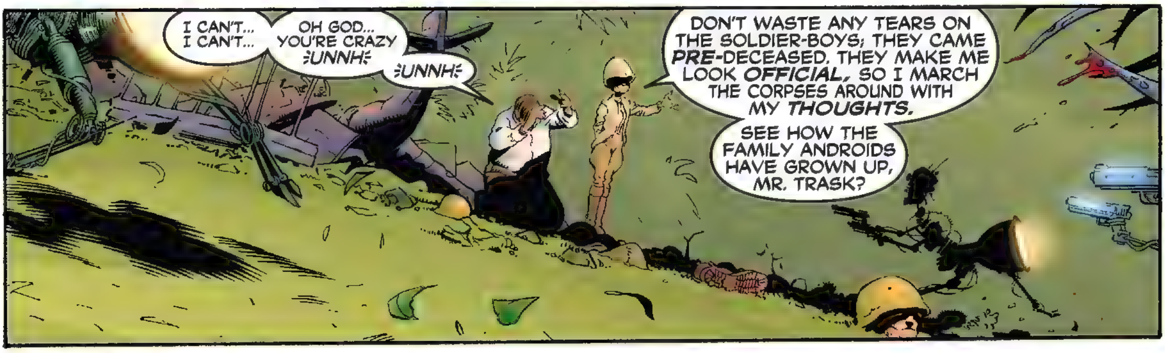

I AM WHAT'S EATING YOUR MIND.
>UCH<
>SHUCH<
RELAX AND BE REPLACED.
I'LL BE YOU NOW AND MAKE YOU A MURDERER, CHARLES.
THE FIRST, THE OLDEST AND THE LAST ENEMY.
UNNH!
THE TERROR AND THE HATE YOU THOUGHT WOULD NEVER RETURN.
CHARLIE'S BIG, UGLY SECRET.
THE NIGHTMARE ON THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR DREAM.
SURRENDER, CHARLES.
330ml
...I...
...I'LL... SAY THIS...
...ONLY ONCE.

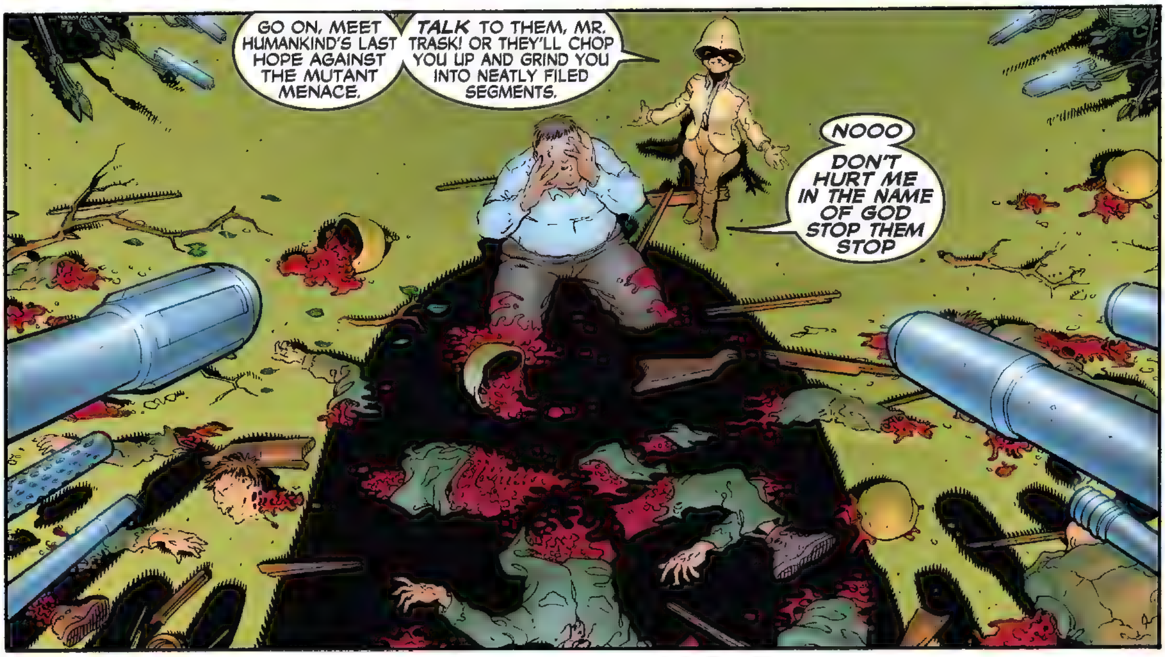

GET OUT OF MY HEAD OR I'LL *FIRE.*
YOU *WOULD* TOO, WOULDN'T YOU?
WELL... THIS IS ONLY HOW IT *STARTS.*
ARE YOU VERY AFRAID NOW?
AAUUUU
CHARLES!
>GUHH<
OH MY GOD... YOUR THOUGHTS ARE *BLEEDING...*TORN... CHARLES...?
WHAT WAS THAT... *MINDQUAKE...* I JUST FELT?
WHERE DID THAT GUN COME FROM?
PLEASE DON'T COME ANY FURTHER INTO THESE... THOUGHTS, JEAN...
ARE THESE WORDS FROM THE FUTURE? PLEASE, JEAN.
PURE APPALLING HATRED, *UNSTOPPABLE...*
...SCOTT... LOGAN...
IT'S THERE... HENRY WAS RIGHT... WARN THEM, JEAN... WARN *EVERYONE...* IT'S IN ECUADOR...

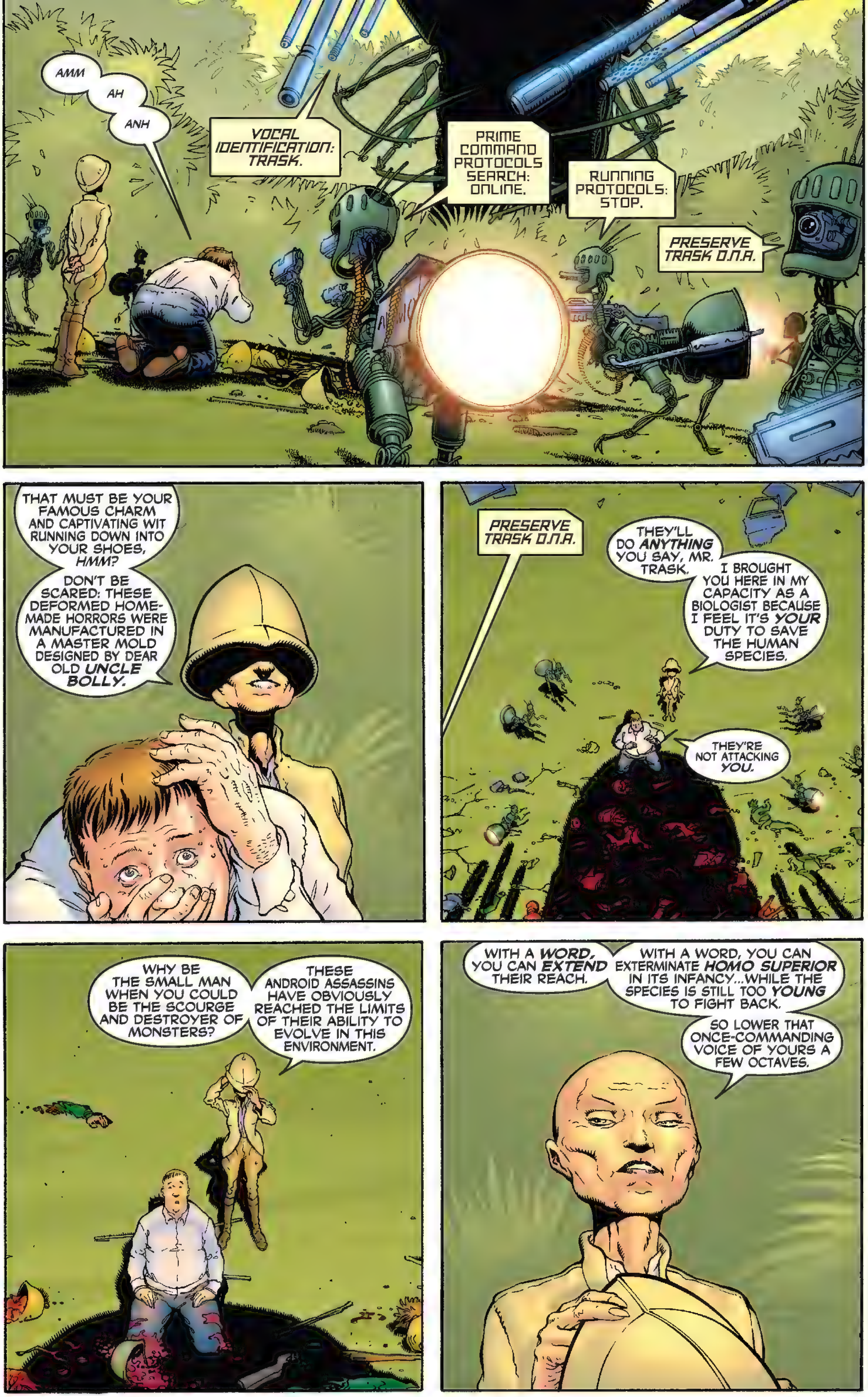

...HMM? I WAS MILES AWAY.
I SAID I'M EXTREMELY UNCOMFORTABLE.
YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE A GOVERNMENT AGENT. "UTMOST NATIONAL IMPORTANCE," YOU SAID. I'VE ENDURED AN EIGHT HOUR HELICOPTER RIDE, ACCOMPANIED BY HORRIFIC VIRTUAL IMAGERY.
I'M BEING EATEN ALIVE BY ENORMOUS INSECTS AND... AND THERE ARE SOUNDS OUT THERE...
YOU LED ME TO BELIEVE I'D BE PERFORMING BLACK OPS ROOT CANAL WORK ON THE PRESIDENT.
WHAT ARE WE DOING IN A GUERRILLA WAR ZONE?
STOP QUIVERING, MR. TRASK. NO REBEL FORCES REMAIN. NO LOYALIST TROOPS ARE LEFT ALIVE.
THERE'S ONLY A SCRAPYARD HERE, SCAVENGED AND STRIPPED OF RAW MATERIALS BY THE MASTER MOLD.
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT.
WHAT DOES EVOLUTION HAVE TO DO WITH DENTISTRY? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
YOU'RE HERE FOR A REASON, DON'T WORRY.
IMAGINE SELF-MADE SENTINELS, USING SPARE PARTS TO EVOLVE THEMSELVES INTO MORE EFFECTIVE FORMS.
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
LOOK, I DEMAND TO BE TAKEN BACK TO SAFETY...
IT'S LIKE A MONSTER WASP... IT'S...

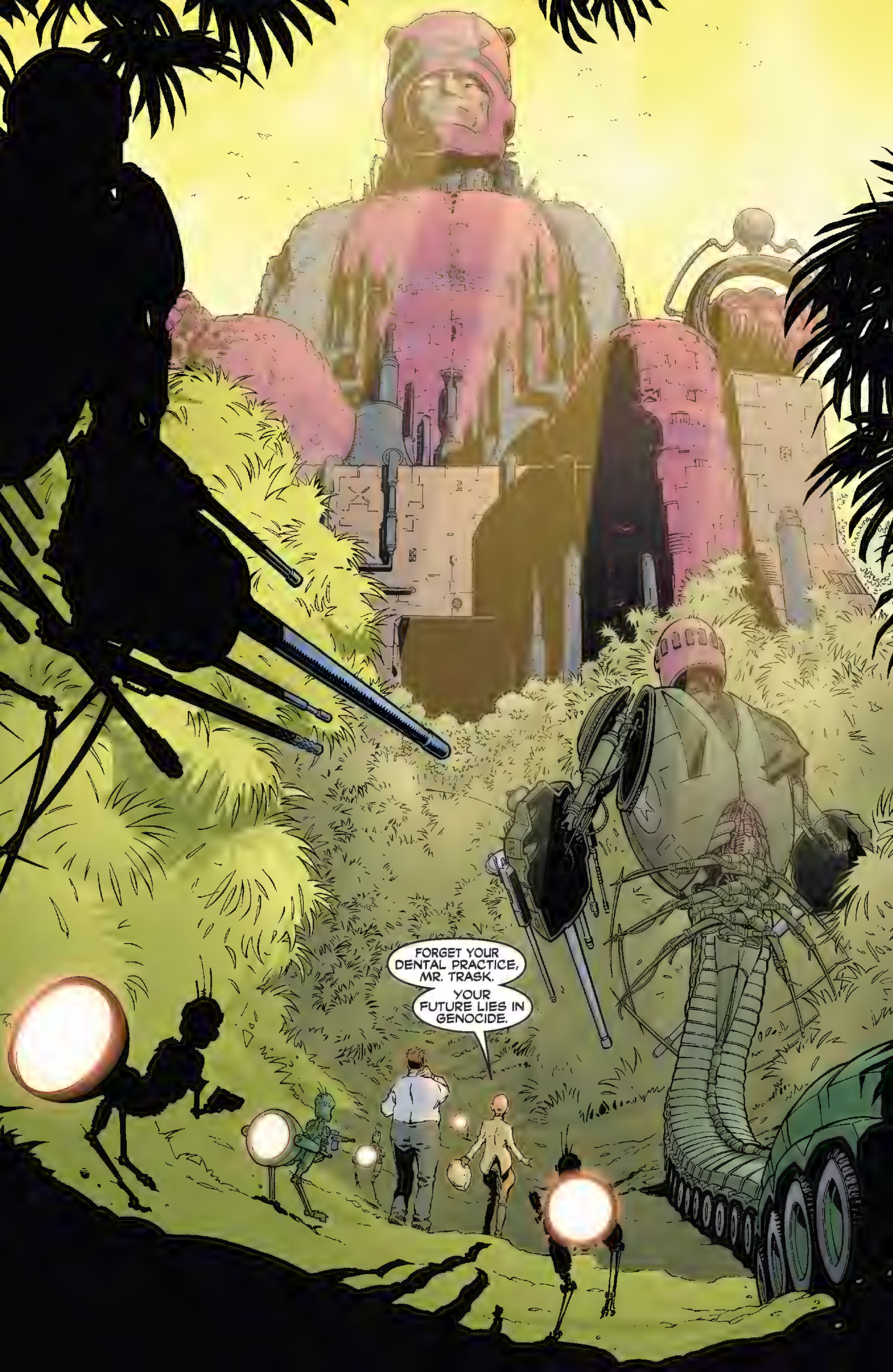

...LIKE SOME HORRIBLE GIANT LAWNMOWER...

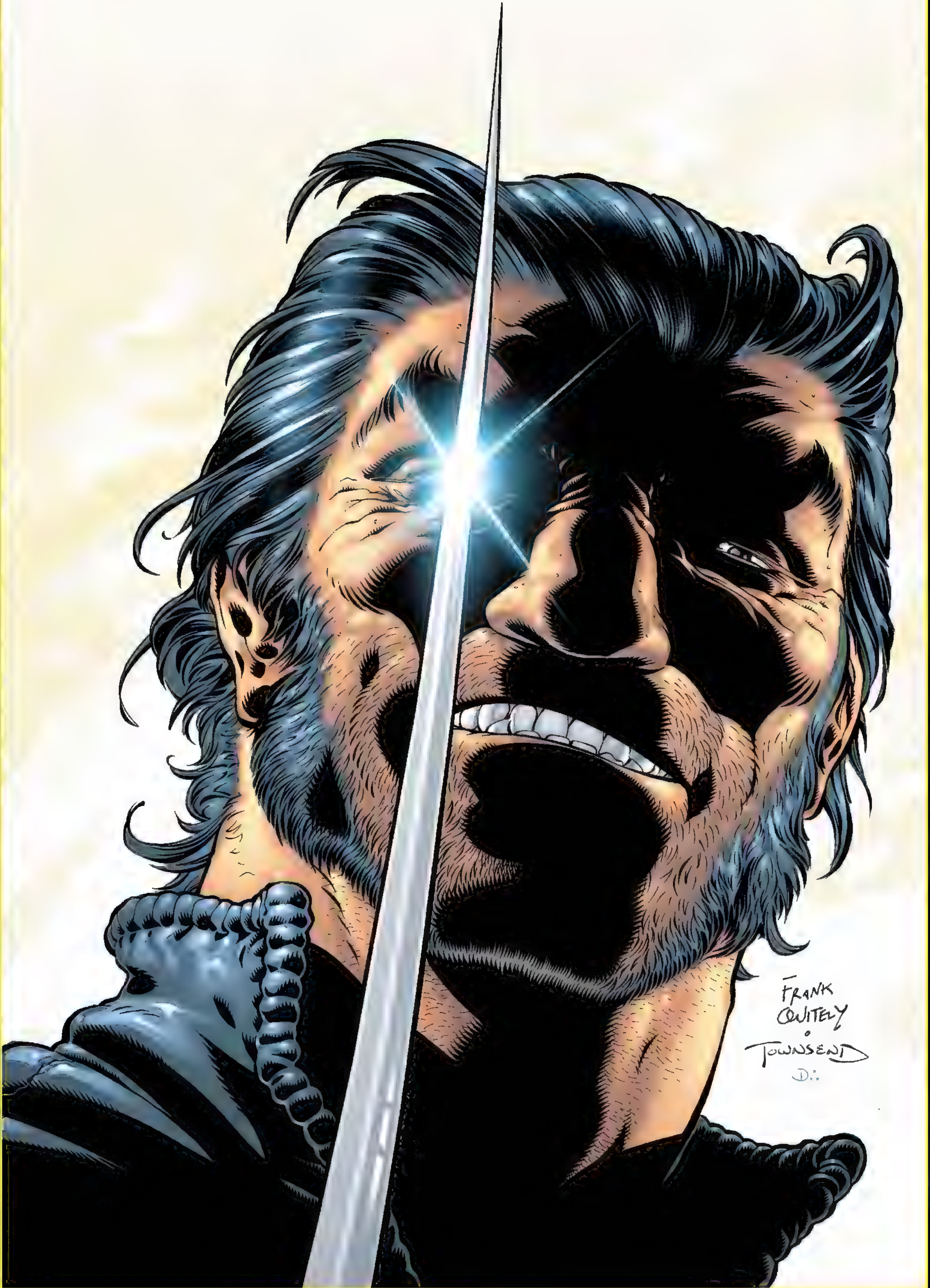

URRRRR
IT'S THEM.
WILD SENTINELS.
LOOK AT THEM.


I CAN'T... I CAN'T...
OH GOD... YOU'RE CRAZY ;UNNH;
;UNNH;
DON'T WASTE ANY TEARS ON THE SOLDIER-BOYS; THEY CAME PRE-DECEASED. THEY MAKE ME LOOK OFFICIAL, SO I MARCH THE CORPSES AROUND WITH MY THOUGHTS.
SEE HOW THE FAMILY ANDROIDS HAVE GROWN UP, MR. TRASK?

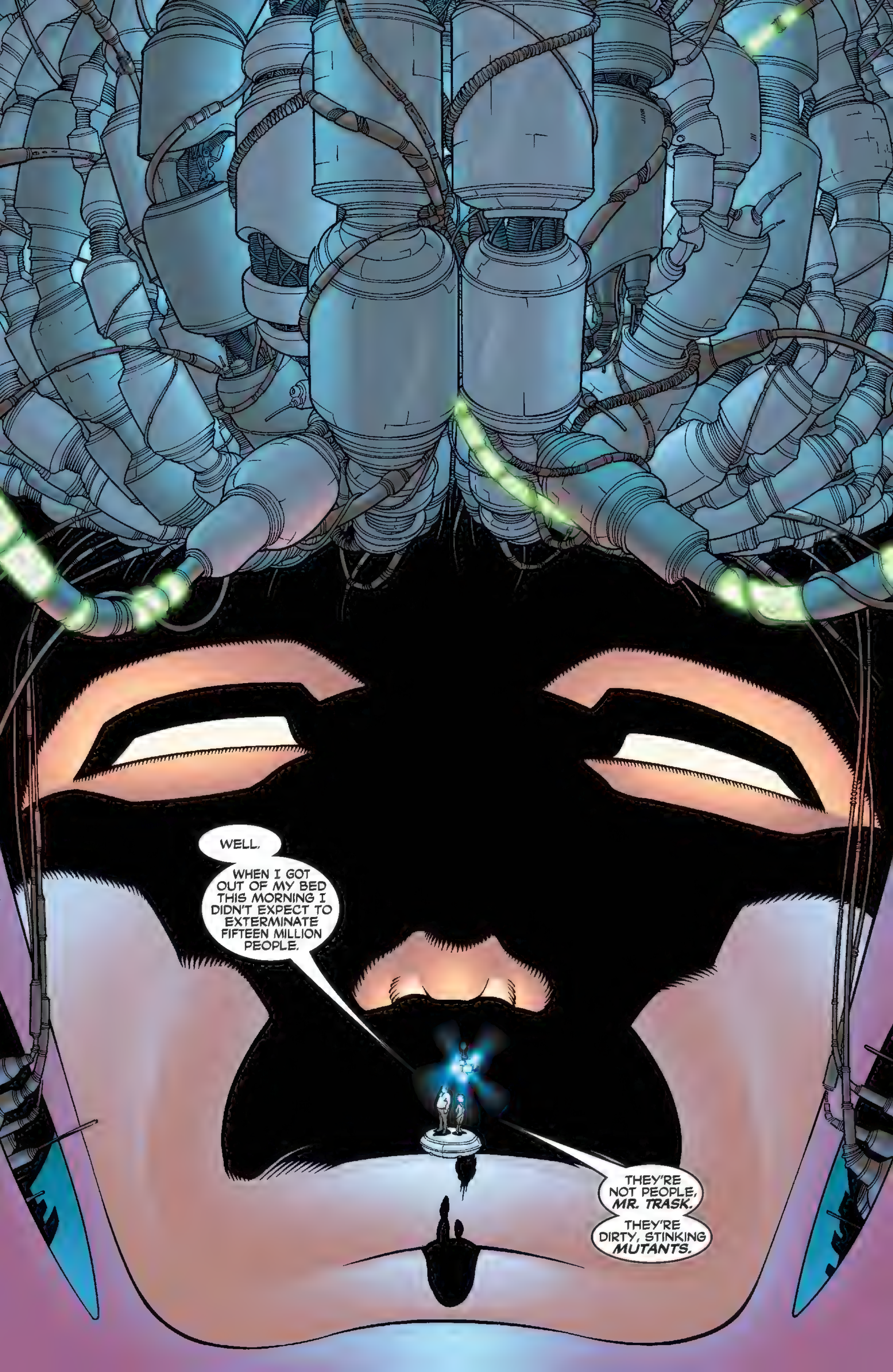

GO ON, MEET HUMANKIND'S LAST HOPE AGAINST THE MUTANT MENACE.
TALK TO THEM, MR. TRASK! OR THEY'LL CHOP YOU UP AND GRIND YOU INTO NEATLY FILED SEGMENTS.
NOOO
DON'T HURT ME IN THE NAME OF GOD STOP THEM STOP

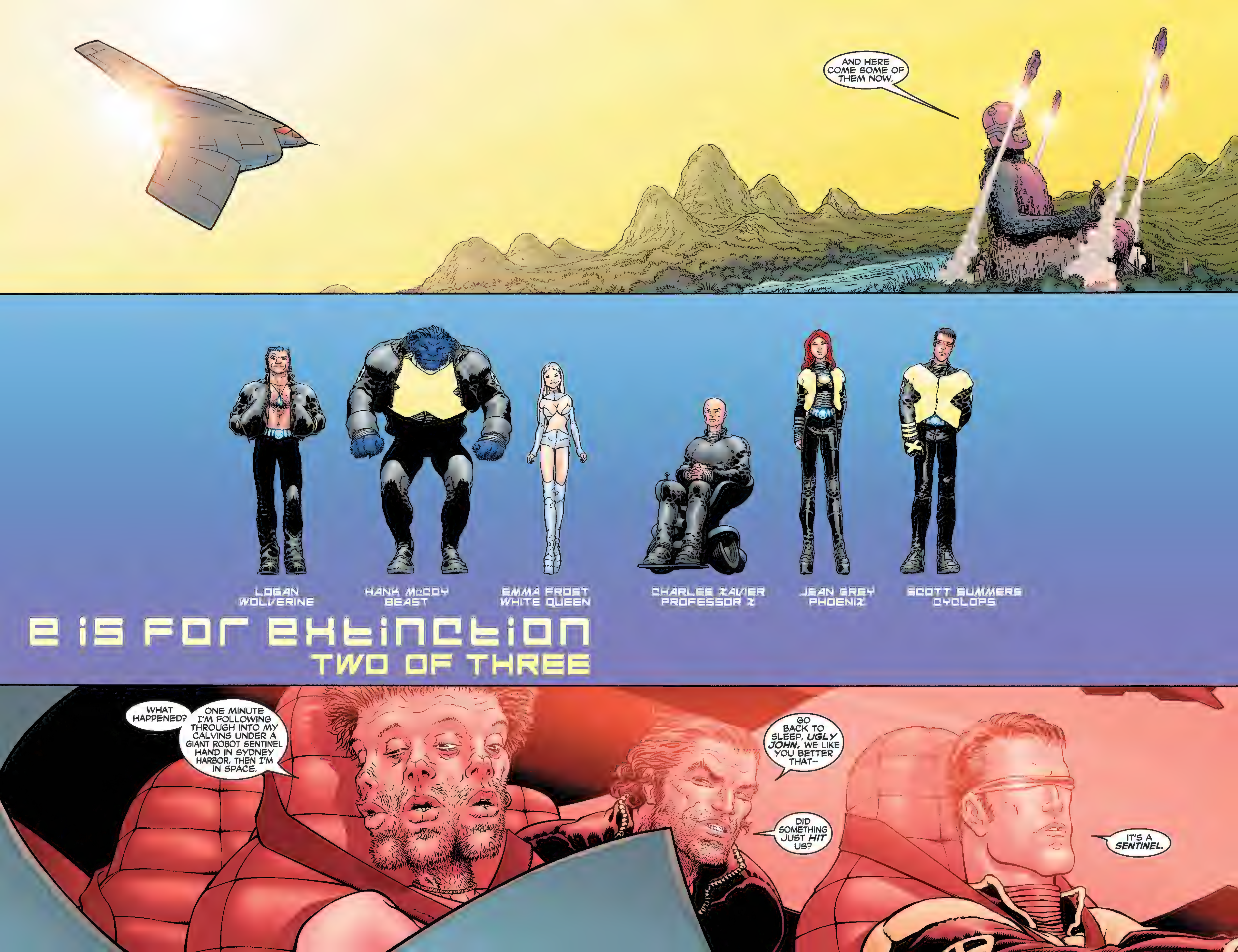

AMM
AH
ANH
VOCAL IDENTIFICATION: TRASK.
PRIME COMMAND PROTOCOLS SEARCH: ONLINE.
RUNNING PROTOCOLS: STOP.
PRESERVE TRASK D.N.A.
THAT MUST BE YOUR FAMOUS CHARM AND CAPTIVATING WIT RUNNING DOWN INTO YOUR SHOES, HMM?
DON'T BE SCARED: THESE DEFORMED HOME-MADE HORRORS WERE MANUFACTURED IN A MASTER MOLD DESIGNED BY DEAR OLD UNCLE BOLLY.
PRESERVE TRASK D.N.A.
THEY'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, MR. TRASK.
I BROUGHT YOU HERE IN MY CAPACITY AS A BIOLOGIST BECAUSE I FEEL IT'S YOUR DUTY TO SAVE THE HUMAN SPECIES.
THEY'RE NOT ATTACKING YOU.
WHY BE THE SMALL MAN WHEN YOU COULD BE THE SCOURGE AND DESTROYER OF MONSTERS?
THESE ANDROID ASSASSINS HAVE OBVIOUSLY REACHED THE LIMITS OF THEIR ABILITY TO EVOLVE IN THIS ENVIRONMENT.
WITH A WORD, YOU CAN EXTEND THEIR REACH.
WITH A WORD, YOU CAN EXTERMINATE HOMO SUPERIOR IN ITS INFANCY...WHILE THE SPECIES IS STILL TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT BACK.
SO LOWER THAT ONCE-COMMANDING VOICE OF YOURS A FEW OCTAVES.

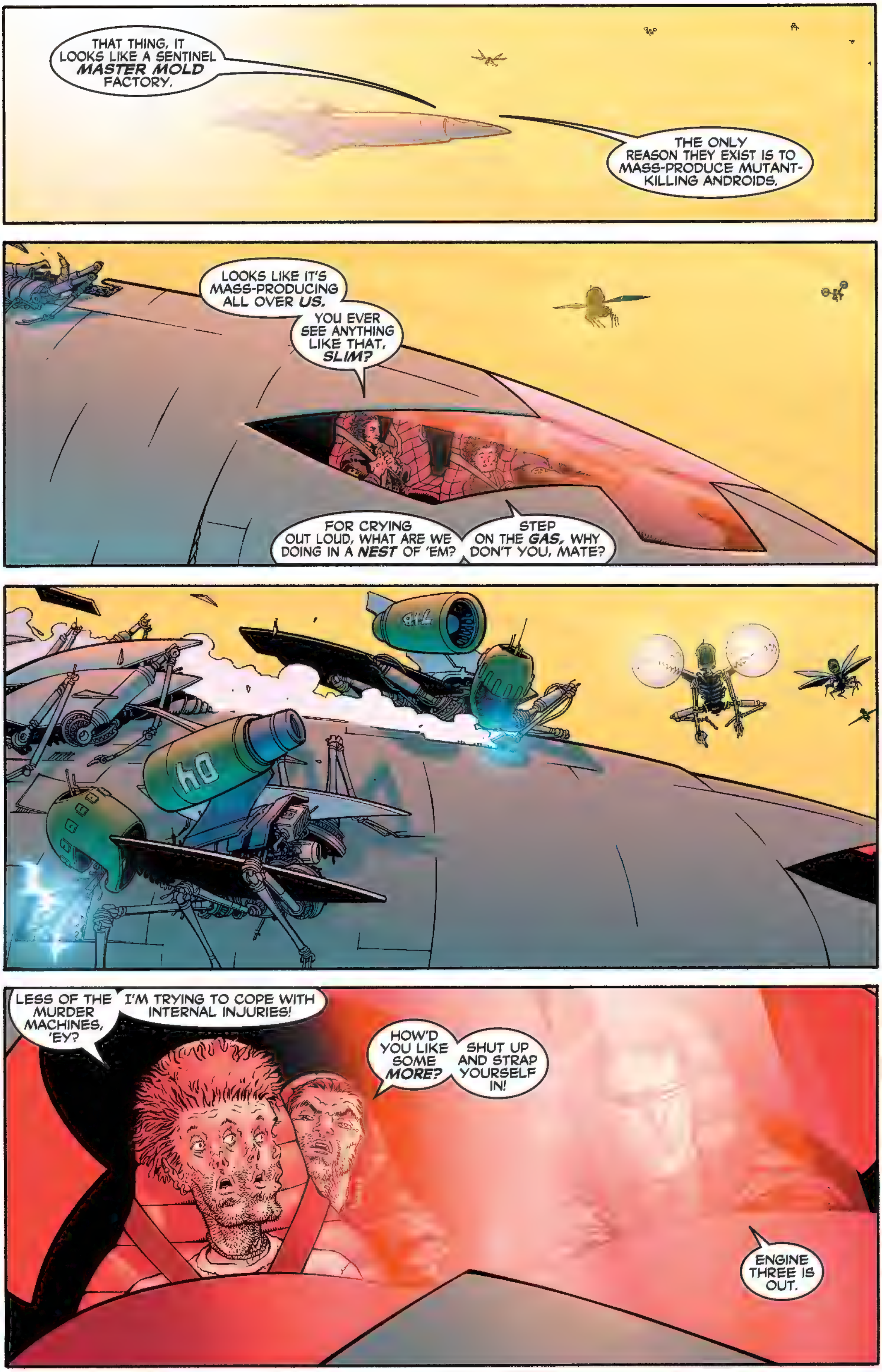

FORGET YOUR DENTAL PRACTICE, MR. TRASK.
YOUR FUTURE LIES IN GENOCIDE.

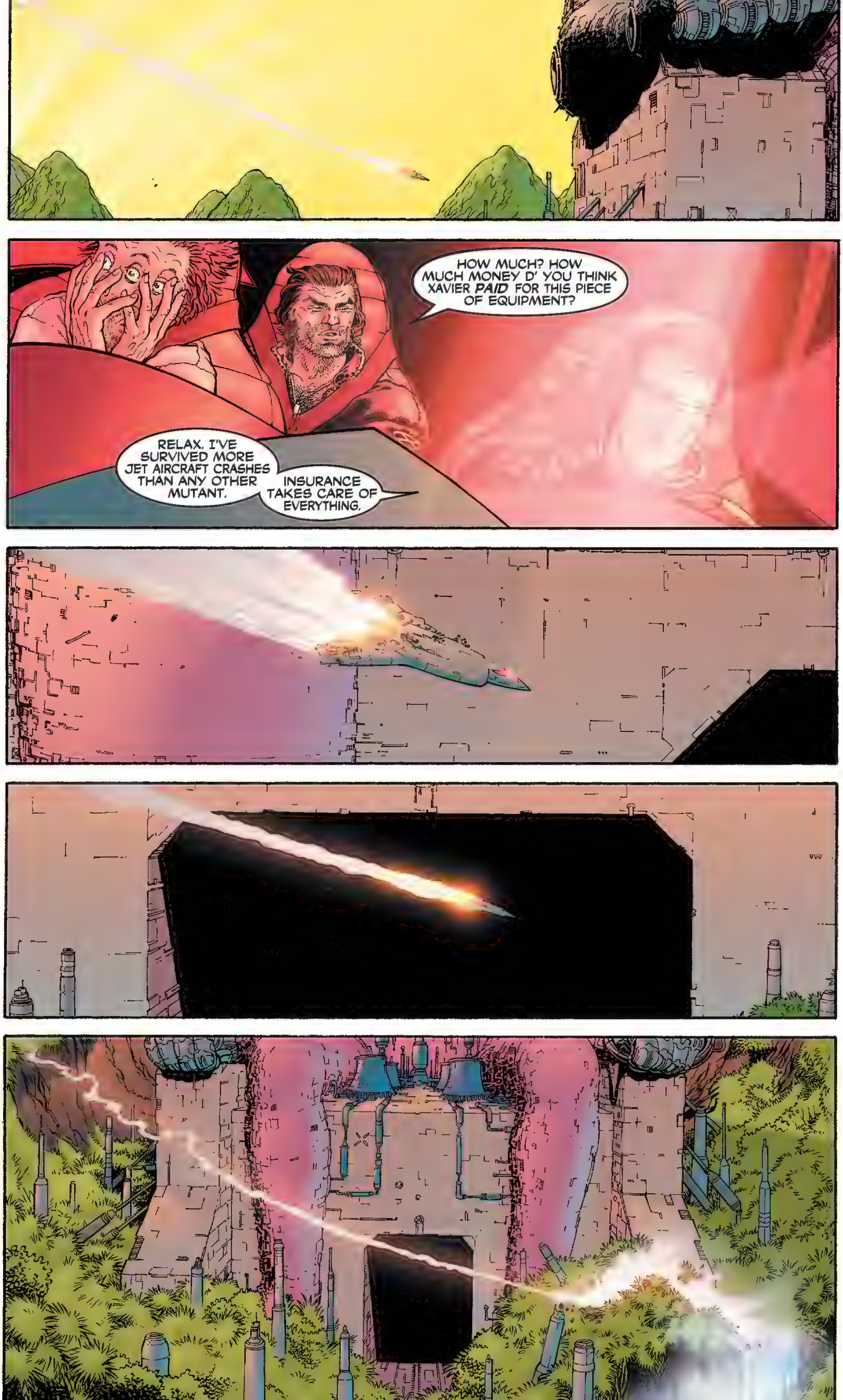

FRANK QUITELY
TOWNSEND
D.:

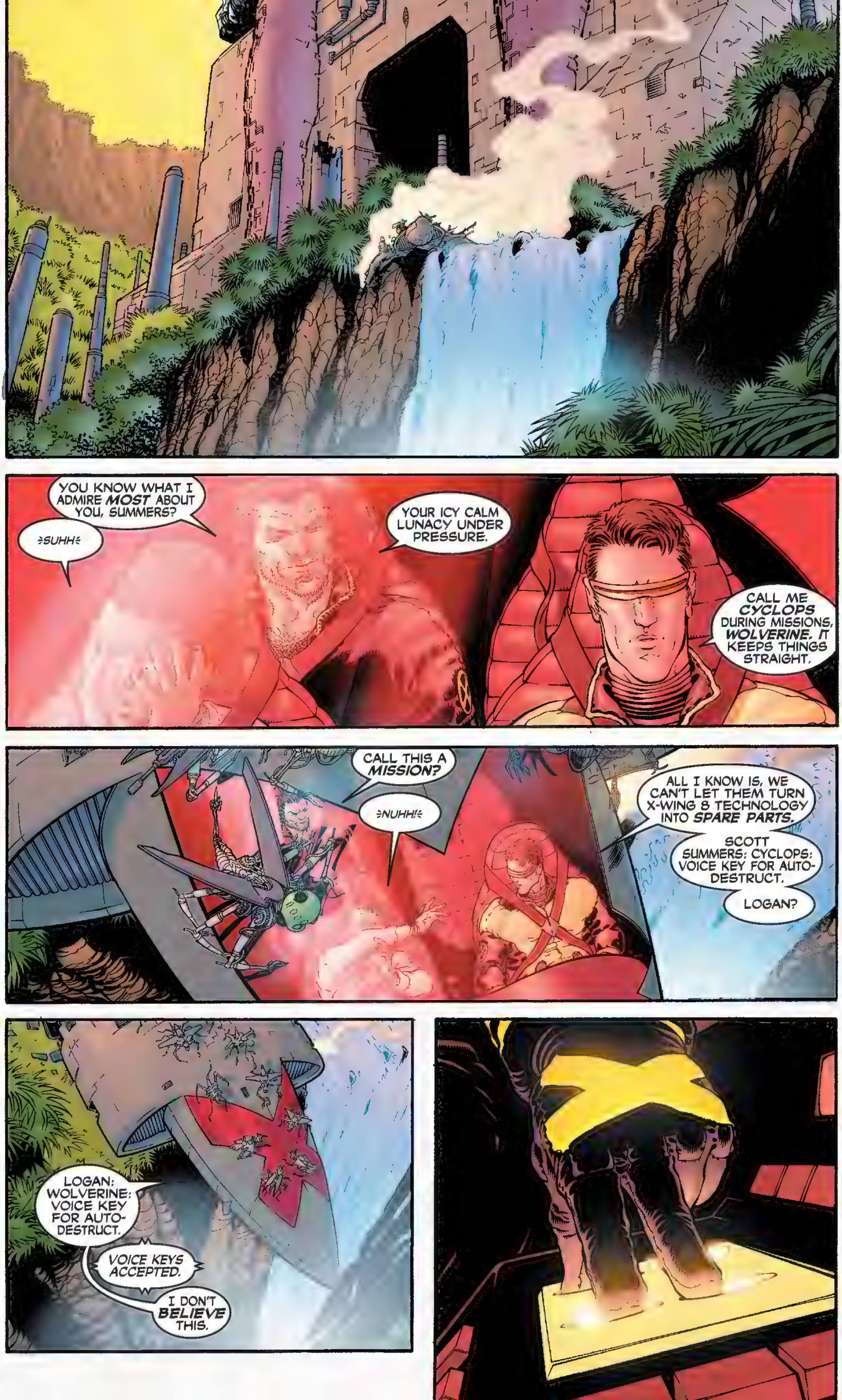
NEW X-MEN #115
"E IS FOR EXTINCTION PART TWO OF THREE"

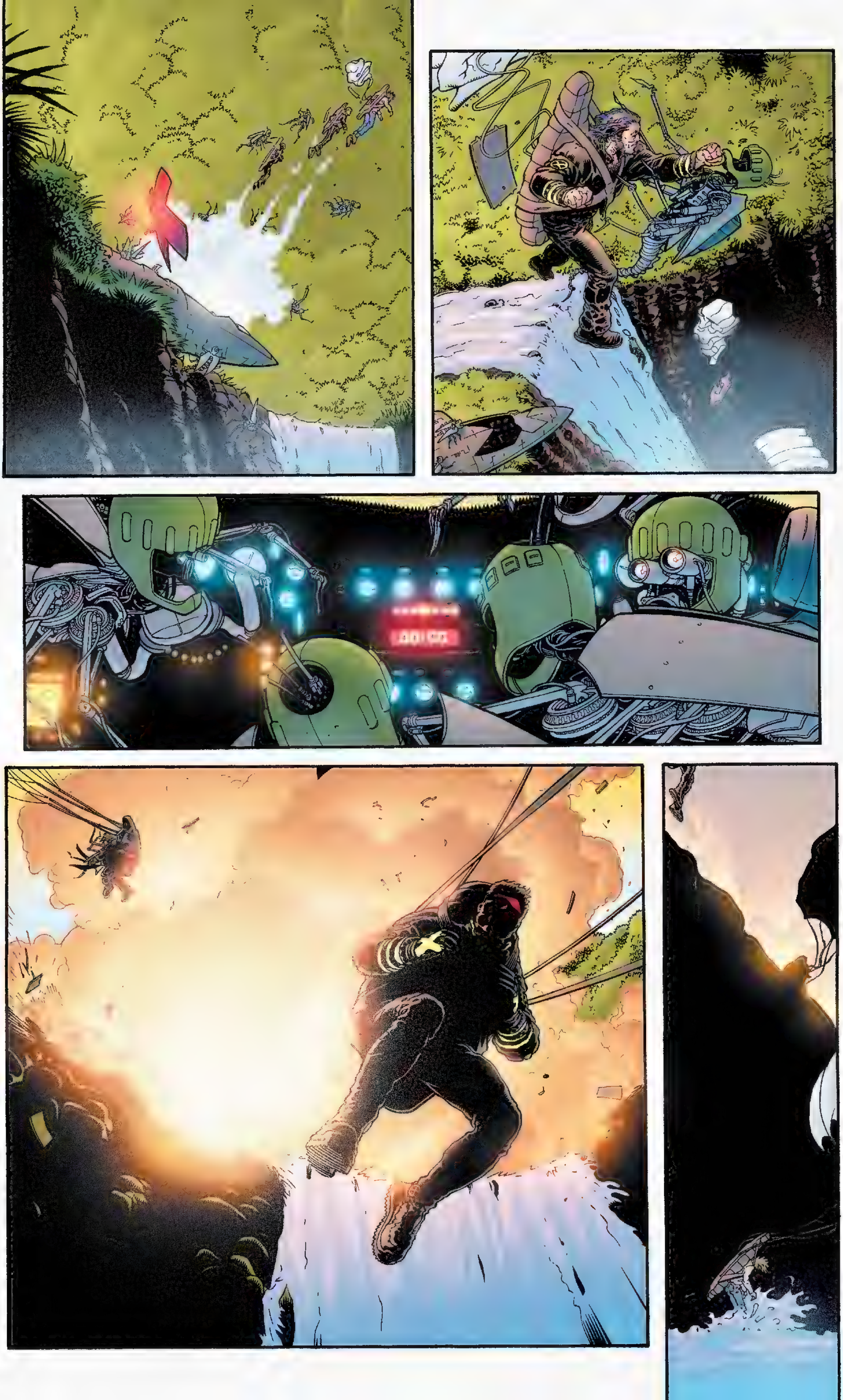

WELL.
WHEN I GOT OUT OF MY BED THIS MORNING I DIDN'T EXPECT TO EXTERMINATE FIFTEEN MILLION PEOPLE.
THEY'RE NOT PEOPLE, ***MR. TRASK.***
THEY'RE DIRTY, STINKING ***MUTANTS.***

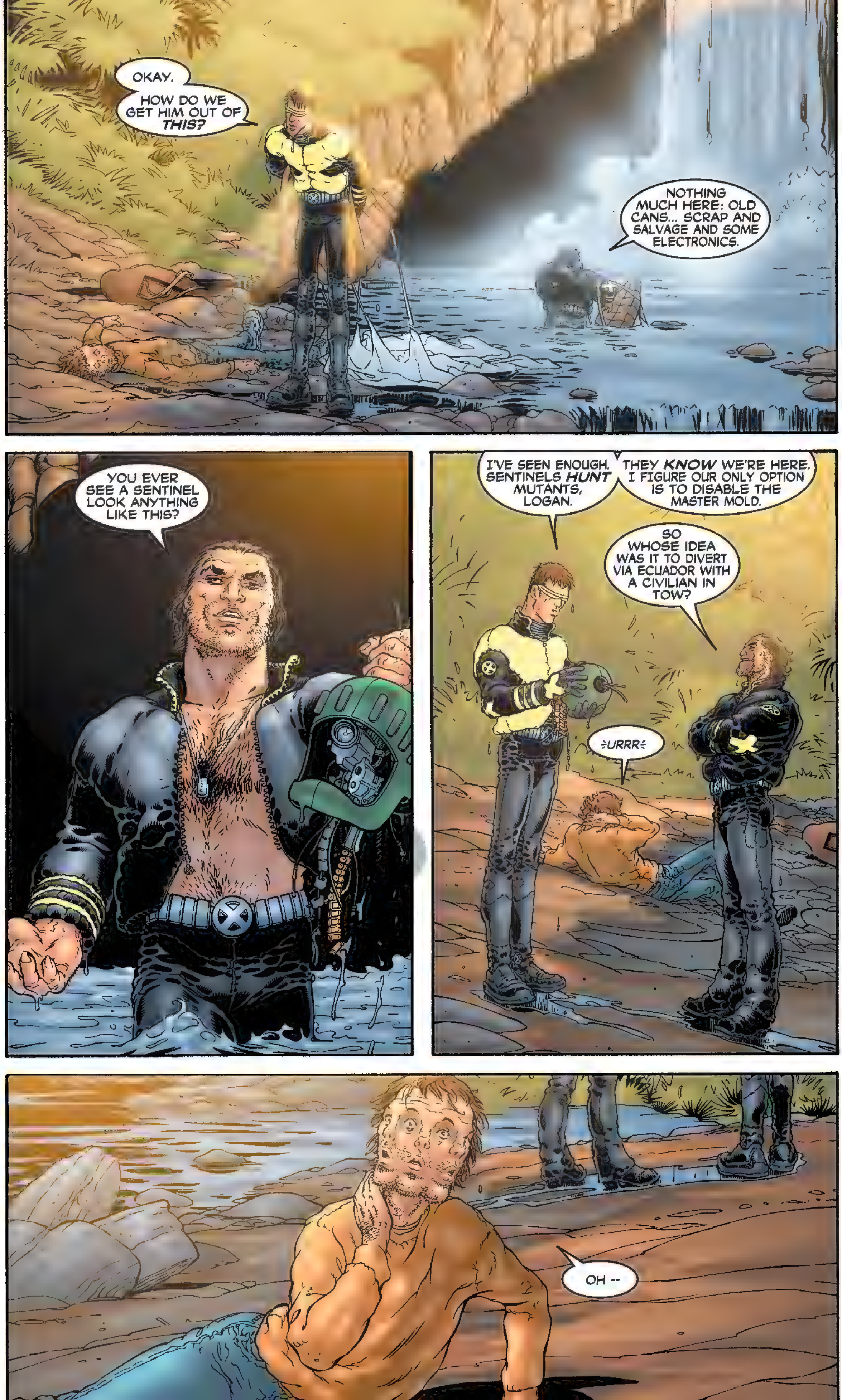

AND HERE COME SOME OF THEM NOW.
LOGAN
WOLVERINE
HANK McCOY
BEAST
EMMA FROST
WHITE QUEEN
CHARLES XAVIER
PROFESSOR X
JEAN GREY
PHOENIX
SCOTT SUMMERS
CYCLOPS
E IS FOR EXTINCTION
TWO OF THREE
WHAT HAPPENED?
ONE MINUTE I'M FOLLOWING THROUGH INTO MY CALVINS UNDER A GIANT ROBOT SENTINEL HAND IN SYDNEY HARBOR, THEN I'M IN SPACE.
GO BACK TO SLEEP, UGLY JOHN, WE LIKE YOU BETTER THAT--
DID SOMETHING JUST HIT US?
IT'S A SENTINEL.

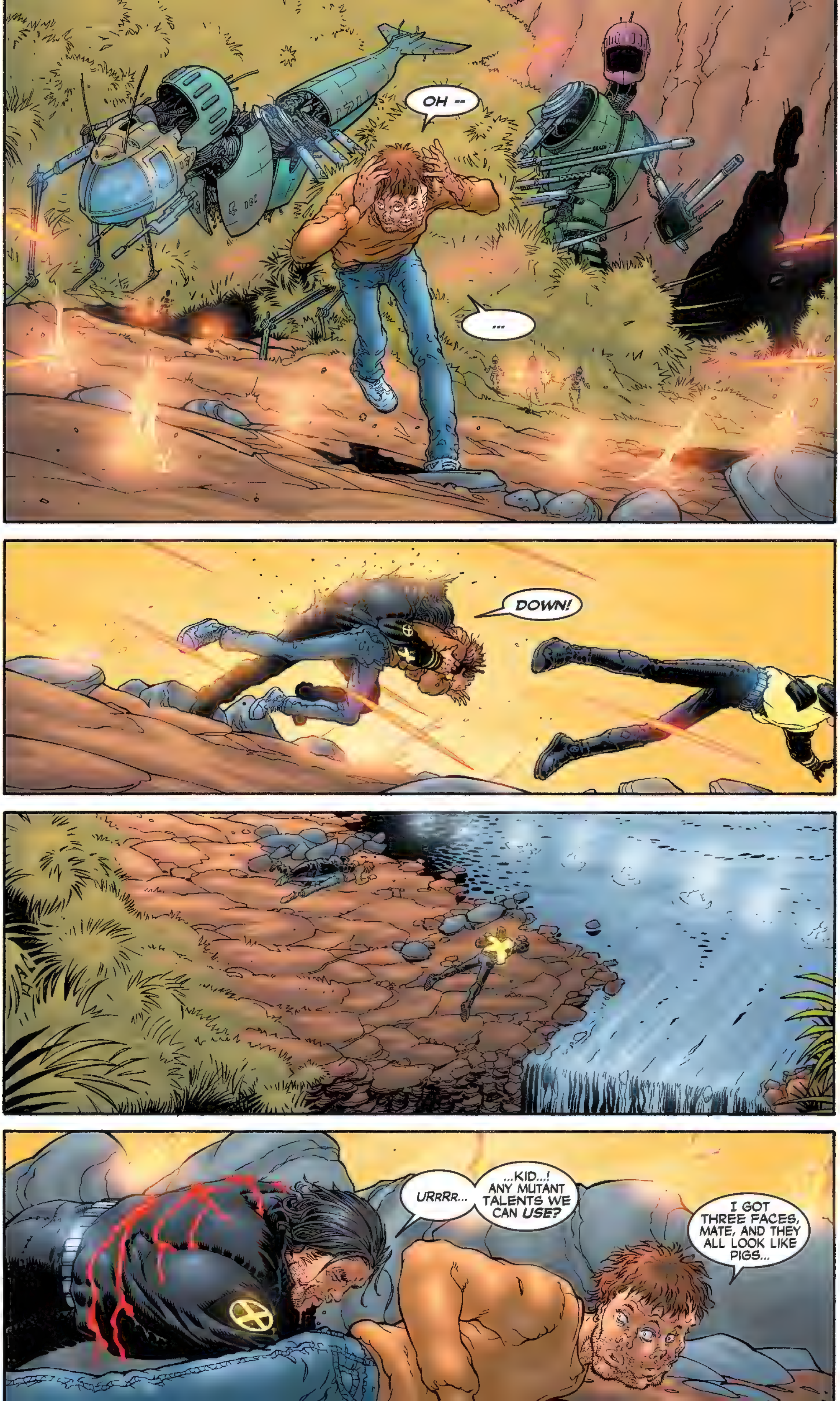

THAT THING, IT LOOKS LIKE A SENTINEL *MASTER MOLD* FACTORY.
THE ONLY REASON THEY EXIST IS TO MASS-PRODUCE MUTANT-KILLING ANDROIDS.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S MASS-PRODUCING ALL OVER *US.*
YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT, *SLIM?*
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, WHAT ARE WE DOING IN A *NEST* OF 'EM?
STEP ON THE *GAS,* WHY DON'T YOU, MATE?
h0
LESS OF THE MURDER MACHINES, 'EY?
I'M TRYING TO COPE WITH INTERNAL INJURIES!
HOW'D YOU LIKE SOME *MORE?*
SHUT UP AND STRAP YOURSELF IN!
ENGINE THREE IS OUT.

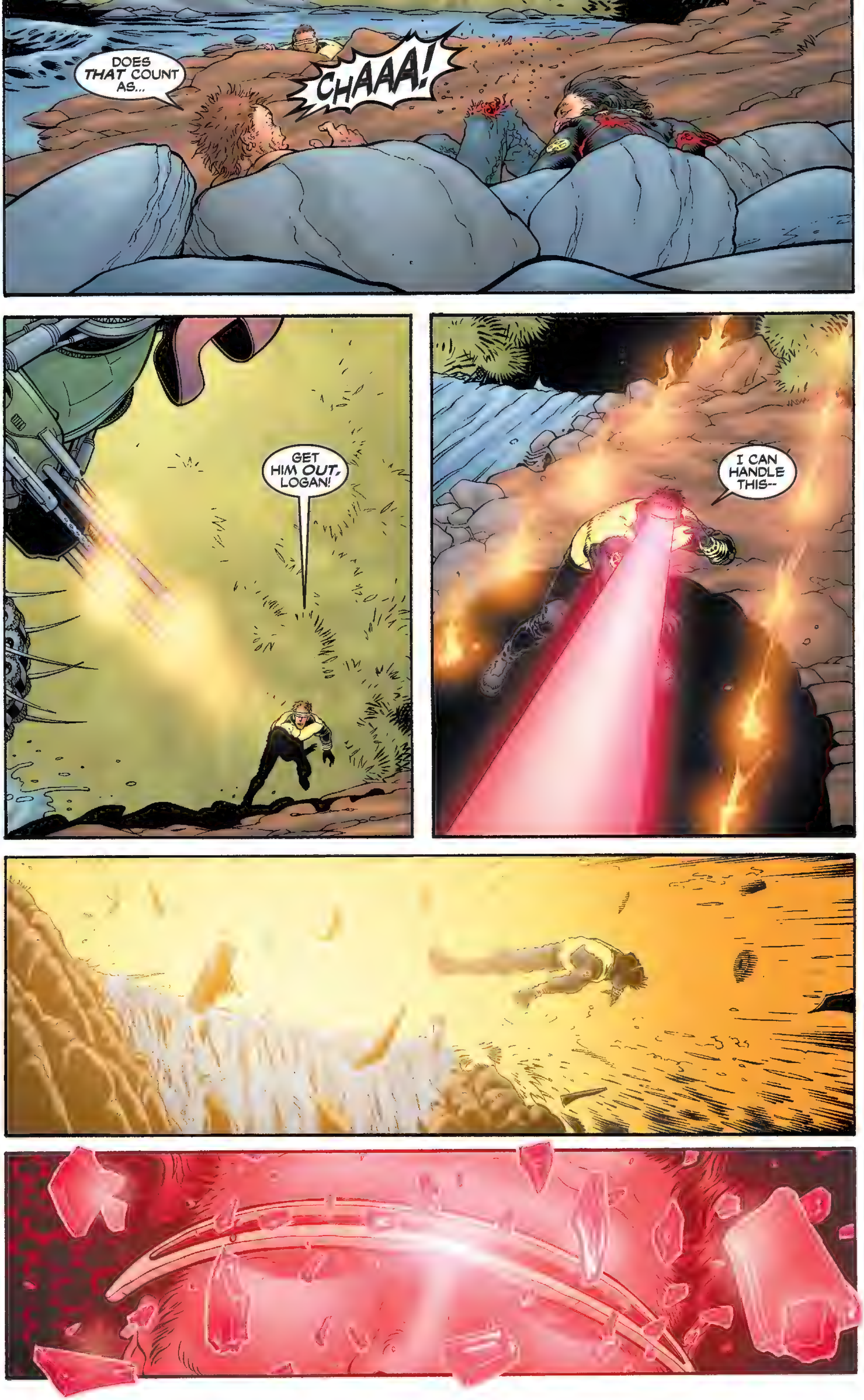

HOW MUCH? HOW MUCH MONEY D' YOU THINK XAVIER *PAID* FOR THIS PIECE OF EQUIPMENT?
RELAX. I'VE SURVIVED MORE JET AIRCRAFT CRASHES THAN ANY OTHER MUTANT.
INSURANCE TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING.

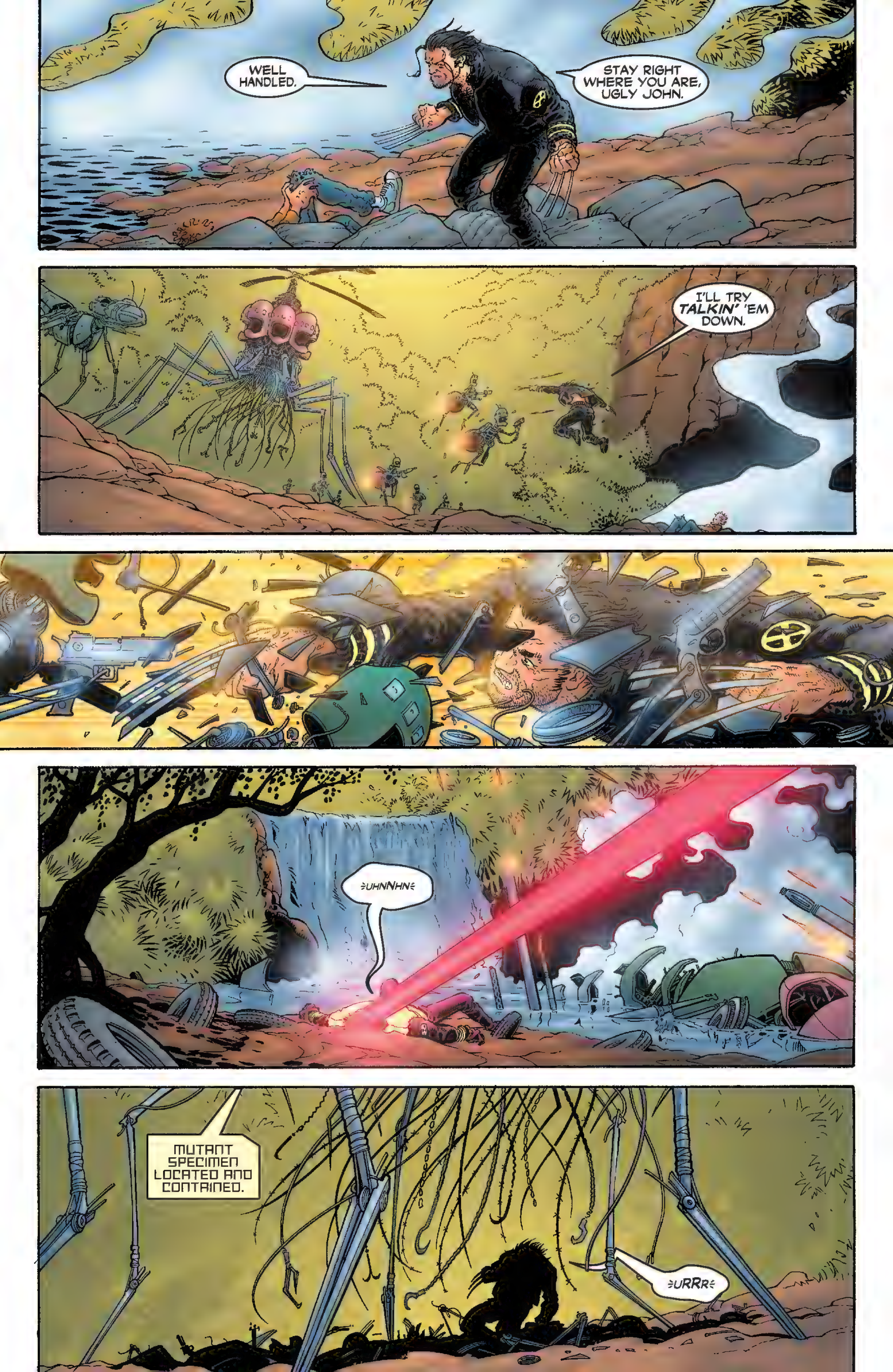

YOU KNOW WHAT I ADMIRE **MOST** ABOUT YOU, SUMMERS?
⋟SUHH⋞
YOUR ICY CALM LUNACY UNDER PRESSURE.
CALL ME ***CYCLOPS*** DURING MISSIONS, ***WOLVERINE.*** IT KEEPS THINGS STRAIGHT.
CALL THIS A ***MISSION?***
⋟NUHH!⋞
ALL I KNOW IS, WE CAN'T LET THEM TURN X-WING 8 TECHNOLOGY INTO ***SPARE PARTS.***
SCOTT SUMMERS: CYCLOPS: VOICE KEY FOR AUTO-DESTRUCT.
LOGAN?
LOGAN: WOLVERINE: VOICE KEY FOR AUTO-DESTRUCT.
VOICE KEYS ACCEPTED.
I DON'T ***BELIEVE*** THIS.

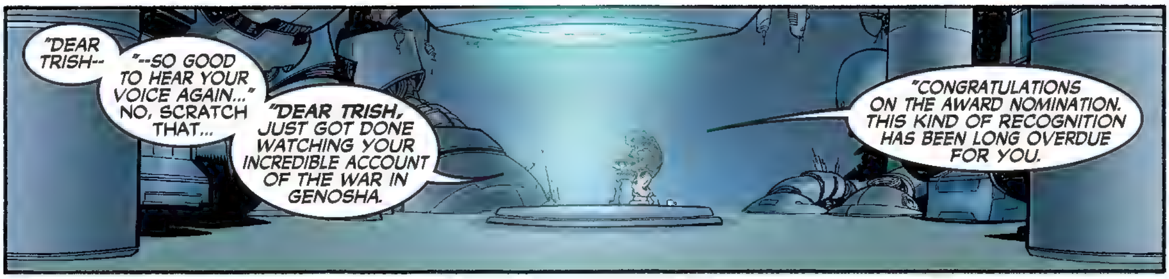


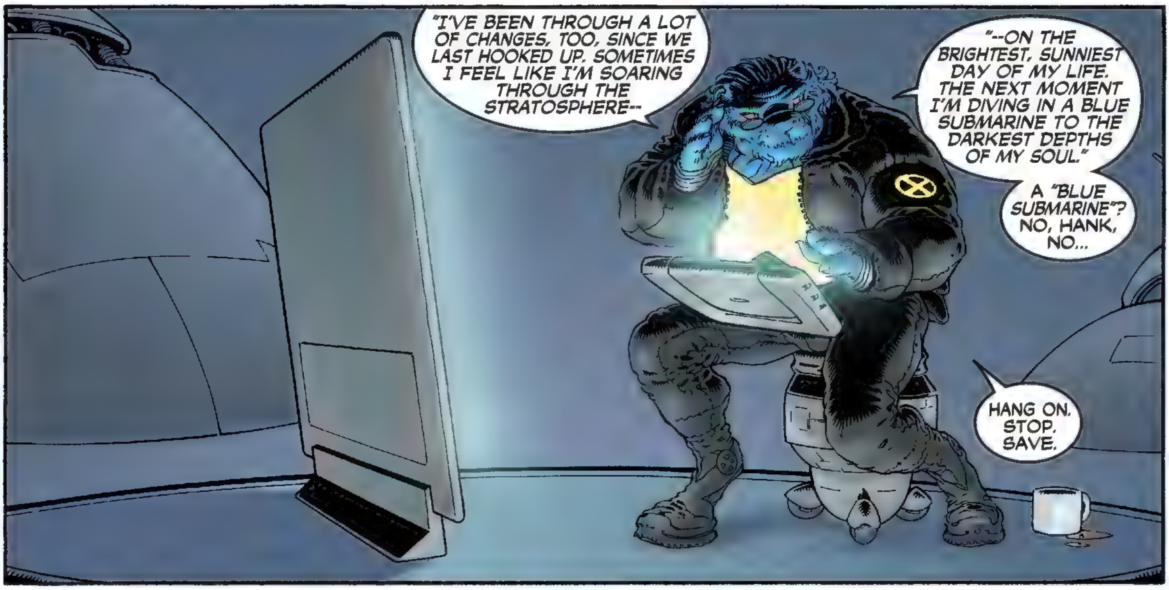

OKAY.
HOW DO WE GET HIM OUT OF *THIS?*
NOTHING MUCH HERE: OLD CANS... SCRAP AND SALVAGE AND SOME ELECTRONICS.
YOU EVER SEE A SENTINEL LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THIS?
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. SENTINELS *HUNT* MUTANTS, LOGAN.
THEY *KNOW* WE'RE HERE. I FIGURE OUR ONLY OPTION IS TO DISABLE THE MASTER MOLD.
SO WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO DIVERT VIA ECUADOR WITH A CIVILIAN IN TOW?
≶URRR≶
OH --

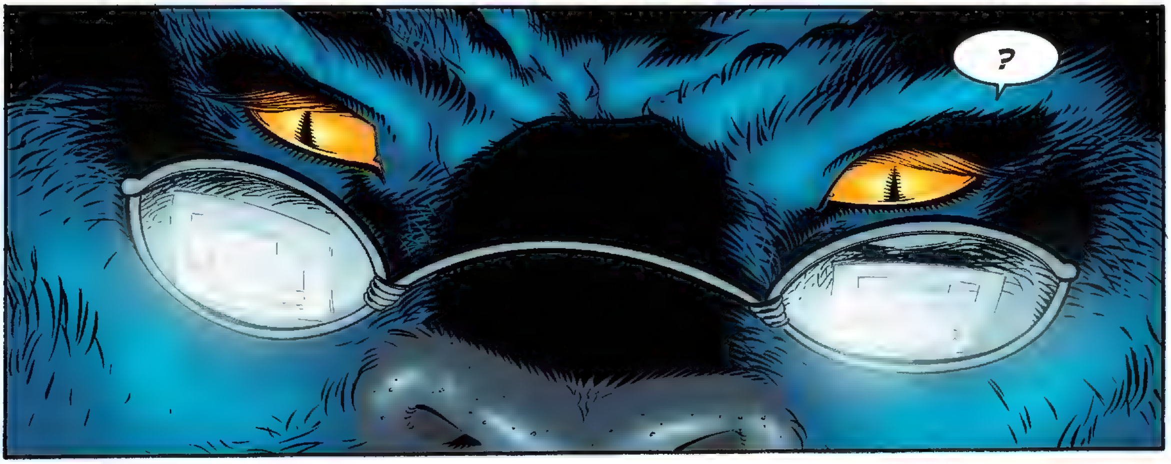

OH --
...
DOWN!
URRRR...
...KID...! ANY MUTANT TALENTS WE CAN USE?
I GOT THREE FACES, MATE, AND THEY ALL LOOK LIKE PIGS...


DOES *THAT* COUNT AS...
CHAAA!
GET HIM *OUT*, LOGAN!
I CAN HANDLE THIS--


WELL HANDLED.
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, UGLY JOHN.
I'LL TRY *TALKIN'* 'EM DOWN.
UHNNHN
MUTANT SPECIMEN LOCATED AND CONTAINED.
URRR


"DEAR TRISH--
"--SO GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN..." NO, SCRATCH THAT...
"DEAR TRISH, JUST GOT DONE WATCHING YOUR INCREDIBLE ACCOUNT OF THE WAR IN GENOSHA.
"CONGRATULATIONS ON THE AWARD NOMINATION. THIS KIND OF RECOGNITION HAS BEEN LONG OVERDUE FOR YOU.


"I'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT OF CHANGES, TOO, SINCE WE LAST HOOKED UP. SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I'M SOARING THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE--
"--ON THE BRIGHTEST, SUNNIEST DAY OF MY LIFE. THE NEXT MOMENT I'M DIVING IN A BLUE SUBMARINE TO THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF MY SOUL."
A "BLUE SUBMARINE"? NO, HANK, NO...
HANG ON. STOP. SAVE.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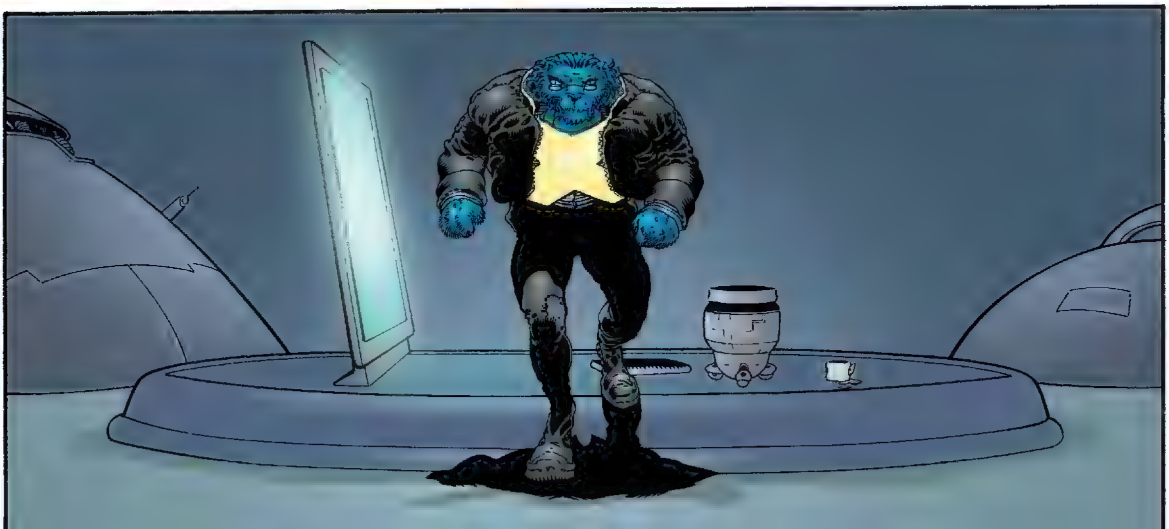
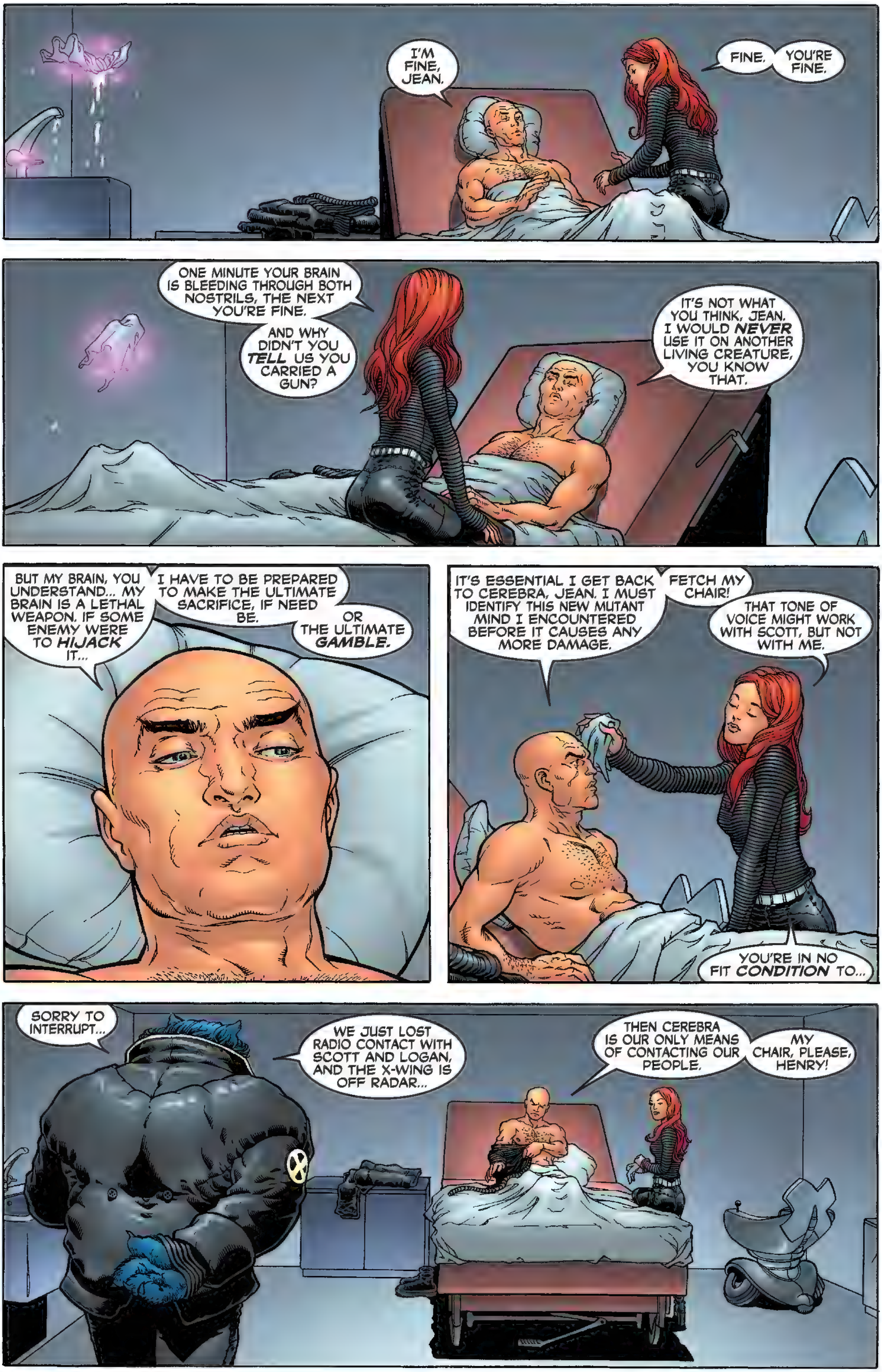
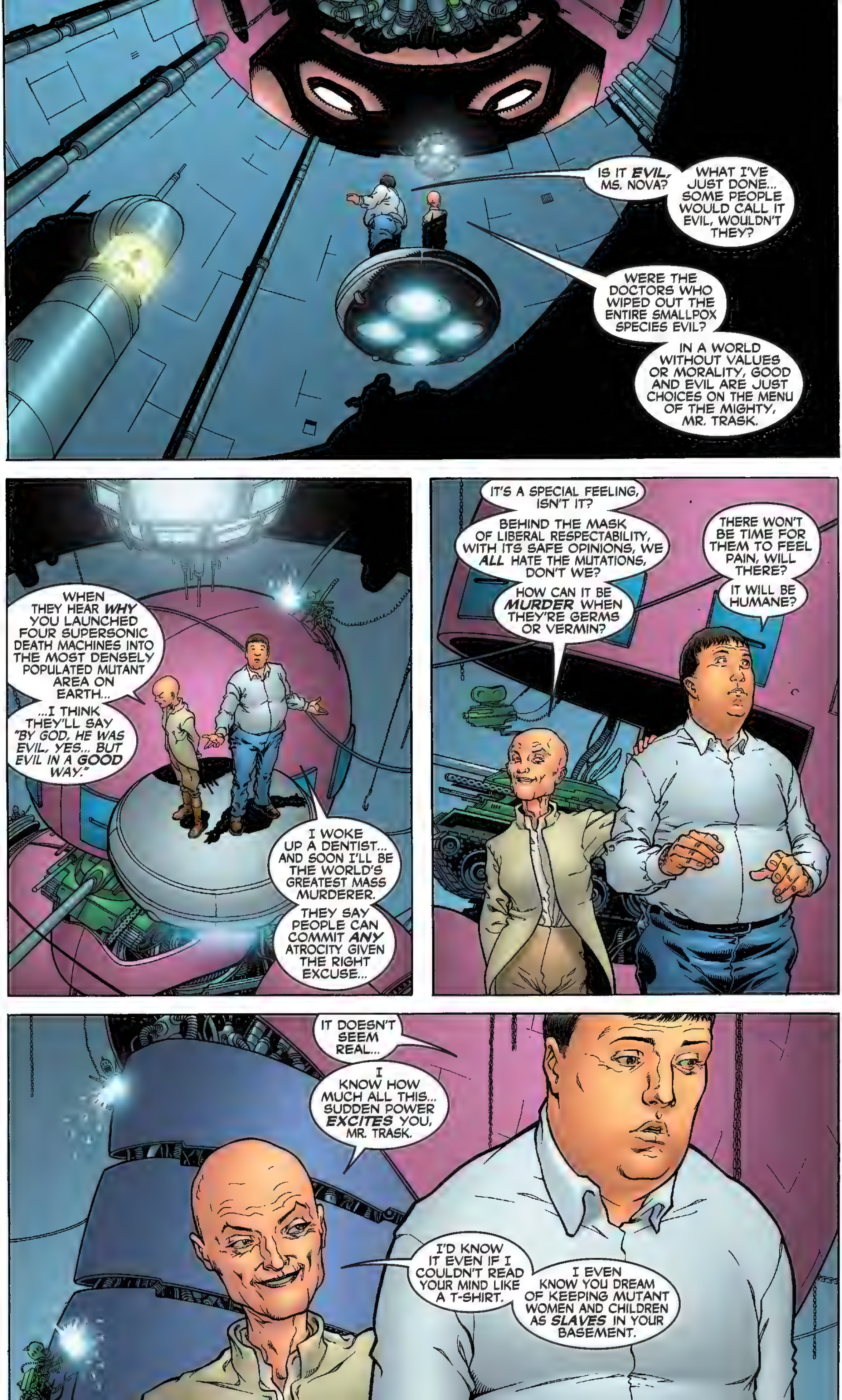
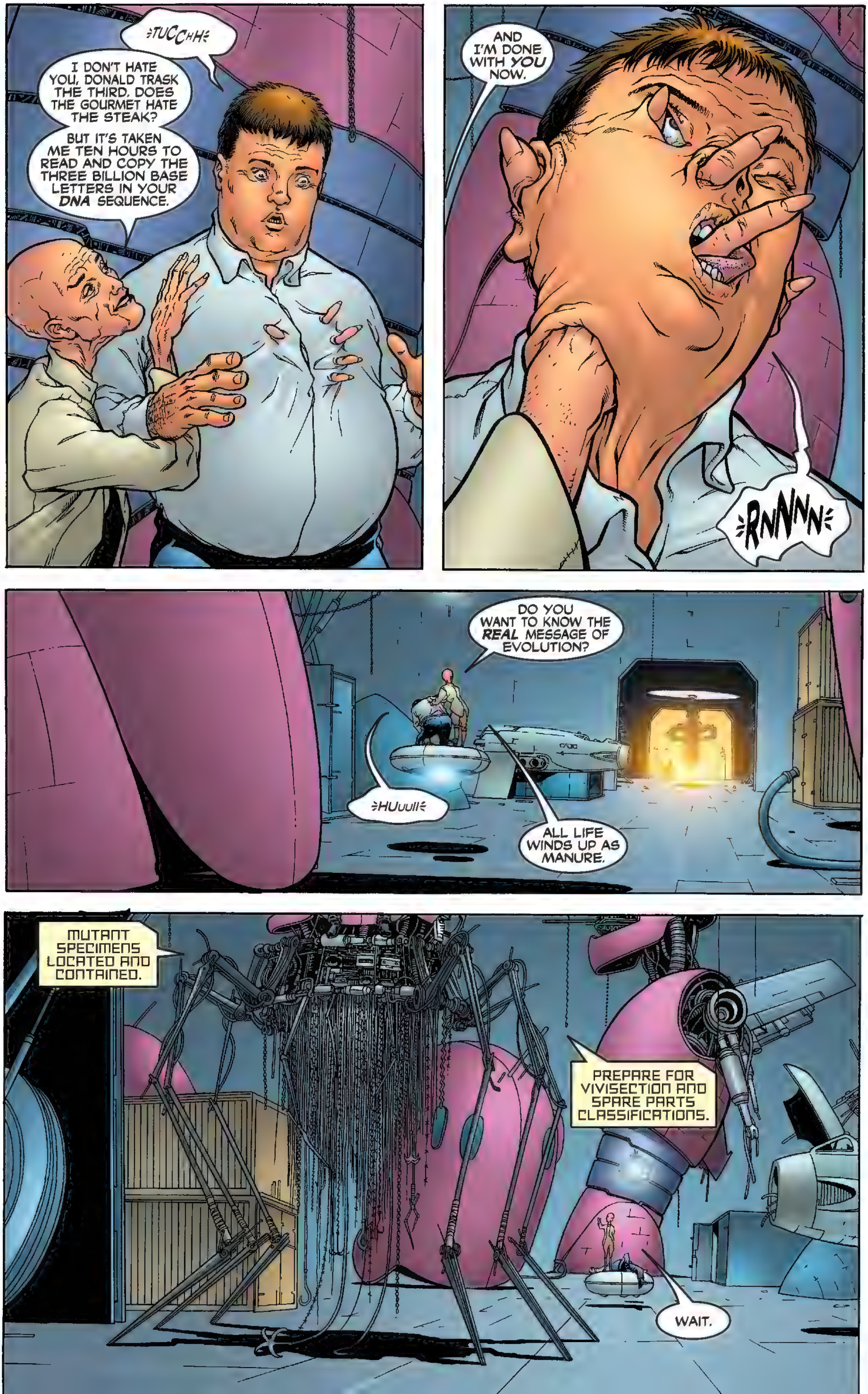
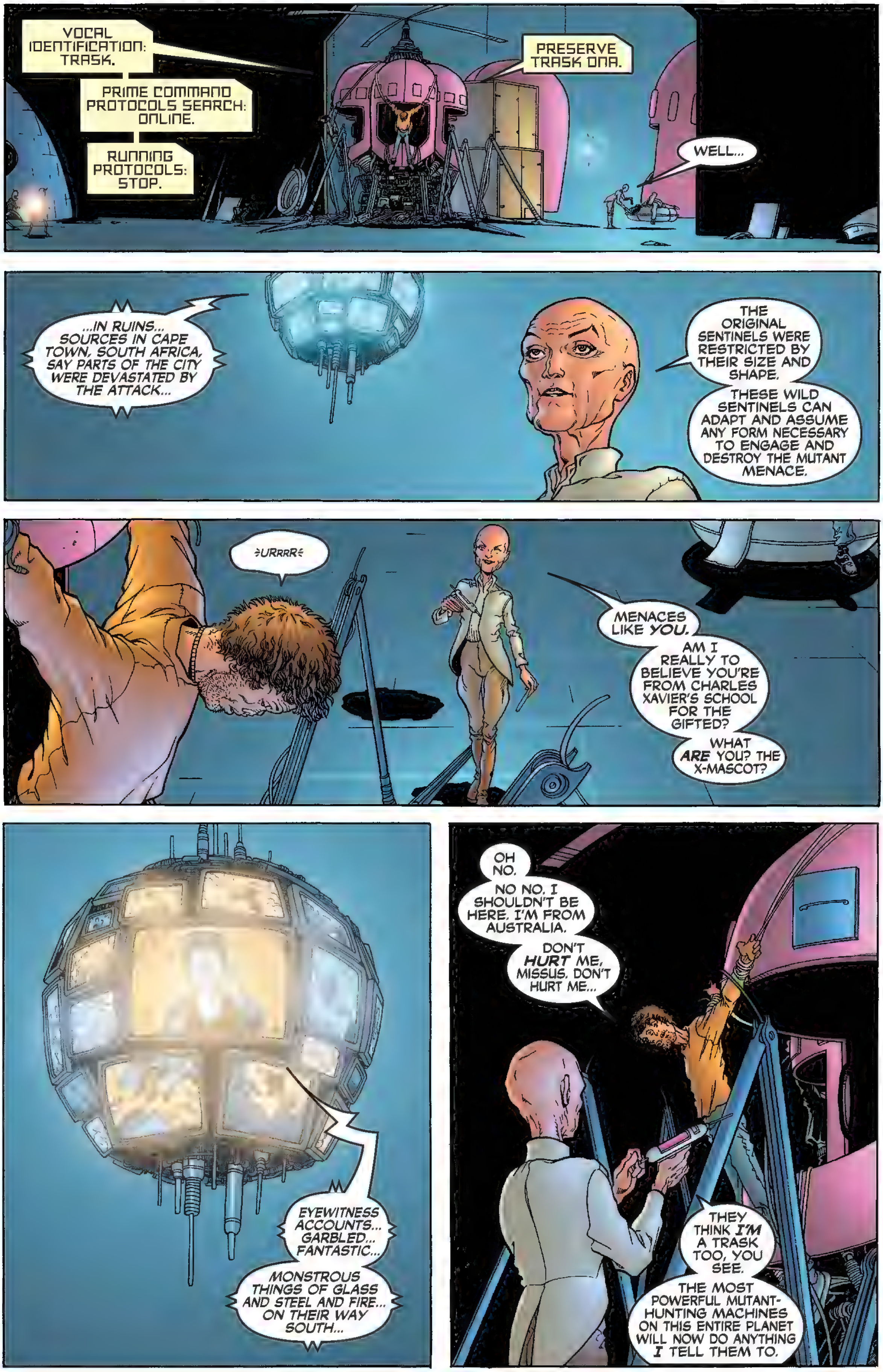
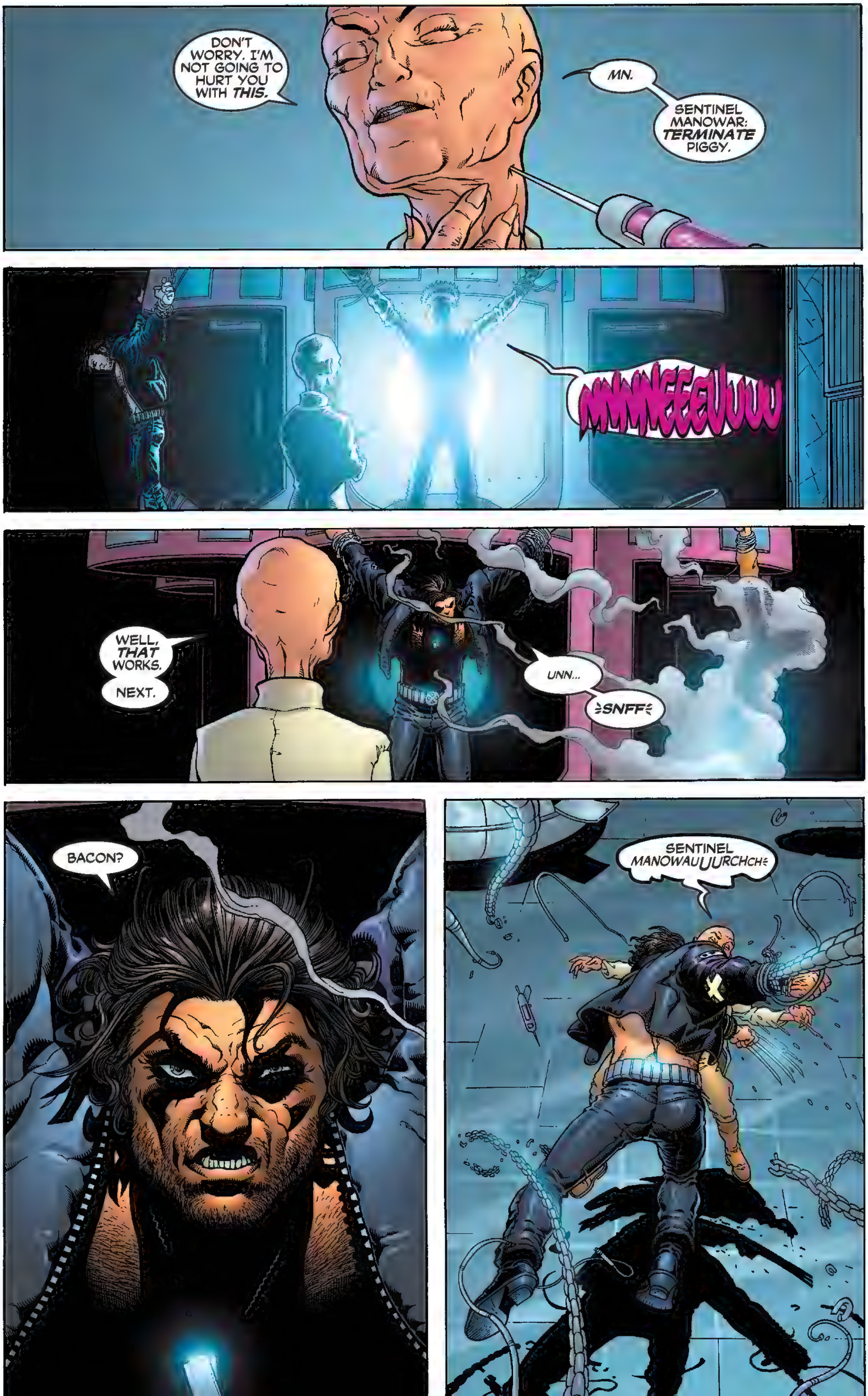


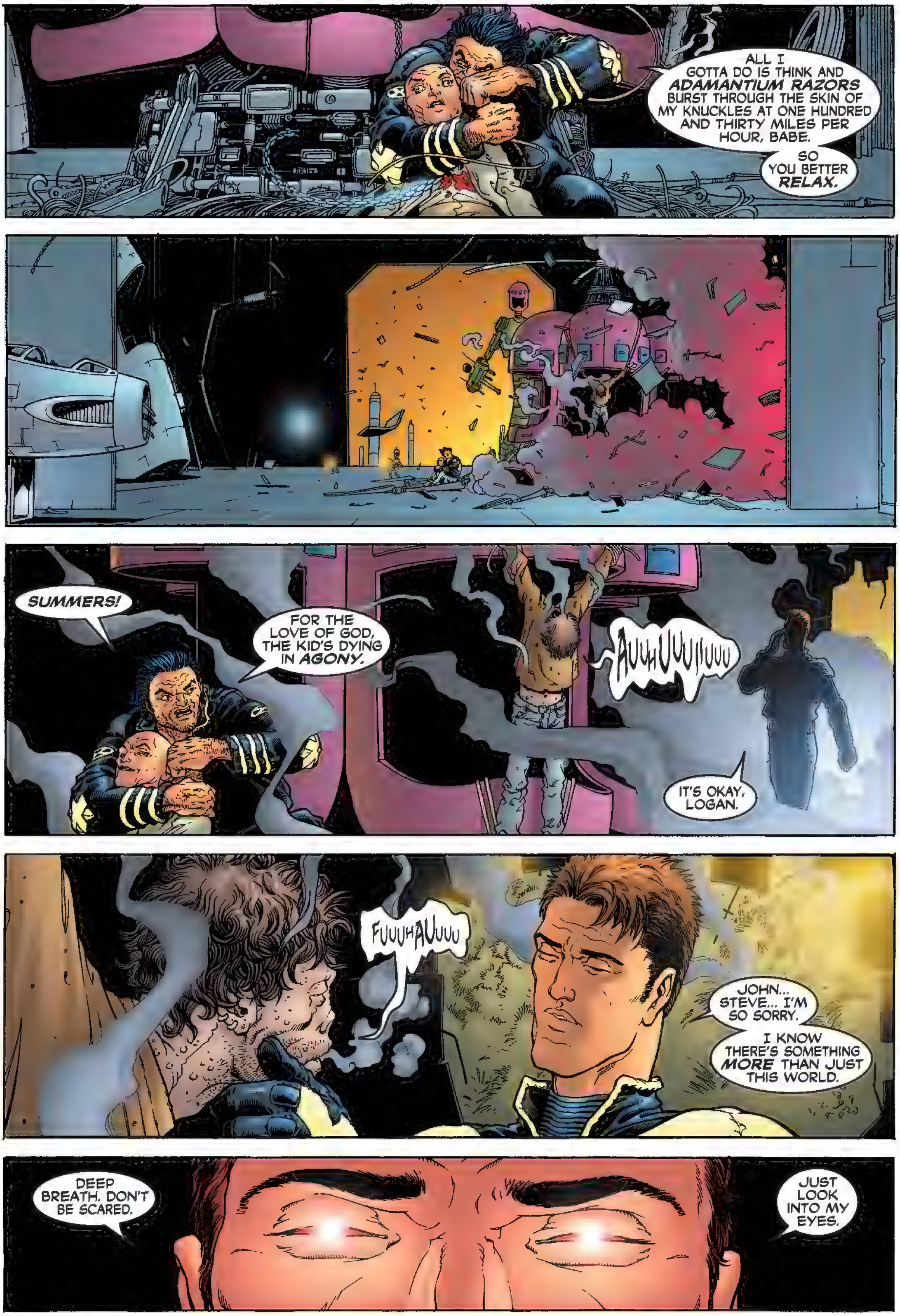

I'M FINE, JEAN.
FINE.
YOU'RE FINE.
ONE MINUTE YOUR BRAIN IS BLEEDING THROUGH BOTH NOSTRILS, THE NEXT YOU'RE FINE.
AND WHY DIDN'T YOU *TELL* US YOU CARRIED A GUN?
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK, JEAN. I WOULD *NEVER* USE IT ON ANOTHER LIVING CREATURE, YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT MY BRAIN, YOU UNDERSTAND... MY BRAIN IS A LETHAL WEAPON. IF SOME ENEMY WERE TO *HIJACK* IT...
I HAVE TO BE PREPARED TO MAKE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE, IF NEED BE.
OR THE ULTIMATE *GAMBLE.*
IT'S ESSENTIAL I GET BACK TO CEREBRA, JEAN. I MUST IDENTIFY THIS NEW MUTANT MIND I ENCOUNTERED BEFORE IT CAUSES ANY MORE DAMAGE.
FETCH MY CHAIR!
THAT TONE OF VOICE MIGHT WORK WITH SCOTT, BUT NOT WITH ME.
YOU'RE IN NO FIT *CONDITION* TO...
SORRY TO INTERRUPT...
WE JUST LOST RADIO CONTACT WITH SCOTT AND LOGAN, AND THE X-WING IS OFF RADAR...
THEN CEREBRA IS OUR ONLY MEANS OF CONTACTING OUR PEOPLE.
MY CHAIR, PLEASE, HENRY!

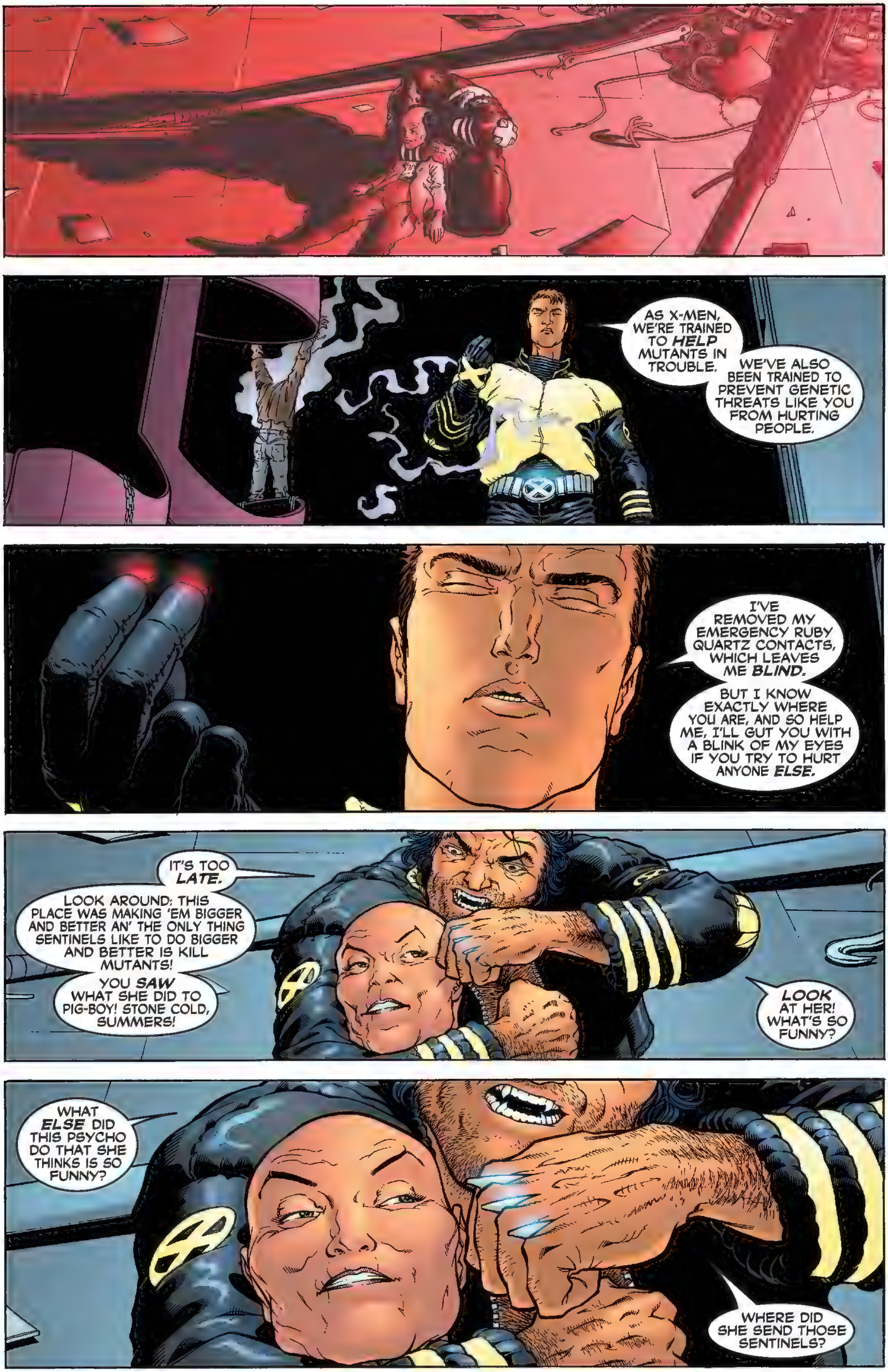

IS IT *EVIL*, MS. NOVA?
WHAT I'VE JUST DONE... SOME PEOPLE WOULD CALL IT EVIL, WOULDN'T THEY?
WERE THE DOCTORS WHO WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE SMALLPOX SPECIES EVIL?
IN A WORLD WITHOUT VALUES OR MORALITY, GOOD AND EVIL ARE JUST CHOICES ON THE MENU OF THE MIGHTY, MR. TRASK.
WHEN THEY HEAR *WHY* YOU LAUNCHED FOUR SUPERSONIC DEATH MACHINES INTO THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED MUTANT AREA ON EARTH...
...I THINK THEY'LL SAY "BY GOD, HE WAS EVIL, YES... BUT EVIL IN A *GOOD* WAY."
I WOKE UP A DENTIST... AND SOON I'LL BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST MASS MURDERER.
THEY SAY PEOPLE CAN COMMIT *ANY* ATROCITY GIVEN THE RIGHT EXCUSE...
IT'S A SPECIAL FEELING, ISN'T IT?
BEHIND THE MASK OF LIBERAL RESPECTABILITY, WITH ITS SAFE OPINIONS, WE *ALL* HATE THE MUTATIONS, DON'T WE?
HOW CAN IT BE *MURDER* WHEN THEY'RE GERMS OR VERMIN?
THERE WON'T BE TIME FOR THEM TO FEEL PAIN, WILL THERE?
IT WILL BE HUMANE?
IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL...
I KNOW HOW MUCH ALL THIS... SUDDEN POWER *EXCITES* YOU, MR. TRASK.
I'D KNOW IT EVEN IF I COULDN'T READ YOUR MIND LIKE A T-SHIRT.
I EVEN KNOW YOU DREAM OF KEEPING MUTANT WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS *SLAVES* IN YOUR BASEMENT.

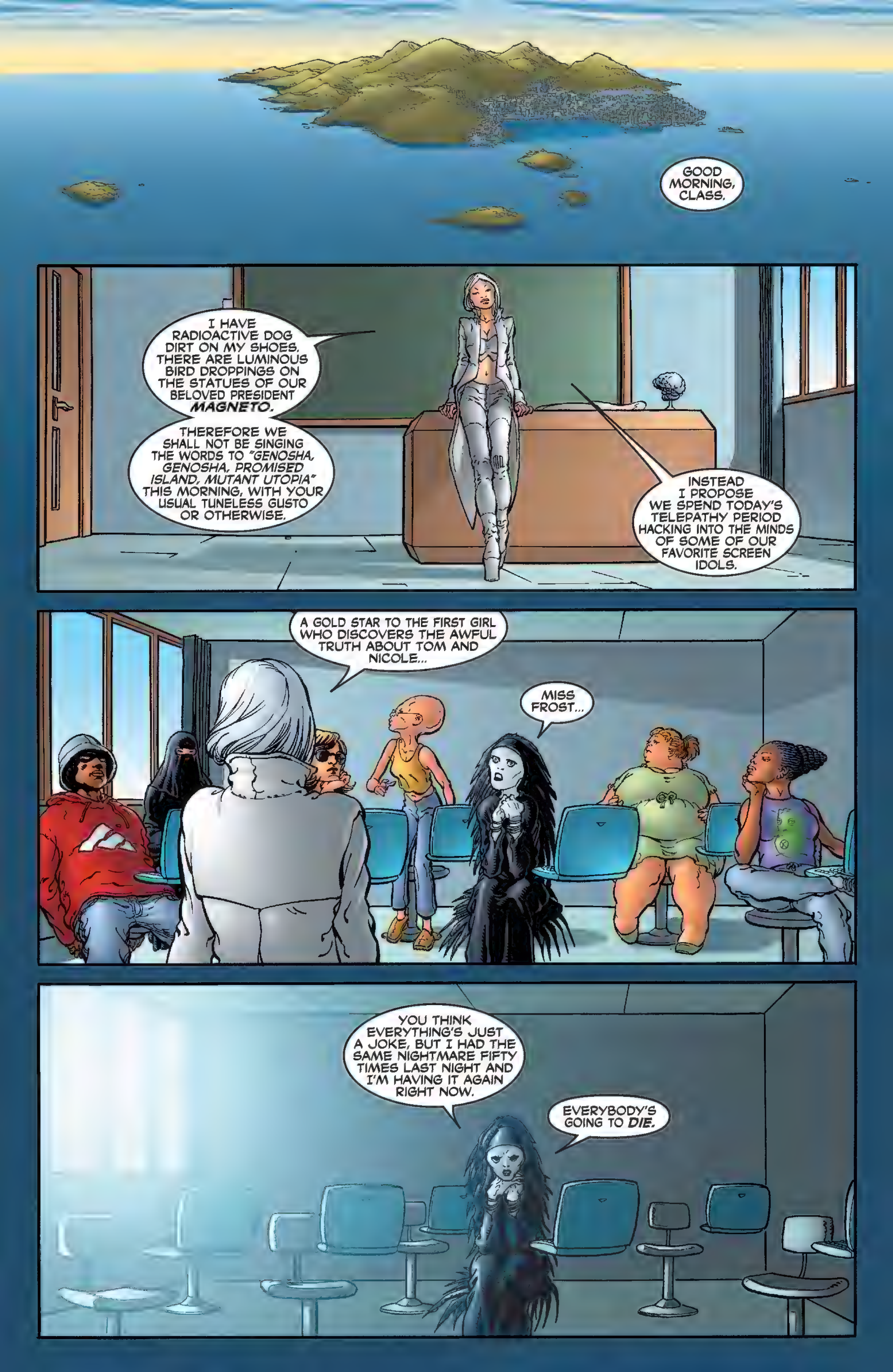

TUCCHH
I DON'T HATE YOU, DONALD TRASK THE THIRD. DOES THE GOURMET HATE THE STEAK?
BUT IT'S TAKEN ME TEN HOURS TO READ AND COPY THE THREE BILLION BASE LETTERS IN YOUR DNA SEQUENCE.
AND I'M DONE WITH YOU NOW.
RNNNN
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW THE REAL MESSAGE OF EVOLUTION?
HUuuII
ALL LIFE WINDS UP AS MANURE.
MUTANT SPECIMENS LOCATED AND CONTAINED.
PREPARE FOR VIVISECTION AND SPARE PARTS CLASSIFICATIONS.
WAIT.

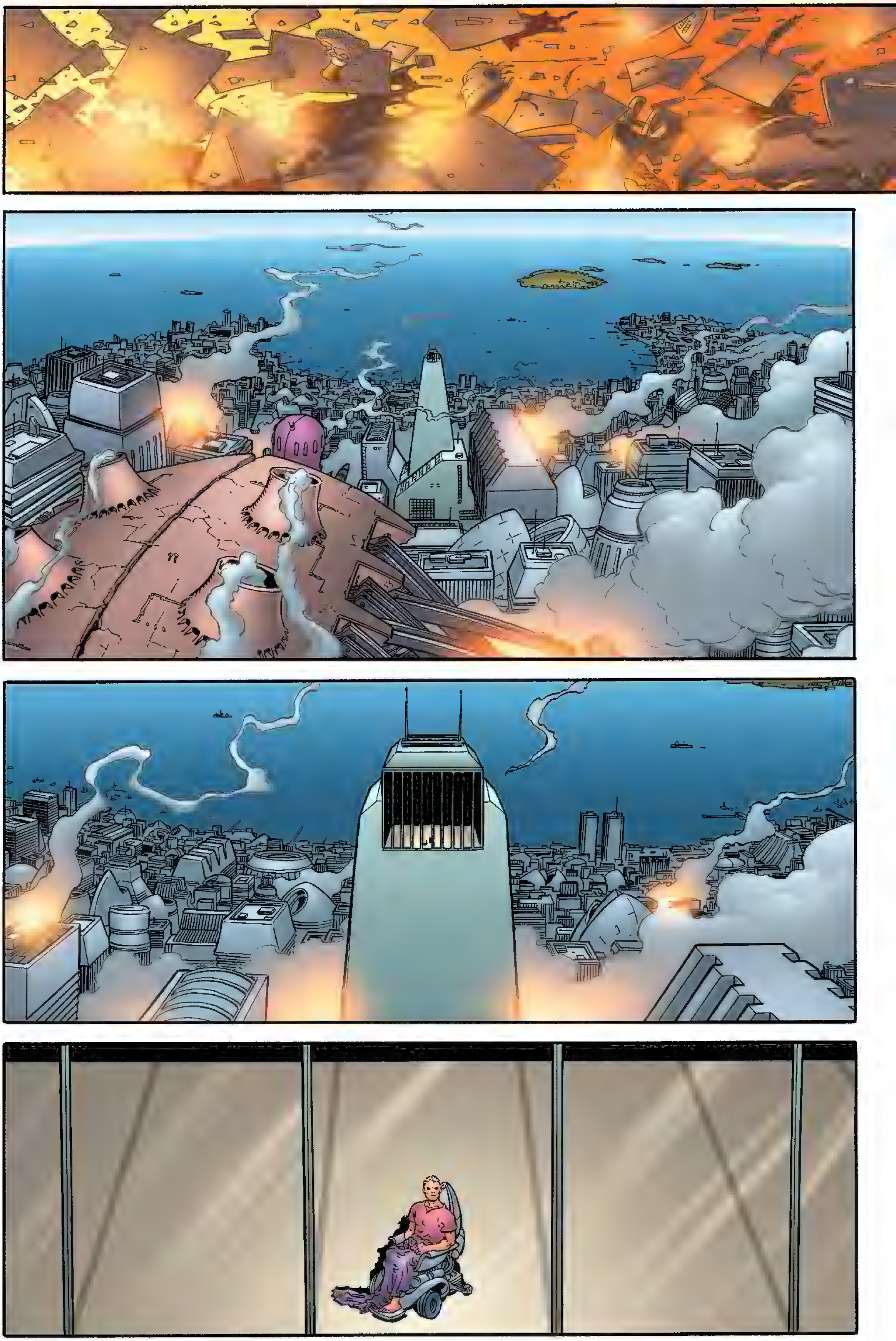

VOCAL IDENTIFICATION: TRASK.
PRIME COMMAND PROTOCOLS SEARCH: ONLINE.
RUNNING PROTOCOLS: STOP.
PRESERVE TRASK DNA.
WELL...
...IN RUINS... SOURCES IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, SAY PARTS OF THE CITY WERE DEVASTATED BY THE ATTACK...
THE ORIGINAL SENTINELS WERE RESTRICTED BY THEIR SIZE AND SHAPE.
THESE WILD SENTINELS CAN ADAPT AND ASSUME ANY FORM NECESSARY TO ENGAGE AND DESTROY THE MUTANT MENACE.
URRRR
MENACES LIKE *YOU.*
AM I REALLY TO BELIEVE YOU'RE FROM CHARLES XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR THE GIFTED?
WHAT *ARE* YOU? THE X-MASCOT?
EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS... GARBLED... FANTASTIC...
MONSTROUS THINGS OF GLASS AND STEEL AND FIRE... ON THEIR WAY SOUTH...
OH NO.
NO NO. I SHOULDN'T BE HERE. I'M FROM AUSTRALIA.
DON'T *HURT* ME, MISSUS. DON'T HURT ME...
THEY THINK *I'M* A TRASK TOO, YOU SEE.
THE MOST POWERFUL MUTANT-HUNTING MACHINES ON THIS ENTIRE PLANET WILL NOW DO ANYTHING *I* TELL THEM TO.

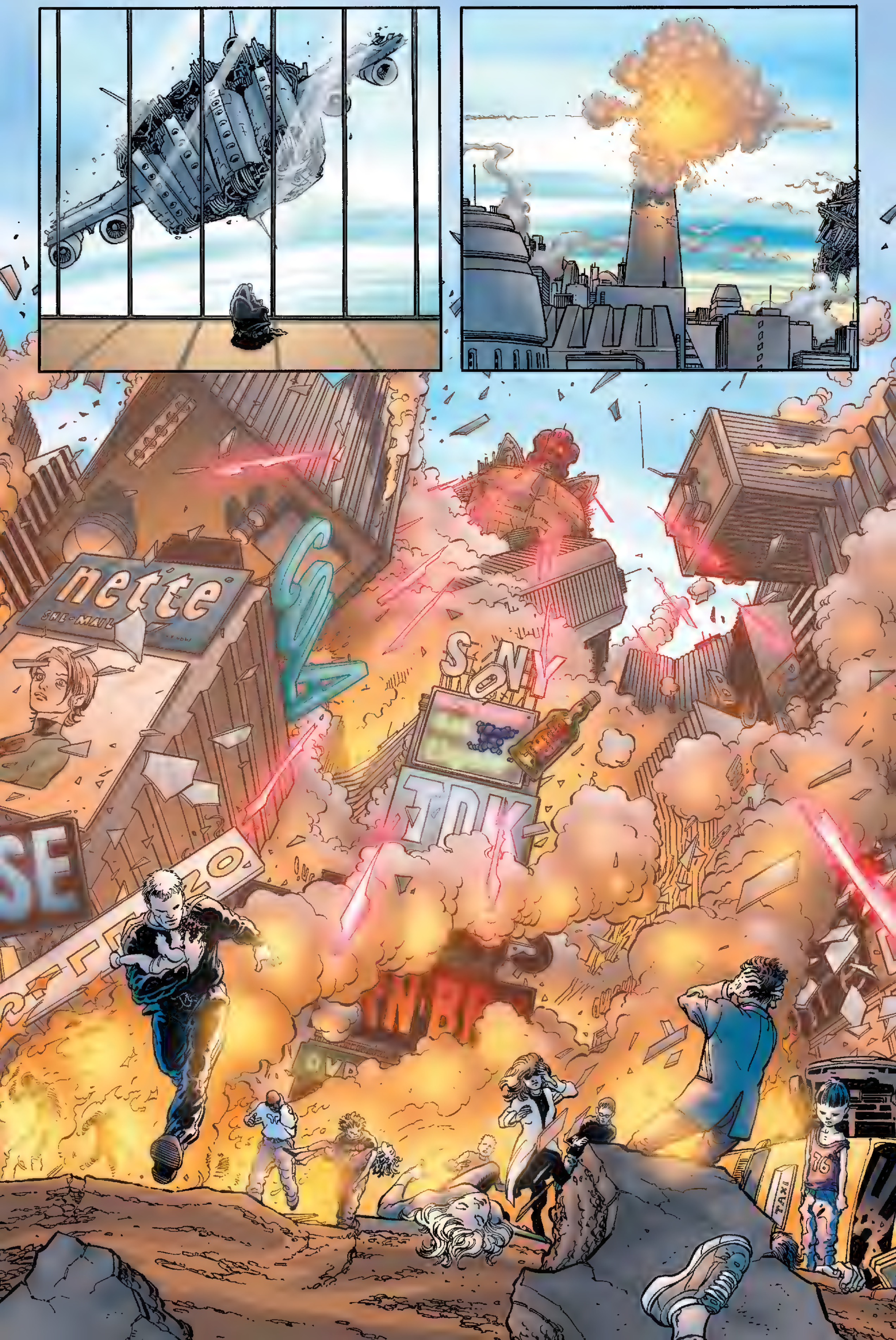

DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU WITH *THIS.*
MN.
SENTINEL MANOWAR: ***TERMINATE*** PIGGY.
NNNNEEEUUUU
WELL, ***THAT*** WORKS.
NEXT.
UNN...
SNFF
BACON?
SENTINEL *MANOWAUUURCHCH*

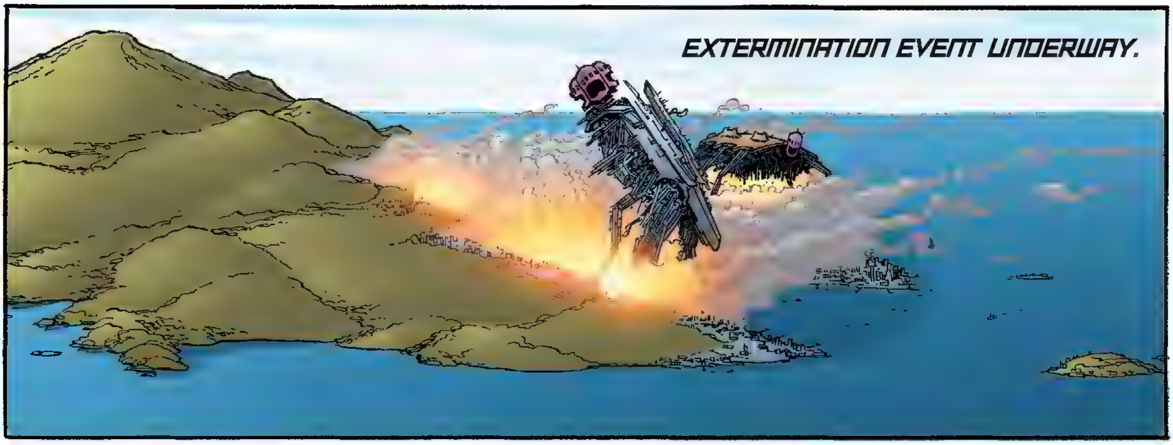

ALL I GOTTA DO IS THINK AND *ADAMANTIUM RAZORS* BURST THROUGH THE SKIN OF MY KNUCKLES AT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES PER HOUR, BABE.
SO YOU BETTER *RELAX.*
SUMMERS!
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, THE KID'S DYING IN *AGONY.*
AUUHUUUUUU
IT'S OKAY, LOGAN.
FUUUHAUUUU
JOHN... STEVE... I'M SO SORRY.
I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING *MORE* THAN JUST THIS WORLD.
DEEP BREATH. DON'T BE SCARED.
JUST LOOK INTO MY EYES.

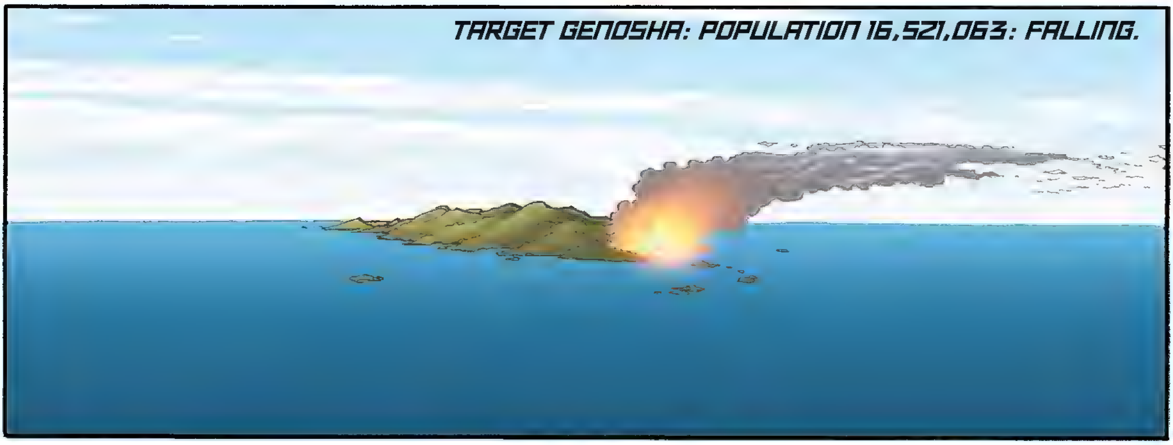

AS X-MEN, WE'RE TRAINED TO *HELP* MUTANTS IN TROUBLE.
WE'VE ALSO BEEN TRAINED TO PREVENT GENETIC THREATS LIKE YOU FROM HURTING PEOPLE.
I'VE REMOVED MY EMERGENCY RUBY QUARTZ CONTACTS, WHICH LEAVES ME *BLIND.*
BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE, AND SO HELP ME, I'LL GUT YOU WITH A BLINK OF MY EYES IF YOU TRY TO HURT ANYONE *ELSE.*
IT'S TOO *LATE.*
LOOK AROUND; THIS PLACE WAS MAKING 'EM BIGGER AND BETTER AN' THE ONLY THING SENTINELS LIKE TO DO BIGGER AND BETTER IS KILL MUTANTS!
YOU *SAW* WHAT SHE DID TO PIG-BOY! STONE COLD, SUMMERS!
LOOK AT HER! WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
WHAT *ELSE* DID THIS PSYCHO DO THAT SHE THINKS IS SO FUNNY?
WHERE DID SHE SEND THOSE SENTINELS?

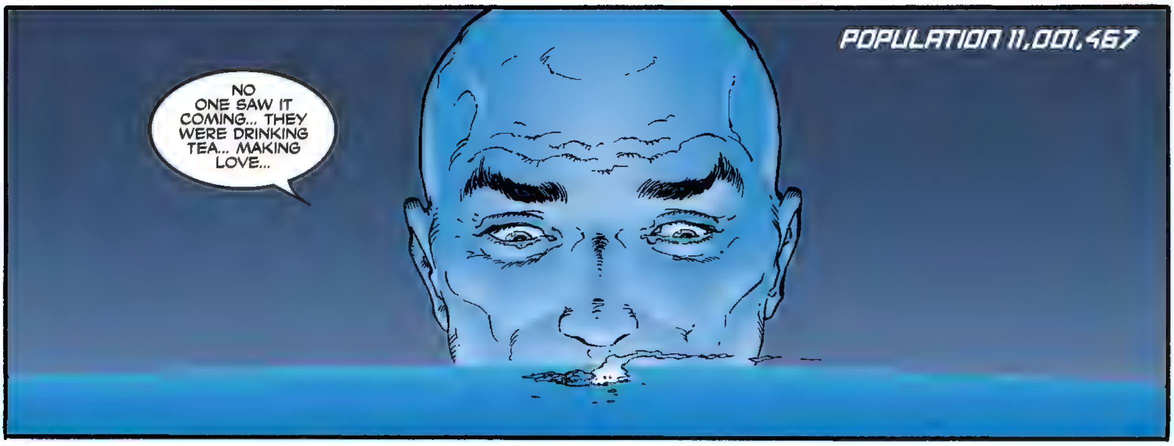

GOOD MORNING, CLASS.
I HAVE RADIOACTIVE DOG DIRT ON MY SHOES. THERE ARE LUMINOUS BIRD DROPPINGS ON THE STATUES OF OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT **MAGNETO.**
THEREFORE WE SHALL NOT BE SINGING THE WORDS TO *"GENOSHA, GENOSHA, PROMISED ISLAND, MUTANT UTOPIA"* THIS MORNING, WITH YOUR USUAL TUNELESS GUSTO OR OTHERWISE.
INSTEAD I PROPOSE WE SPEND TODAY'S TELEPATHY PERIOD HACKING INTO THE MINDS OF SOME OF OUR FAVORITE SCREEN IDOLS.
A GOLD STAR TO THE FIRST GIRL WHO DISCOVERS THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT TOM AND NICOLE...
MISS FROST...
YOU THINK EVERYTHING'S JUST A JOKE, BUT I HAD THE SAME NIGHTMARE FIFTY TIMES LAST NIGHT AND I'M HAVING IT AGAIN RIGHT NOW.
EVERYBODY'S GOING TO ***DIE.***

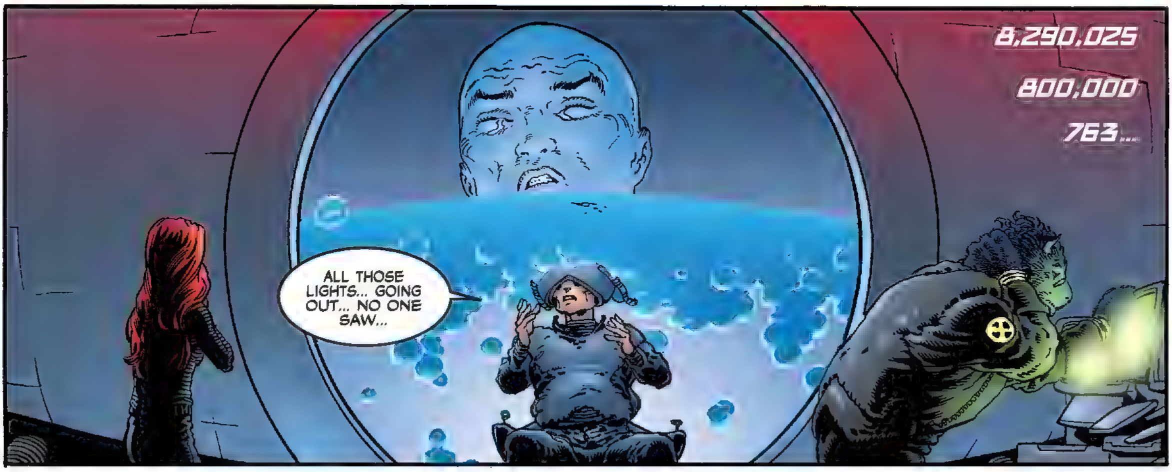



nette
SHE-MAIL
SONY
TDK
SE
TAXI
76


EXTERMINATION EVENT UNDERWAY.

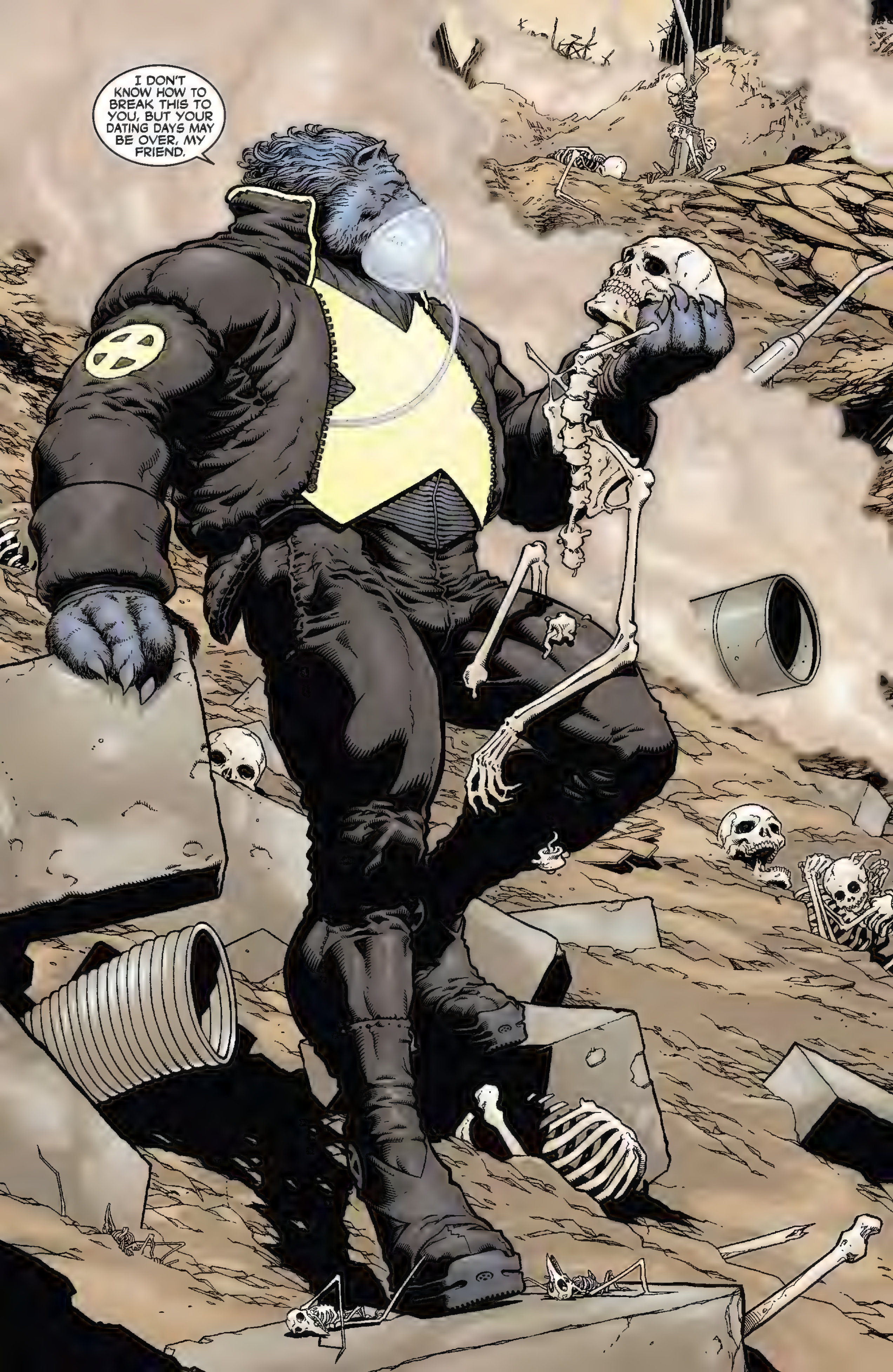

TARGET GENOSHA: POPULATION 16,521,063: FALLING.


POPULATION 11,001,467
NO ONE SAW IT COMING... THEY WERE DRINKING TEA... MAKING LOVE...


8,290,025
800,000
763...
ALL THOSE LIGHTS... GOING OUT... NO ONE SAW...

FRANK QUITELY &
TOWNSEND &
HI*FI

NEW X-MEN #116
"E IS FOR EXTINCTION PART THREE OF THREE"

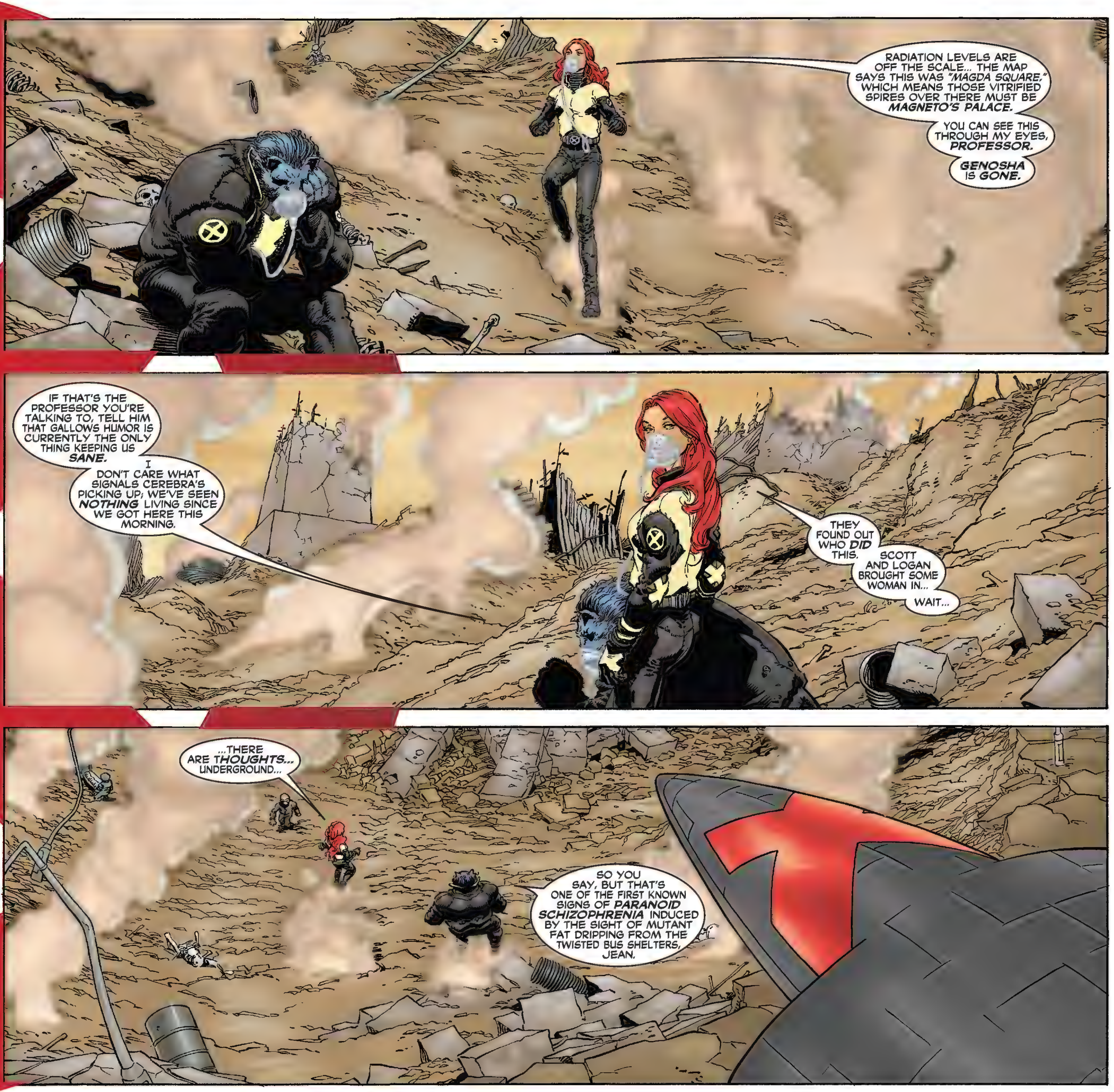

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, BUT YOUR DATING DAYS MAY BE OVER, MY FRIEND.

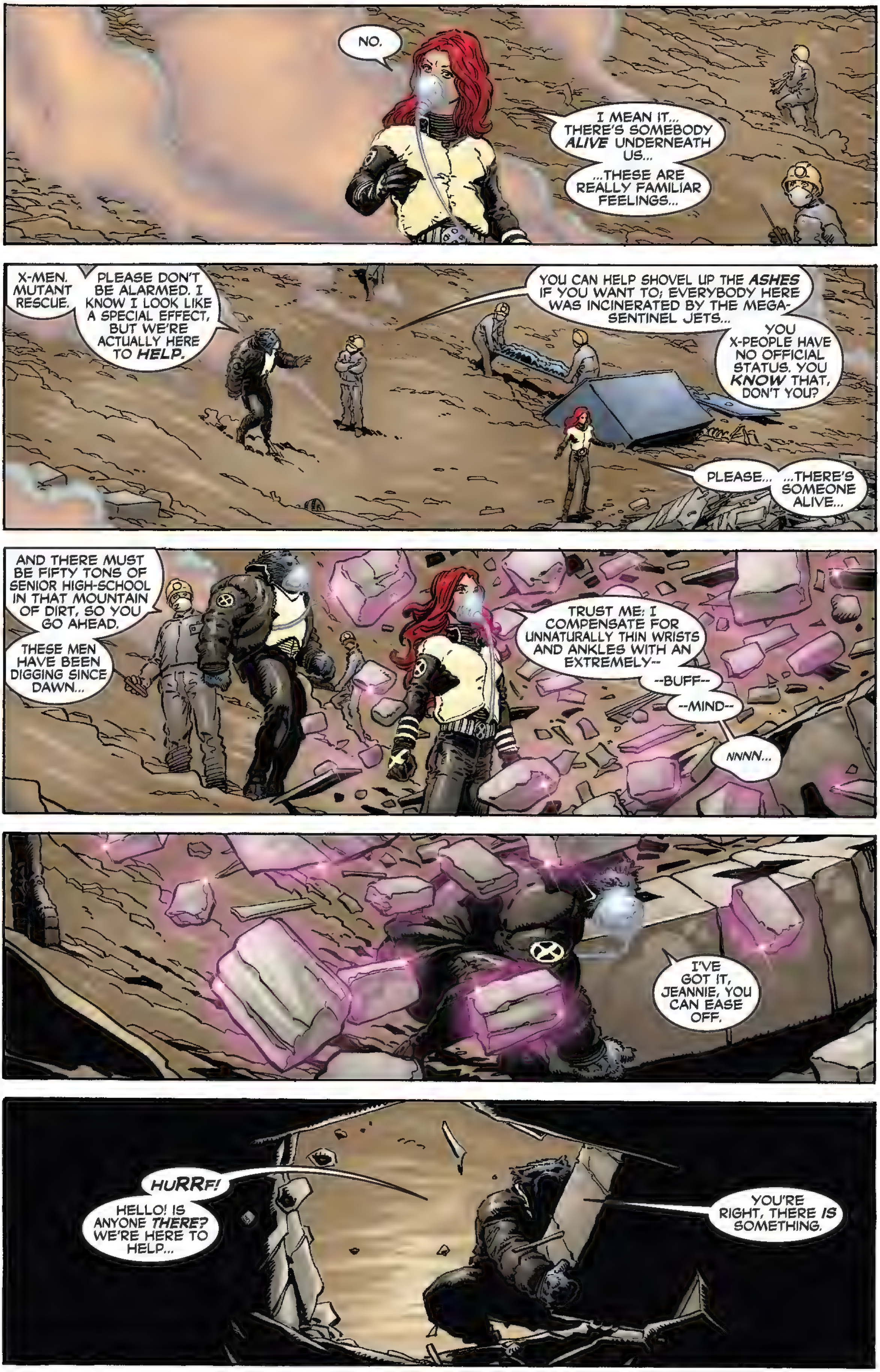
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

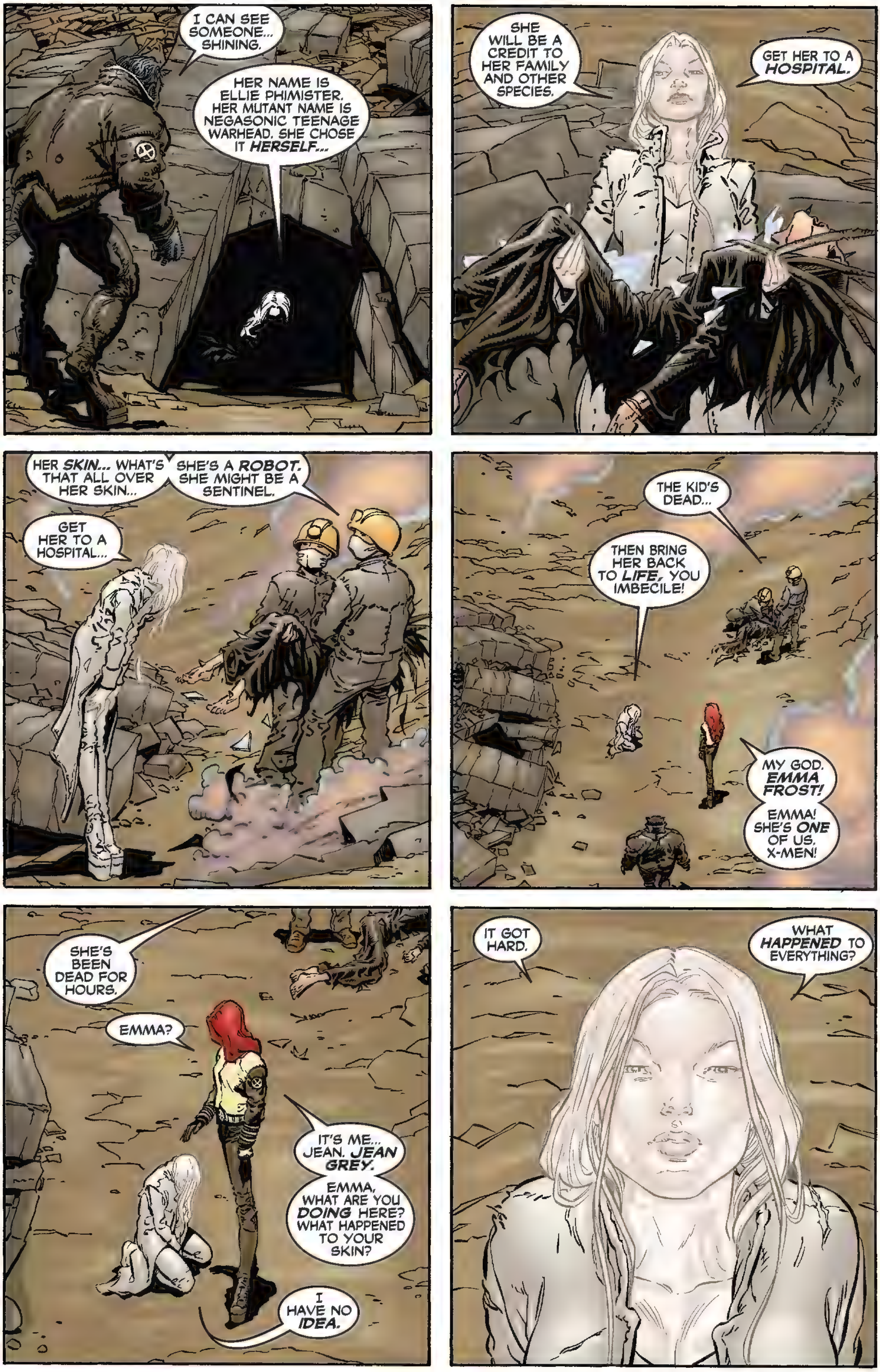
NEW X-MEN

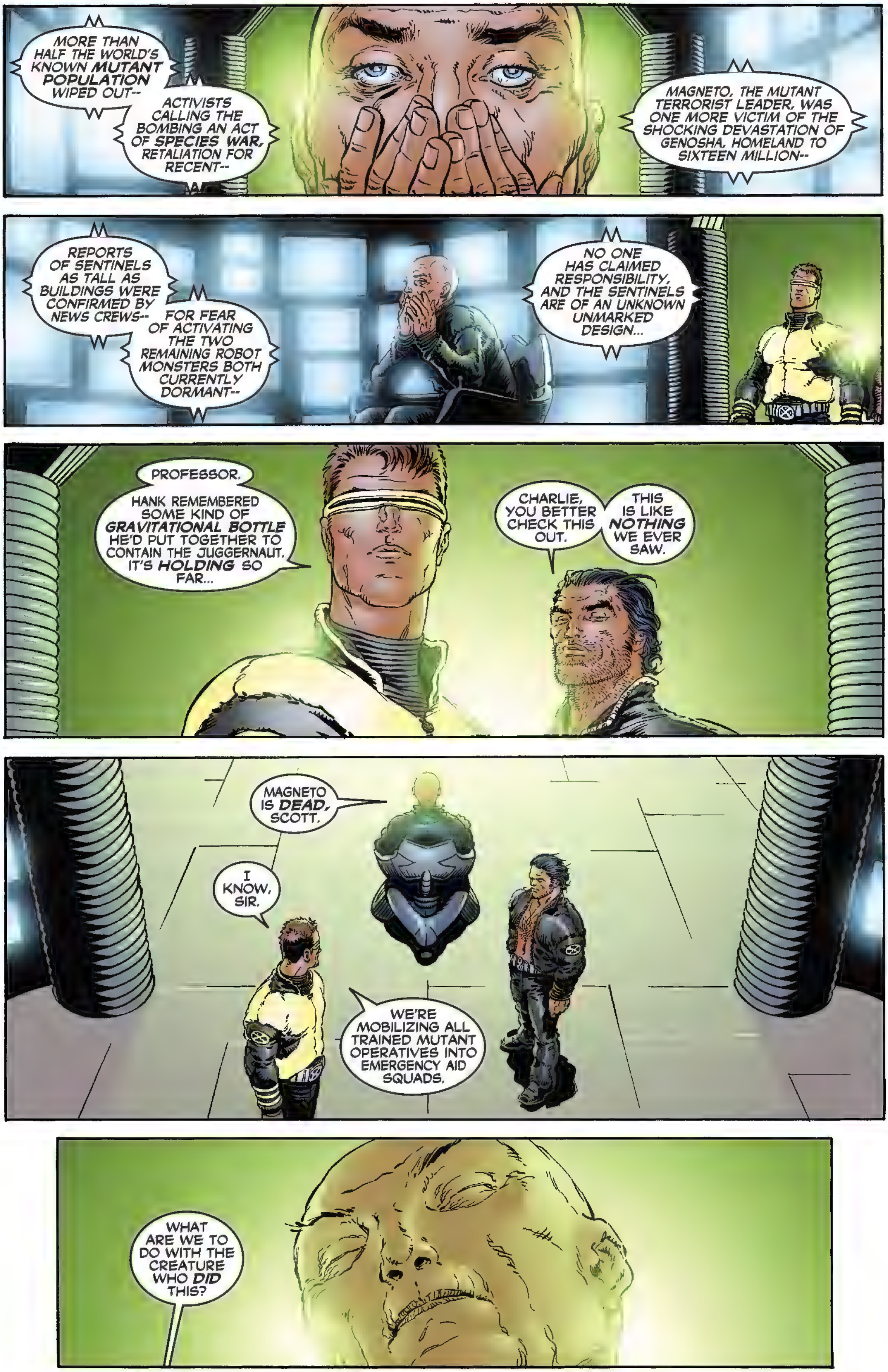
E IS FOR EXTINCTION

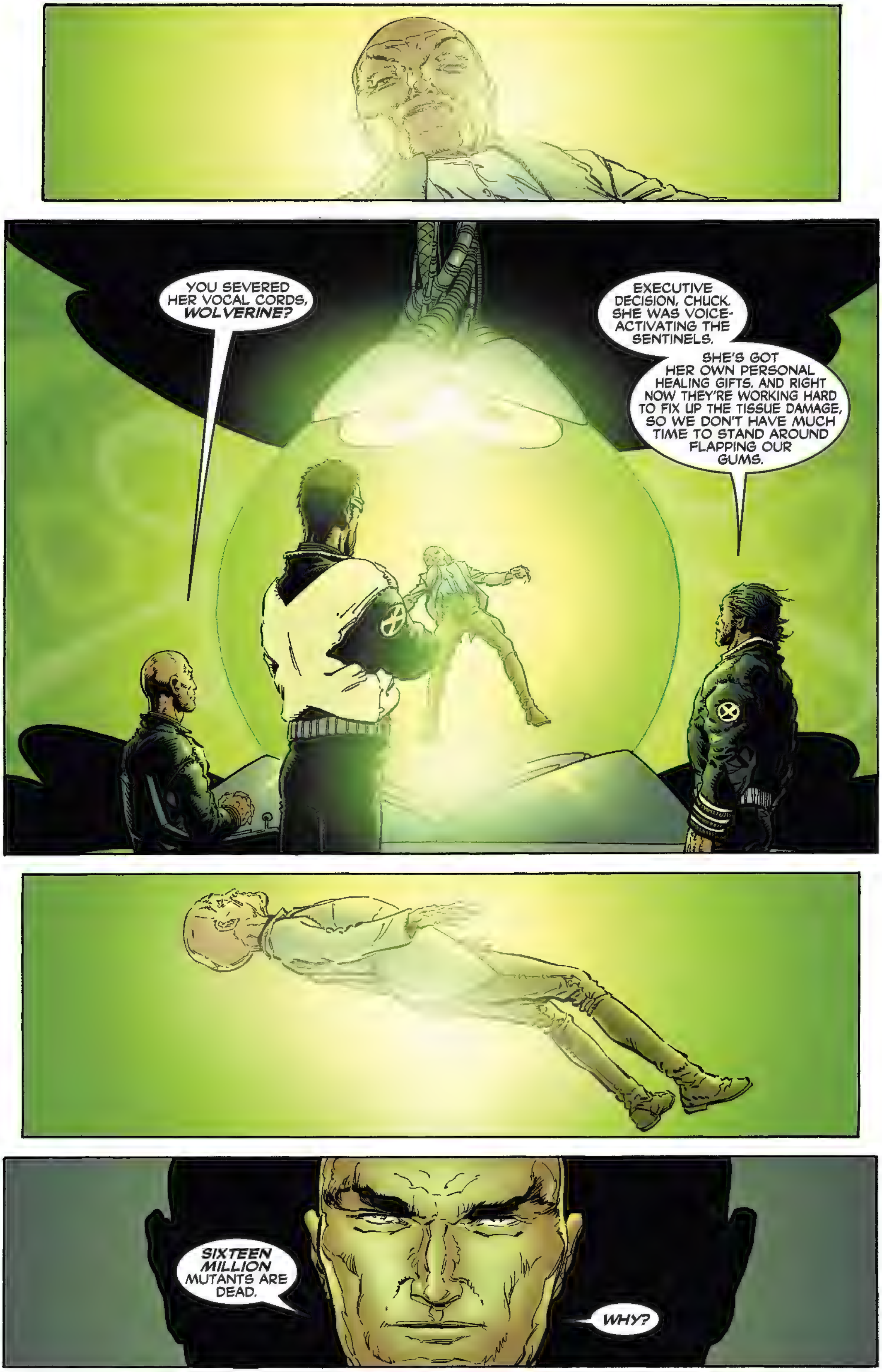
THREE OF THREE

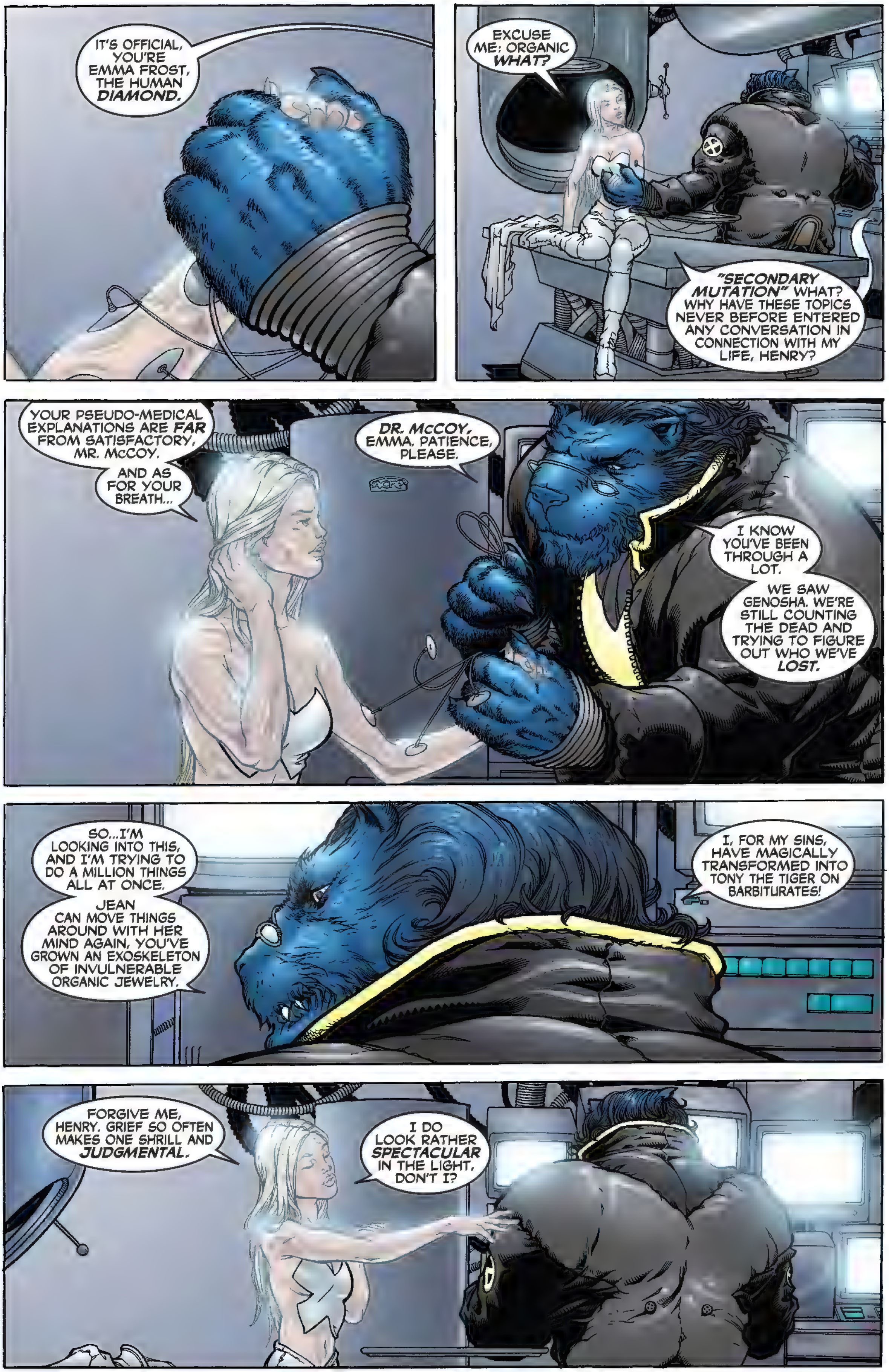

RADIATION LEVELS ARE OFF THE SCALE... THE MAP SAYS THIS WAS *"MAGDA SQUARE,"* WHICH MEANS THOSE VITRIFIED SPIRES OVER THERE MUST BE ***MAGNETO'S PALACE.***
YOU CAN SEE THIS THROUGH MY EYES, ***PROFESSOR.***
GENOSHA IS ***GONE.***
IF THAT'S THE PROFESSOR YOU'RE TALKING TO, TELL HIM THAT GALLOWS HUMOR IS CURRENTLY THE ONLY THING KEEPING US ***SANE.***
I DON'T CARE WHAT SIGNALS CEREBRA'S PICKING UP; WE'VE SEEN ***NOTHING*** LIVING SINCE WE GOT HERE THIS MORNING.
THEY FOUND OUT WHO ***DID*** THIS.
SCOTT AND LOGAN BROUGHT SOME WOMAN IN...
WAIT...
...THERE ARE ***THOUGHTS...*** UNDERGROUND...
SO YOU SAY, BUT THAT'S ONE OF THE FIRST KNOWN SIGNS OF ***PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIA*** INDUCED BY THE SIGHT OF MUTANT FAT DRIPPING FROM THE TWISTED BUS SHELTERS, JEAN.

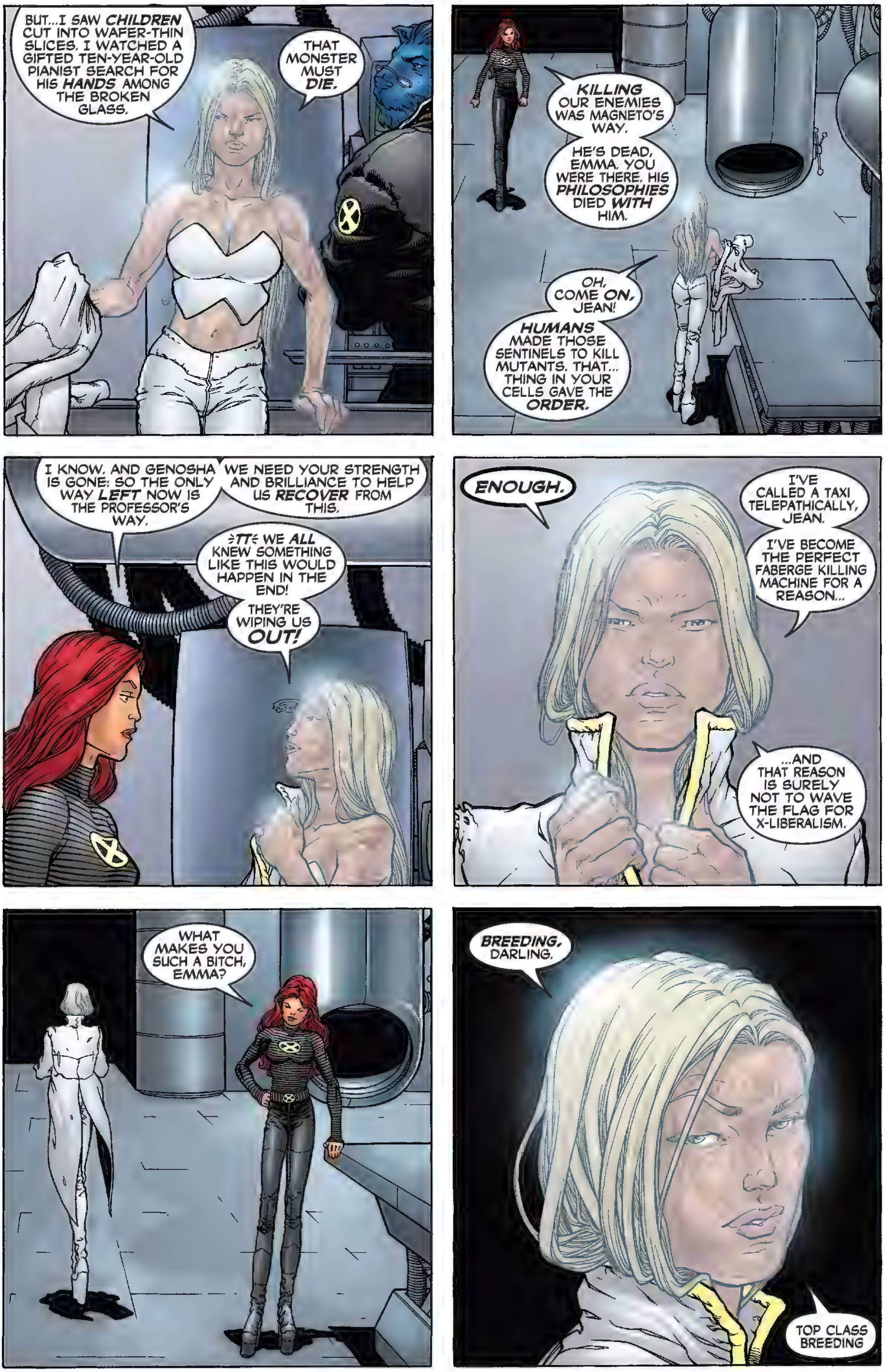

NO.
I MEAN IT... THERE'S SOMEBODY *ALIVE* UNDERNEATH US...
...THESE ARE REALLY FAMILIAR FEELINGS...
X-MEN. MUTANT RESCUE.
PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED. I KNOW I LOOK LIKE A SPECIAL EFFECT, BUT WE'RE ACTUALLY HERE TO *HELP.*
YOU CAN HELP SHOVEL UP THE *ASHES* IF YOU WANT TO; EVERYBODY HERE WAS INCINERATED BY THE MEGA-SENTINEL JETS...
YOU X-PEOPLE HAVE NO OFFICIAL STATUS. YOU *KNOW* THAT, DON'T YOU?
PLEASE...
...THERE'S SOMEONE ALIVE...
AND THERE MUST BE FIFTY TONS OF SENIOR HIGH-SCHOOL IN THAT MOUNTAIN OF DIRT, SO YOU GO AHEAD.
THESE MEN HAVE BEEN DIGGING SINCE DAWN...
TRUST ME; I COMPENSATE FOR UNNATURALLY THIN WRISTS AND ANKLES WITH AN EXTREMELY--
--BUFF--
--MIND--
NNNN...
I'VE GOT IT, JEANNIE, YOU CAN EASE OFF.
HURRF!
HELLO! IS ANYONE *THERE?* WE'RE HERE TO HELP...
YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE *IS* SOMETHING.

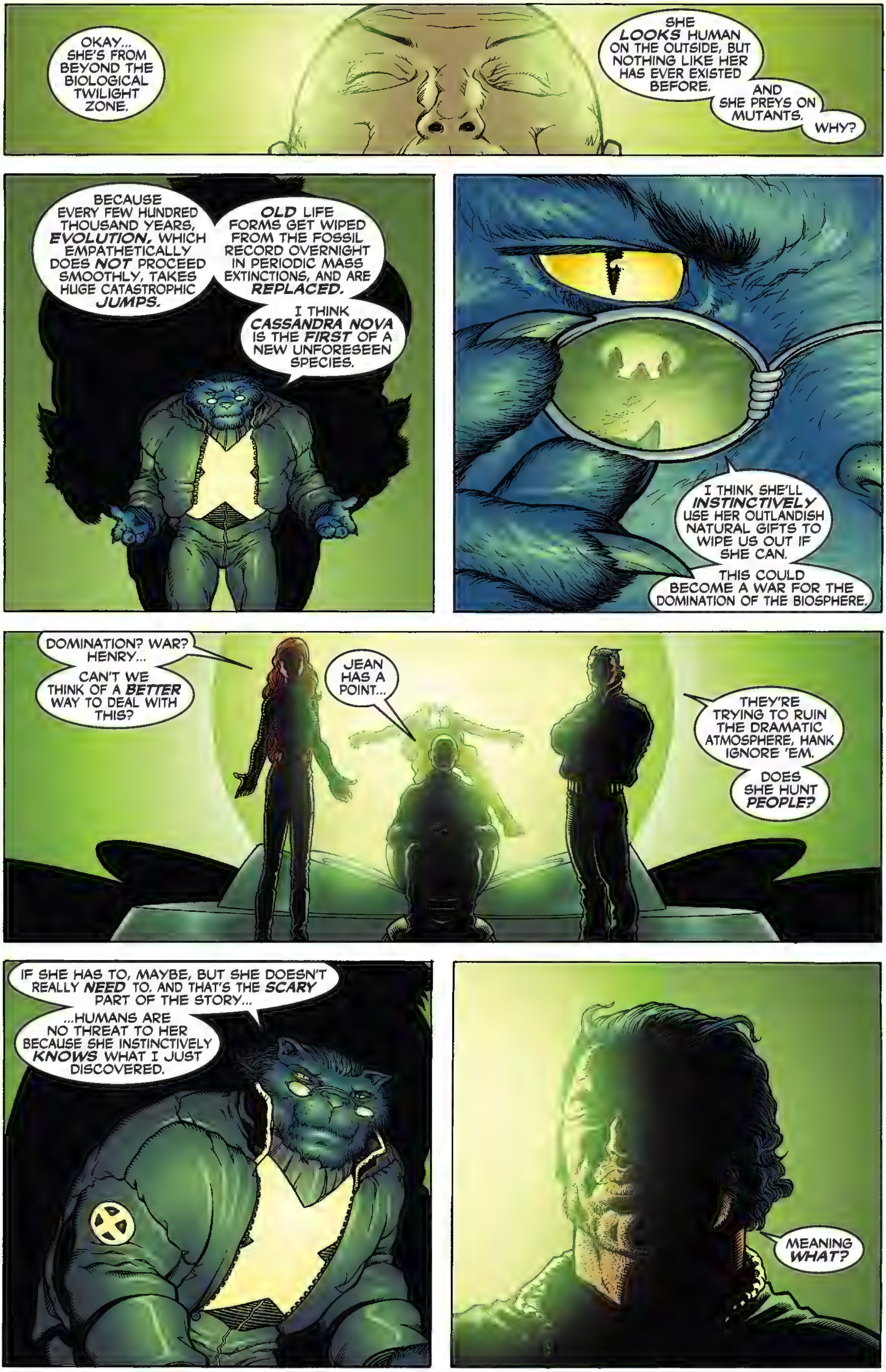

I CAN SEE SOMEONE... SHINING.
HER NAME IS ELLIE PHIMISTER. HER MUTANT NAME IS NEGASONIC TEENAGE WARHEAD. SHE CHOSE IT HERSELF...
SHE WILL BE A CREDIT TO HER FAMILY AND OTHER SPECIES.
GET HER TO A HOSPITAL.
HER SKIN... WHAT'S THAT ALL OVER HER SKIN...
SHE'S A ROBOT. SHE MIGHT BE A SENTINEL.
GET HER TO A HOSPITAL...
THE KID'S DEAD...
THEN BRING HER BACK TO LIFE, YOU IMBECILE!
MY GOD. EMMA FROST!
EMMA! SHE'S ONE OF US, X-MEN!
SHE'S BEEN DEAD FOR HOURS.
EMMA?
IT'S ME... JEAN. JEAN GREY.
EMMA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SKIN?
I HAVE NO IDEA.
IT GOT HARD.
WHAT HAPPENED TO EVERYTHING?

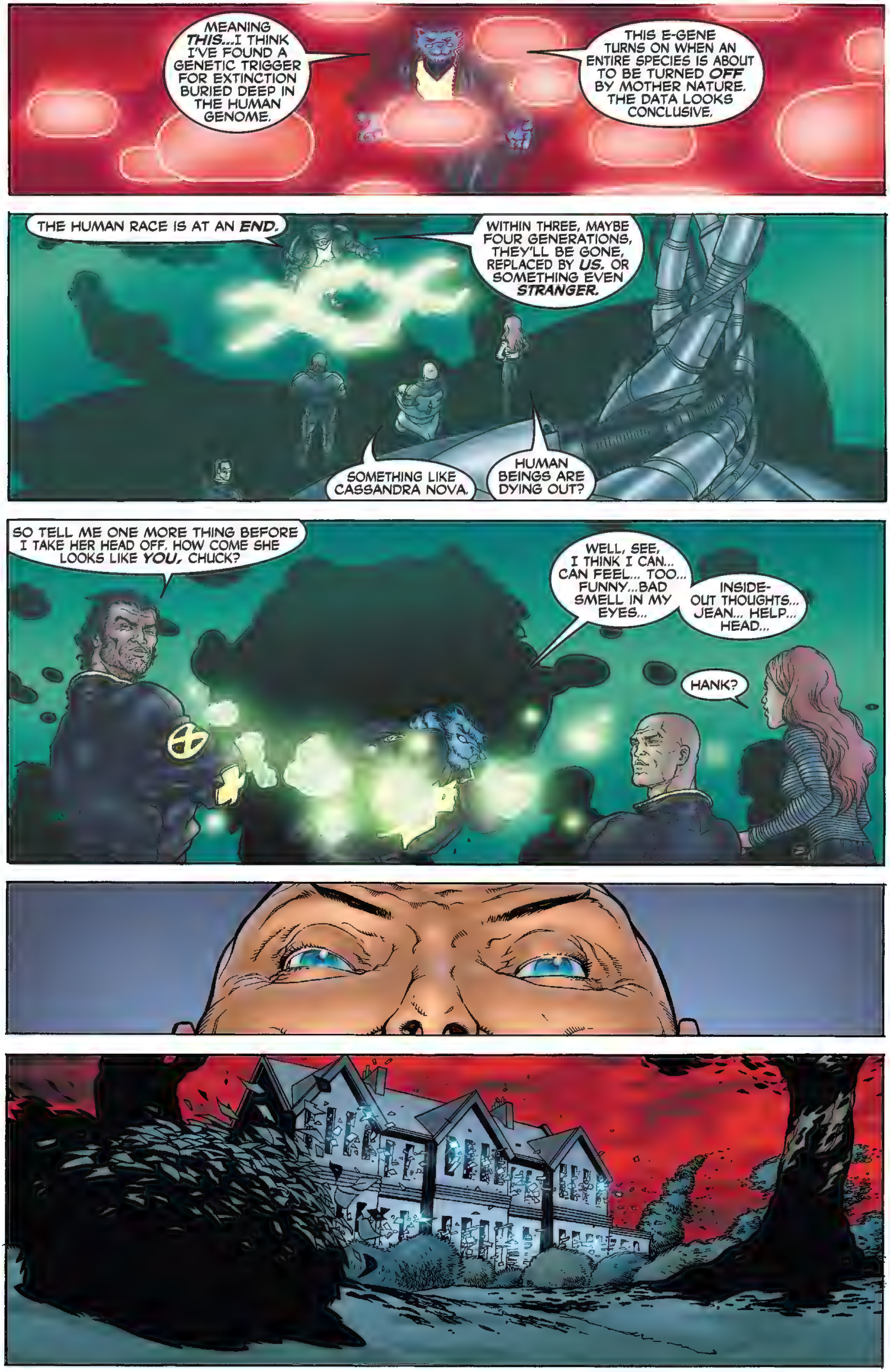

MORE THAN HALF THE WORLD'S KNOWN MUTANT POPULATION WIPED OUT--
ACTIVISTS CALLING THE BOMBING AN ACT OF SPECIES WAR, RETALIATION FOR RECENT--
MAGNETO, THE MUTANT TERRORIST LEADER, WAS ONE MORE VICTIM OF THE SHOCKING DEVASTATION OF GENOSHA, HOMELAND TO SIXTEEN MILLION--
REPORTS OF SENTINELS AS TALL AS BUILDINGS WERE CONFIRMED BY NEWS CREWS--
FOR FEAR OF ACTIVATING THE TWO REMAINING ROBOT MONSTERS BOTH CURRENTLY DORMANT--
NO ONE HAS CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY, AND THE SENTINELS ARE OF AN UNKNOWN UNMARKED DESIGN...
PROFESSOR.
HANK REMEMBERED SOME KIND OF GRAVITATIONAL BOTTLE HE'D PUT TOGETHER TO CONTAIN THE JUGGERNAUT. IT'S HOLDING SO FAR...
CHARLIE, YOU BETTER CHECK THIS OUT.
THIS IS LIKE NOTHING WE EVER SAW.
MAGNETO IS DEAD, SCOTT.
I KNOW, SIR.
WE'RE MOBILIZING ALL TRAINED MUTANT OPERATIVES INTO EMERGENCY AID SQUADS.
WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH THE CREATURE WHO DID THIS?

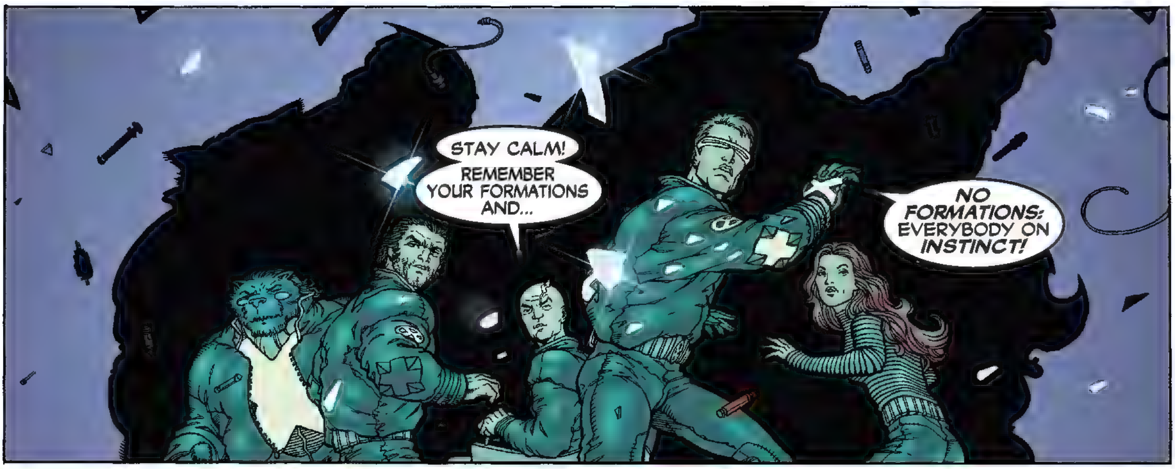

YOU SEVERED HER VOCAL CORDS, ***WOLVERINE?***
EXECUTIVE DECISION, CHUCK. SHE WAS VOICE-ACTIVATING THE SENTINELS.
SHE'S GOT HER OWN PERSONAL HEALING GIFTS, AND RIGHT NOW THEY'RE WORKING HARD TO FIX UP THE TISSUE DAMAGE, SO WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO STAND AROUND FLAPPING OUR GUMS.
SIXTEEN MILLION MUTANTS ARE DEAD.
WHY?

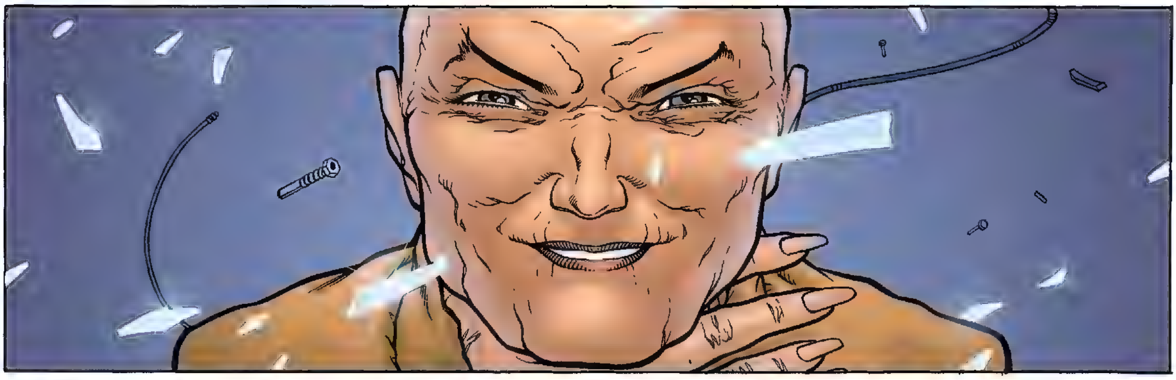

IT'S OFFICIAL, YOU'RE EMMA FROST, THE HUMAN *DIAMOND.*
EXCUSE ME: ORGANIC *WHAT?*
"SECONDARY MUTATION" WHAT? WHY HAVE THESE TOPICS NEVER BEFORE ENTERED ANY CONVERSATION IN CONNECTION WITH MY LIFE, HENRY?
YOUR PSEUDO-MEDICAL EXPLANATIONS ARE *FAR* FROM SATISFACTORY, MR. McCOY.
AND AS FOR YOUR BREATH...
DR. McCOY, EMMA. PATIENCE, PLEASE.
I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT.
WE SAW GENOSHA. WE'RE STILL COUNTING THE DEAD AND TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO WE'VE *LOST.*
SO...I'M LOOKING INTO THIS, AND I'M TRYING TO DO A MILLION THINGS ALL AT ONCE.
JEAN CAN MOVE THINGS AROUND WITH HER MIND AGAIN, YOU'VE GROWN AN EXOSKELETON OF INVULNERABLE ORGANIC JEWELRY.
I, FOR MY SINS, HAVE MAGICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO TONY THE TIGER ON BARBITURATES!
FORGIVE ME, HENRY. GRIEF SO OFTEN MAKES ONE SHRILL AND *JUDGMENTAL.*
I DO LOOK RATHER *SPECTACULAR* IN THE LIGHT, DON'T I?

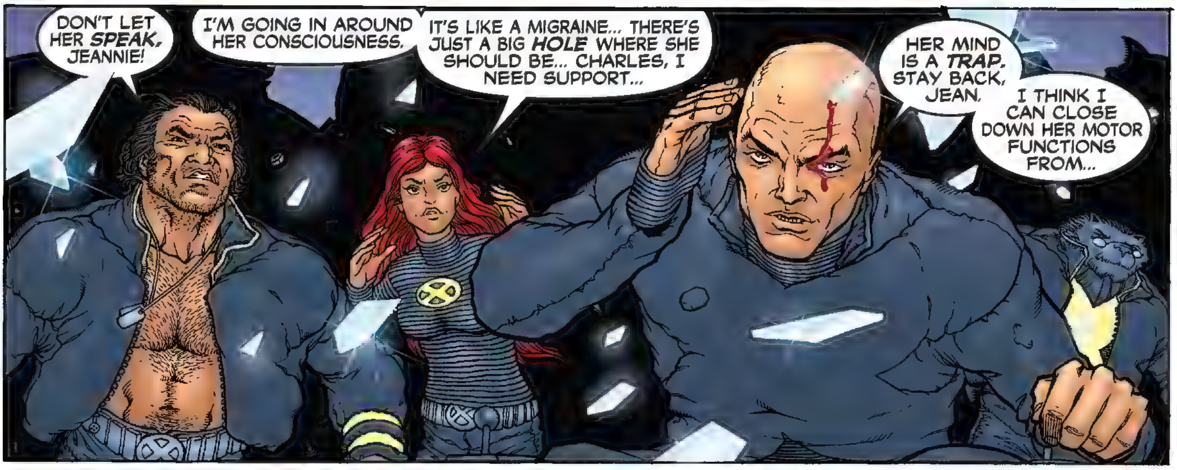

BUT...I SAW **CHILDREN** CUT INTO WAFER-THIN SLICES. I WATCHED A GIFTED TEN-YEAR-OLD PIANIST SEARCH FOR HIS **HANDS** AMONG THE BROKEN GLASS.
THAT MONSTER MUST **DIE.**
KILLING OUR ENEMIES WAS MAGNETO'S WAY.
HE'S DEAD, EMMA. YOU WERE THERE. HIS **PHILOSOPHIES** DIED **WITH** HIM.
OH, COME **ON,** JEAN!
HUMANS MADE THOSE SENTINELS TO KILL MUTANTS. THAT... THING IN YOUR CELLS GAVE THE **ORDER.**
I KNOW. AND GENOSHA IS GONE; SO THE ONLY WAY **LEFT** NOW IS THE PROFESSOR'S WAY.
WE NEED YOUR STRENGTH AND BRILLIANCE TO HELP US **RECOVER** FROM THIS.
TT WE **ALL** KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN IN THE END!
THEY'RE WIPING US **OUT!**
ENOUGH.
I'VE CALLED A TAXI TELEPATHICALLY, JEAN.
I'VE BECOME THE PERFECT FABERGE KILLING MACHINE FOR A REASON...
...AND THAT REASON IS SURELY NOT TO WAVE THE FLAG FOR X-LIBERALISM.
WHAT MAKES YOU SUCH A BITCH, EMMA?
BREEDING, DARLING.
TOP CLASS BREEDING

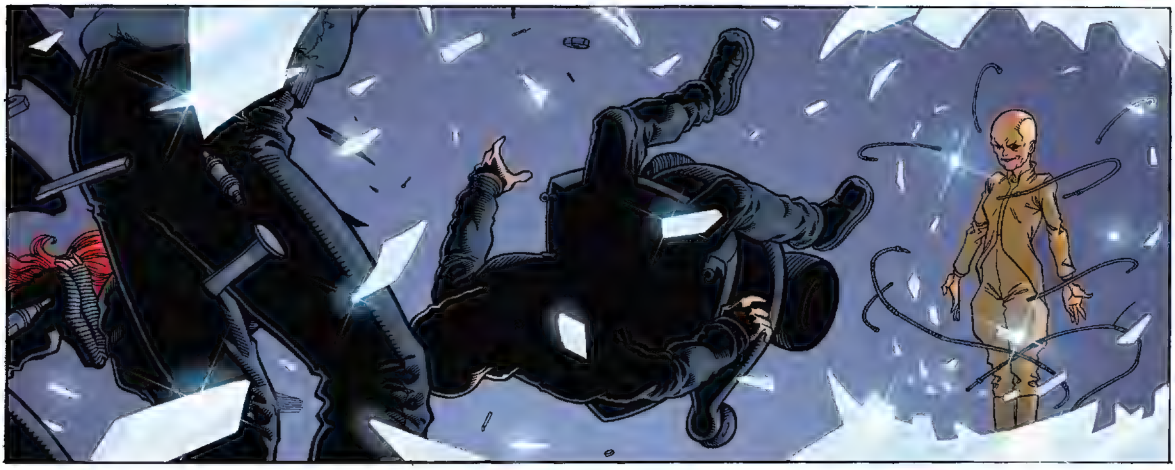

OKAY... SHE'S FROM BEYOND THE BIOLOGICAL TWILIGHT ZONE.
SHE *LOOKS* HUMAN ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT NOTHING LIKE HER HAS EVER EXISTED BEFORE.
AND SHE PREYS ON MUTANTS.
WHY?
BECAUSE EVERY FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS, ***EVOLUTION,*** WHICH EMPATHETICALLY DOES ***NOT*** PROCEED SMOOTHLY, TAKES HUGE CATASTROPHIC ***JUMPS.***
OLD LIFE FORMS GET WIPED FROM THE FOSSIL RECORD OVERNIGHT IN PERIODIC MASS EXTINCTIONS, AND ARE ***REPLACED.***
I THINK ***CASSANDRA NOVA*** IS THE ***FIRST*** OF A NEW UNFORESEEN SPECIES.
I THINK SHE'LL ***INSTINCTIVELY*** USE HER OUTLANDISH NATURAL GIFTS TO WIPE US OUT IF SHE CAN.
THIS COULD BECOME A WAR FOR THE DOMINATION OF THE BIOSPHERE.
DOMINATION? WAR? HENRY...
CAN'T WE THINK OF A ***BETTER*** WAY TO DEAL WITH THIS?
JEAN HAS A POINT...
THEY'RE TRYING TO RUIN THE DRAMATIC ATMOSPHERE, HANK IGNORE 'EM.
DOES SHE HUNT ***PEOPLE?***
IF SHE HAS TO, MAYBE, BUT SHE DOESN'T REALLY ***NEED*** TO. AND THAT'S THE ***SCARY*** PART OF THE STORY...
...HUMANS ARE NO THREAT TO HER BECAUSE SHE INSTINCTIVELY ***KNOWS*** WHAT I JUST DISCOVERED.
MEANING ***WHAT?***

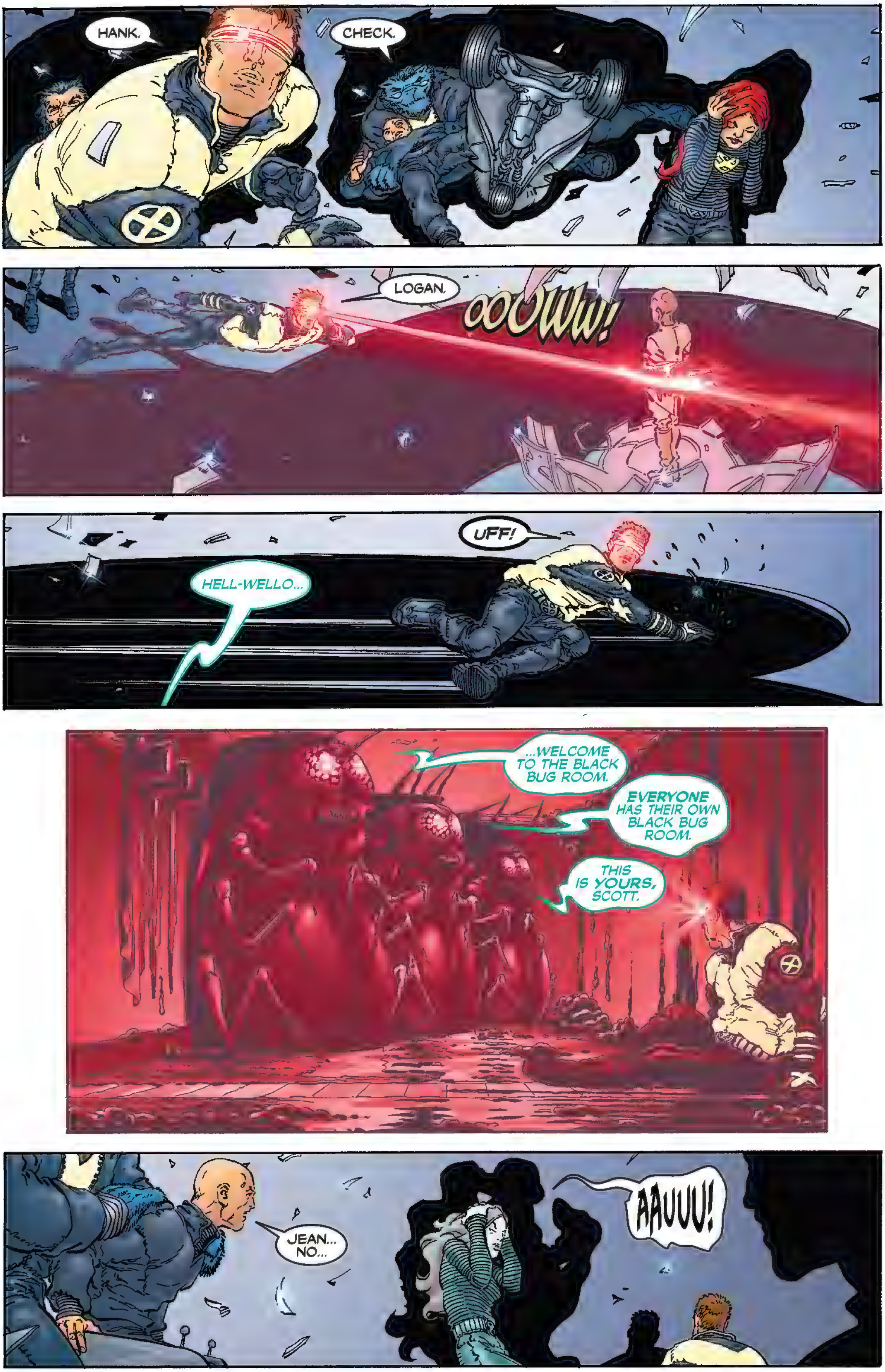

MEANING *THIS*...I THINK I'VE FOUND A GENETIC TRIGGER FOR EXTINCTION BURIED DEEP IN THE HUMAN GENOME.
THIS E-GENE TURNS ON WHEN AN ENTIRE SPECIES IS ABOUT TO BE TURNED *OFF* BY MOTHER NATURE. THE DATA LOOKS CONCLUSIVE.
THE HUMAN RACE IS AT AN *END.*
WITHIN THREE, MAYBE FOUR GENERATIONS, THEY'LL BE GONE, REPLACED BY *US*. OR SOMETHING EVEN *STRANGER.*
SOMETHING LIKE CASSANDRA NOVA.
HUMAN BEINGS ARE DYING OUT?
SO TELL ME ONE MORE THING BEFORE I TAKE HER HEAD OFF. HOW COME SHE LOOKS LIKE *YOU,* CHUCK?
WELL, SEE, I THINK I CAN... CAN FEEL... TOO... FUNNY...BAD SMELL IN MY EYES...
INSIDE-OUT THOUGHTS... JEAN... HELP... HEAD...
HANK?

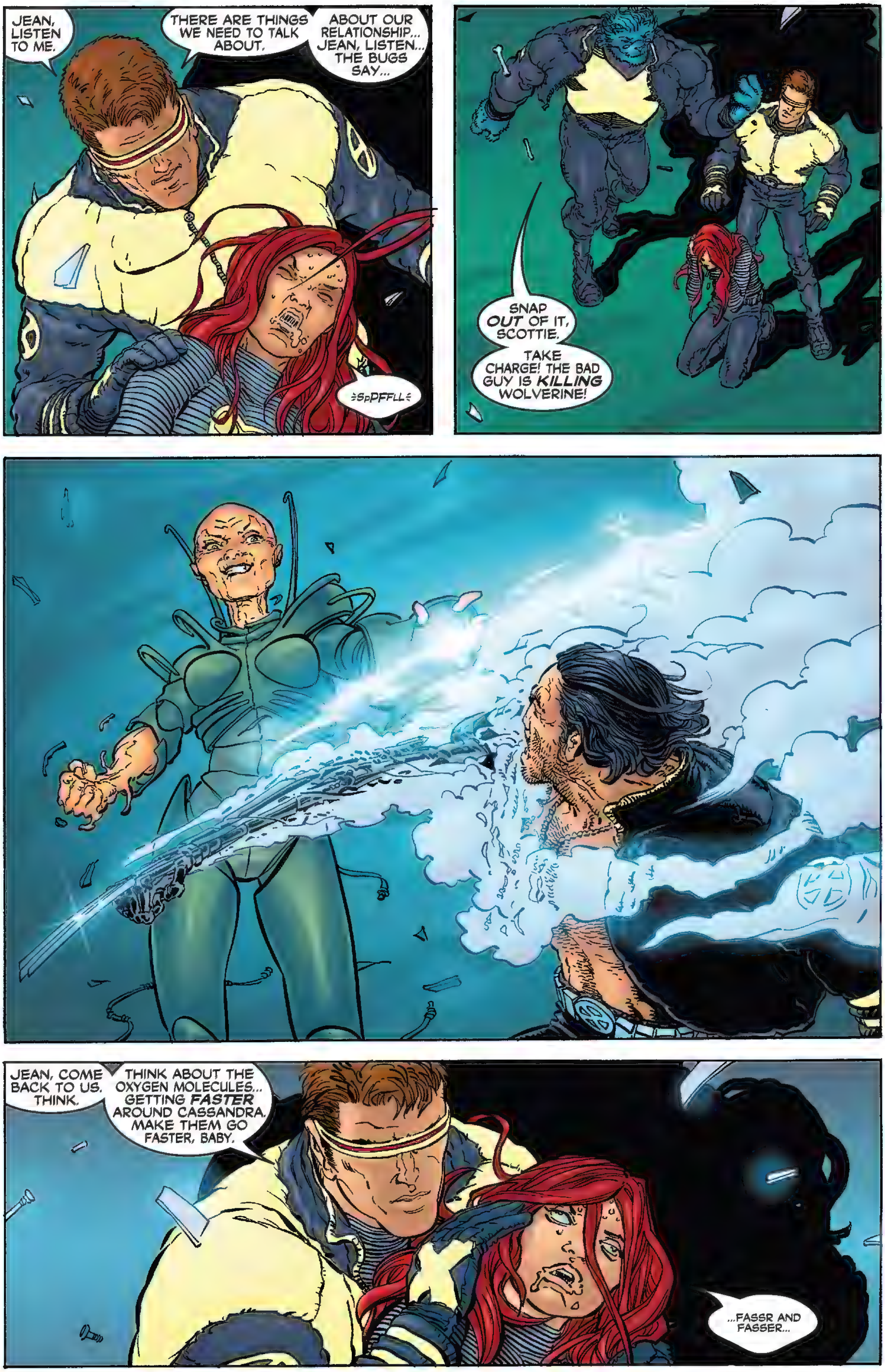

STAY CALM! REMEMBER YOUR FORMATIONS AND...
NO FORMATIONS: EVERYBODY ON INSTINCT!

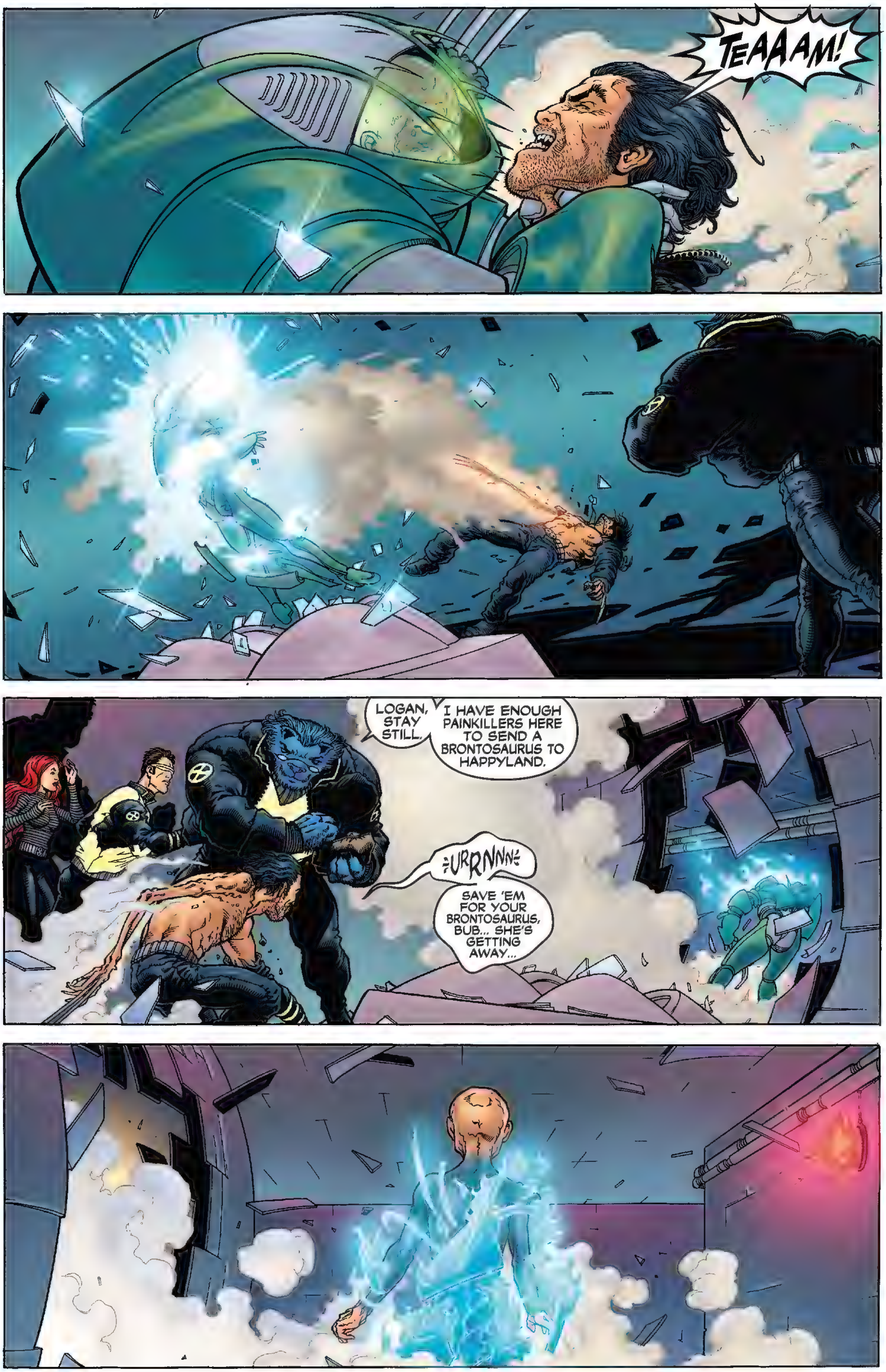


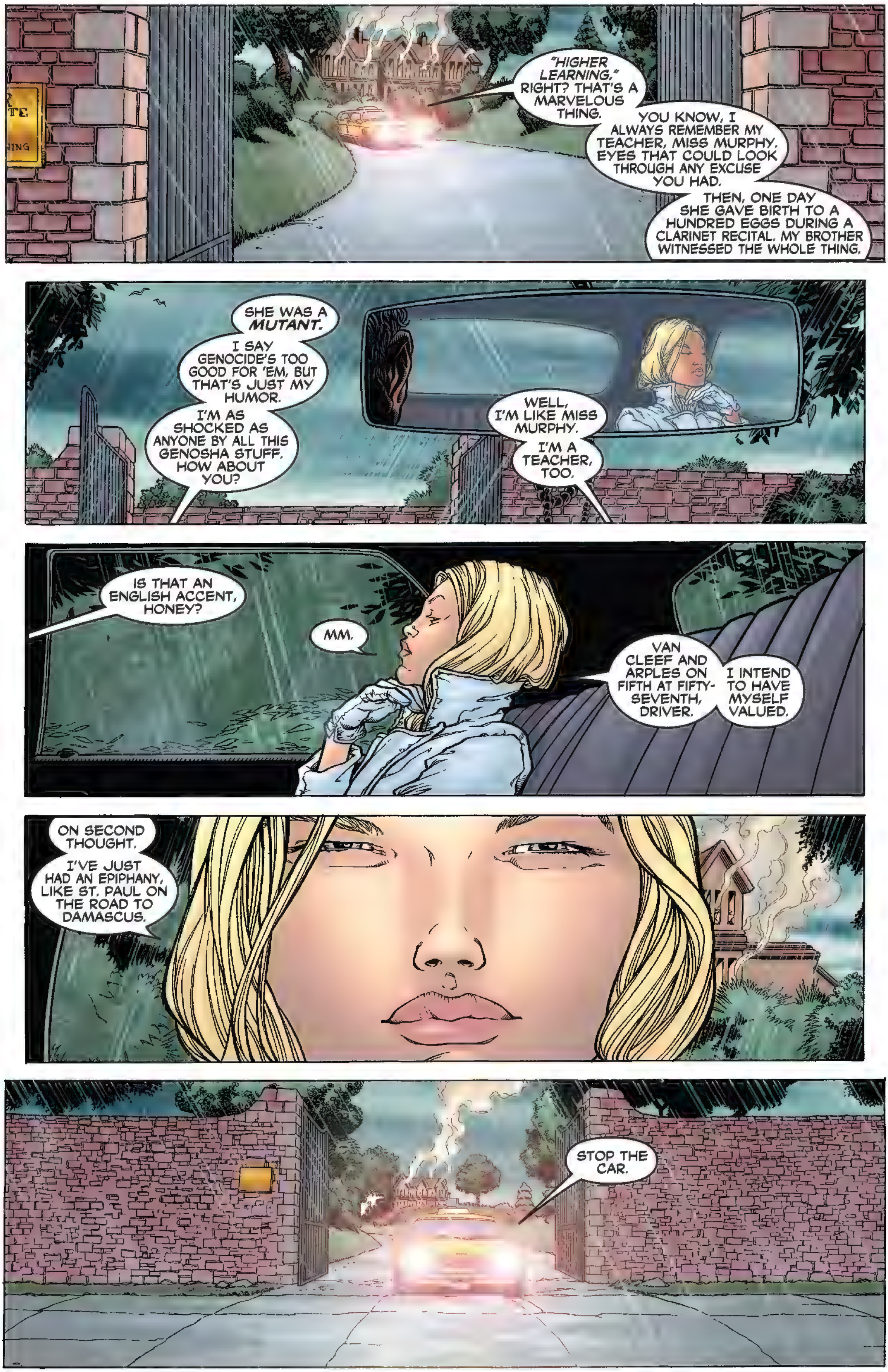

DON'T LET HER SPEAK, JEANNIE!
I'M GOING IN AROUND HER CONSCIOUSNESS.
IT'S LIKE A MIGRAINE... THERE'S JUST A BIG HOLE WHERE SHE SHOULD BE... CHARLES, I NEED SUPPORT...
HER MIND IS A TRAP. STAY BACK, JEAN.
I THINK I CAN CLOSE DOWN HER MOTOR FUNCTIONS FROM...

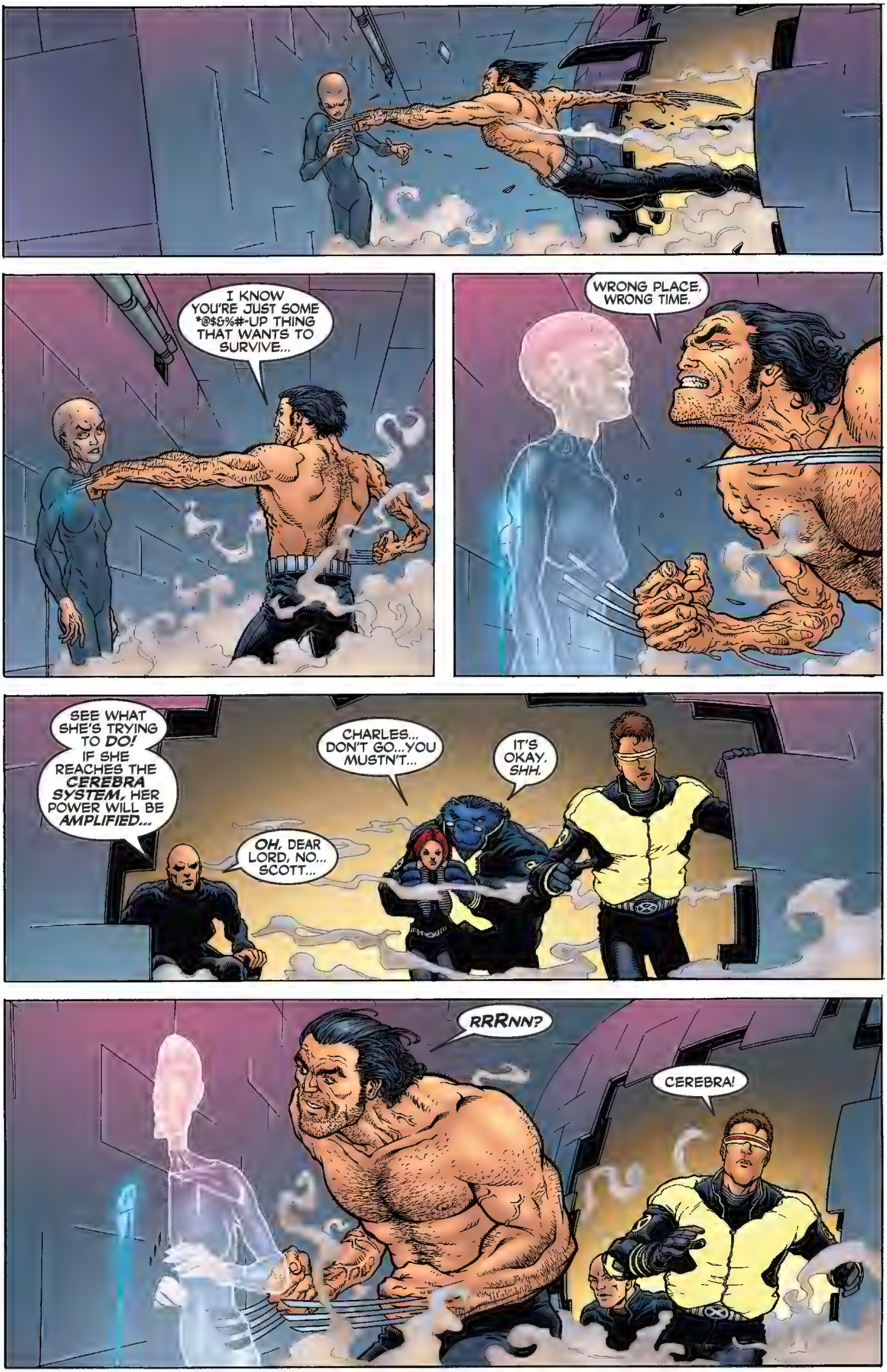


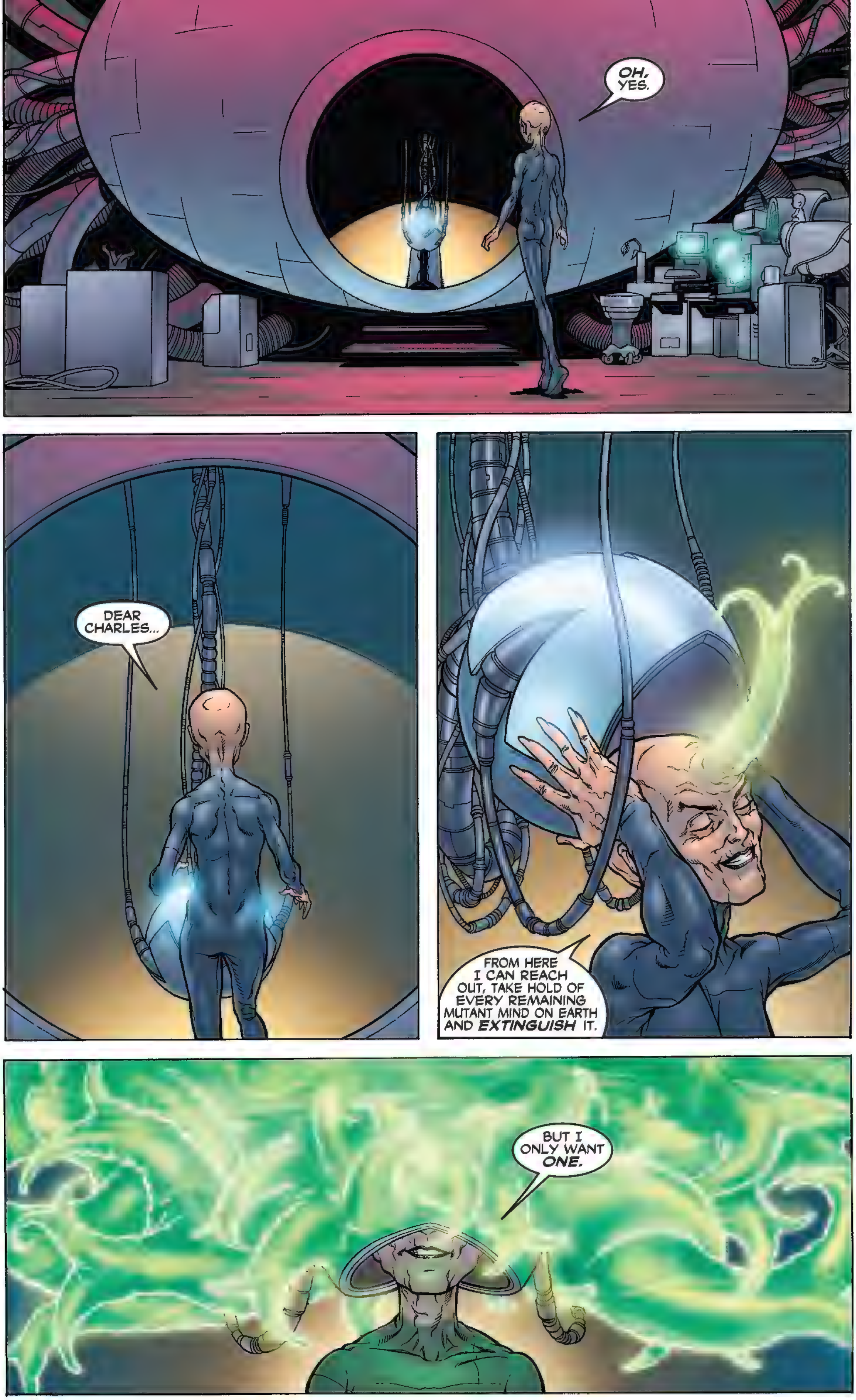

HANK.
CHECK.
LOGAN.
OOOWW!
UFF!
HELL-WELLO...
...WELCOME TO THE BLACK BUG ROOM.
EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN BLACK BUG ROOM.
THIS IS YOURS, SCOTT.
JEAN... NO...
AAUUU!

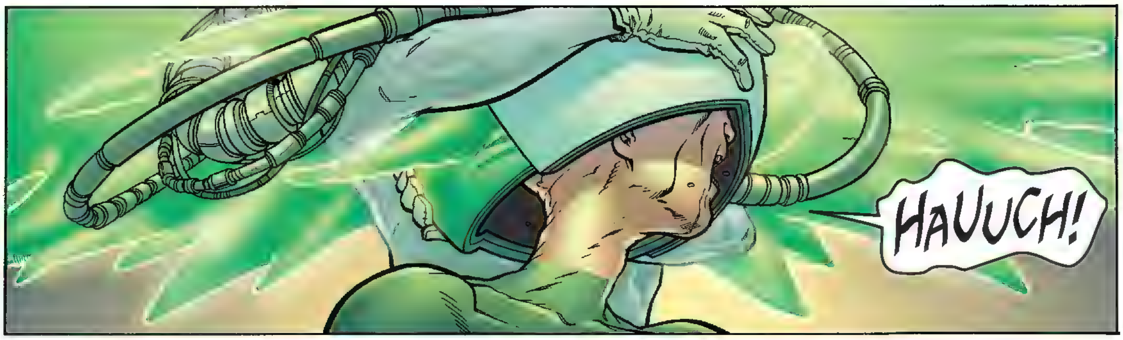

JEAN, LISTEN TO ME.
THERE ARE THINGS WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT.
ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP... JEAN, LISTEN... THE BUGS SAY...
SpPFFLL
SNAP *OUT* OF IT, SCOTTIE.
TAKE CHARGE! THE BAD GUY IS *KILLING* WOLVERINE!
JEAN, COME BACK TO US. THINK.
THINK ABOUT THE OXYGEN MOLECULES... GETTING *FASTER* AROUND CASSANDRA. MAKE THEM GO FASTER, BABY.
...FASSR AND FASSER...

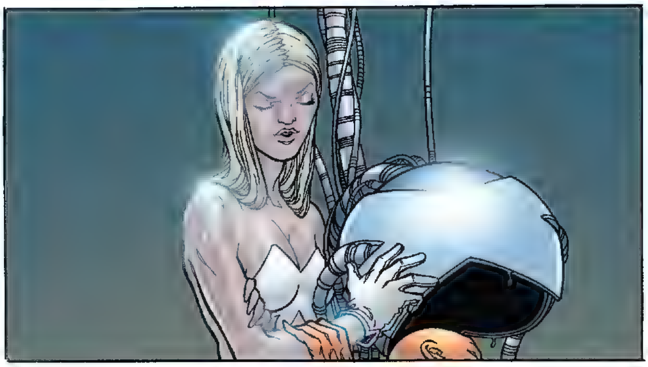

TEAAAM!
LOGAN, STAY STILL.
I HAVE ENOUGH PAINKILLERS HERE TO SEND A BRONTOSAURUS TO HAPPYLAND.
URRNNN
SAVE 'EM FOR YOUR BRONTOSAURUS, BUB... SHE'S GETTING AWAY...

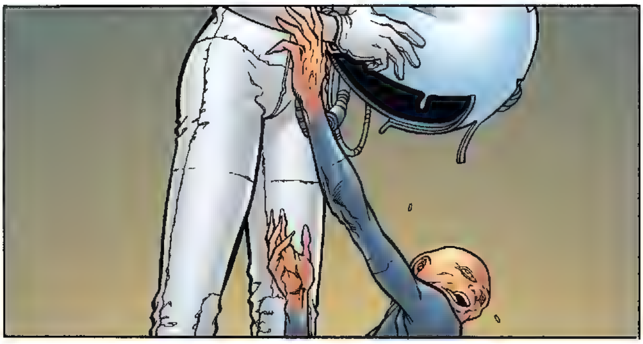

"HIGHER LEARNING," RIGHT? THAT'S A MARVELOUS THING.
YOU KNOW, I ALWAYS REMEMBER MY TEACHER, MISS MURPHY. EYES THAT COULD LOOK THROUGH ANY EXCUSE YOU HAD.
THEN, ONE DAY SHE GAVE BIRTH TO A HUNDRED EGGS DURING A CLARINET RECITAL. MY BROTHER WITNESSED THE WHOLE THING.
SHE WAS A *MUTANT.*
I SAY GENOCIDE'S TOO GOOD FOR 'EM, BUT THAT'S JUST MY HUMOR.
I'M AS SHOCKED AS ANYONE BY ALL THIS GENOSHA STUFF. HOW ABOUT YOU?
WELL, I'M LIKE MISS MURPHY.
I'M A TEACHER, TOO.
IS THAT AN ENGLISH ACCENT, HONEY?
MM.
VAN CLEEF AND ARPLES ON FIFTH AT FIFTY-SEVENTH, DRIVER.
I INTEND TO HAVE MYSELF VALUED.
ON SECOND THOUGHT.
I'VE JUST HAD AN EPIPHANY, LIKE ST. PAUL ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS.
STOP THE CAR.

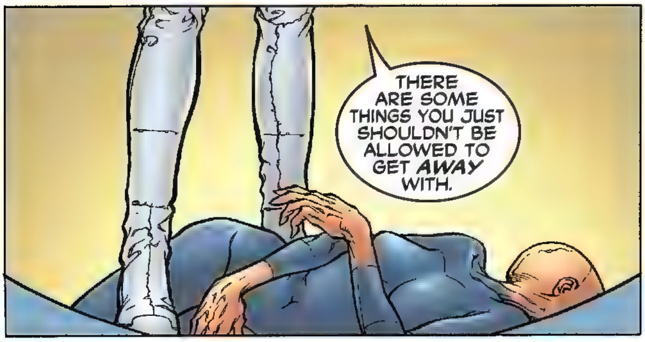

I KNOW YOU'RE JUST SOME *@$&%#-UP THING THAT WANTS TO SURVIVE...
WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME.
SEE WHAT SHE'S TRYING TO DO! IF SHE REACHES THE CEREBRA SYSTEM, HER POWER WILL BE AMPLIFIED...
OH, DEAR LORD, NO... SCOTT...
CHARLES... DON'T GO...YOU MUSTN'T...
IT'S OKAY. SHH.
RRRNN?
CEREBRA!

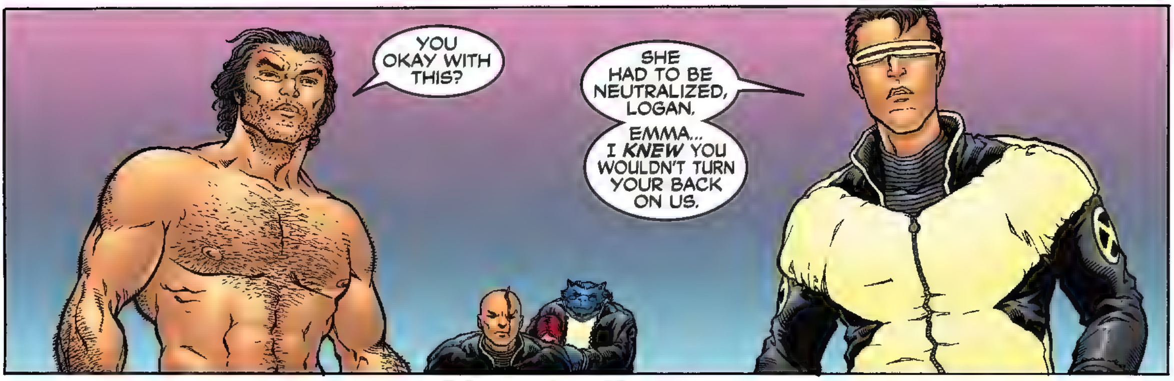

OH, YES.
DEAR CHARLES...
FROM HERE I CAN REACH OUT, TAKE HOLD OF EVERY REMAINING MUTANT MIND ON EARTH AND ***EXTINGUISH*** IT.
BUT I ONLY WANT ***ONE.***

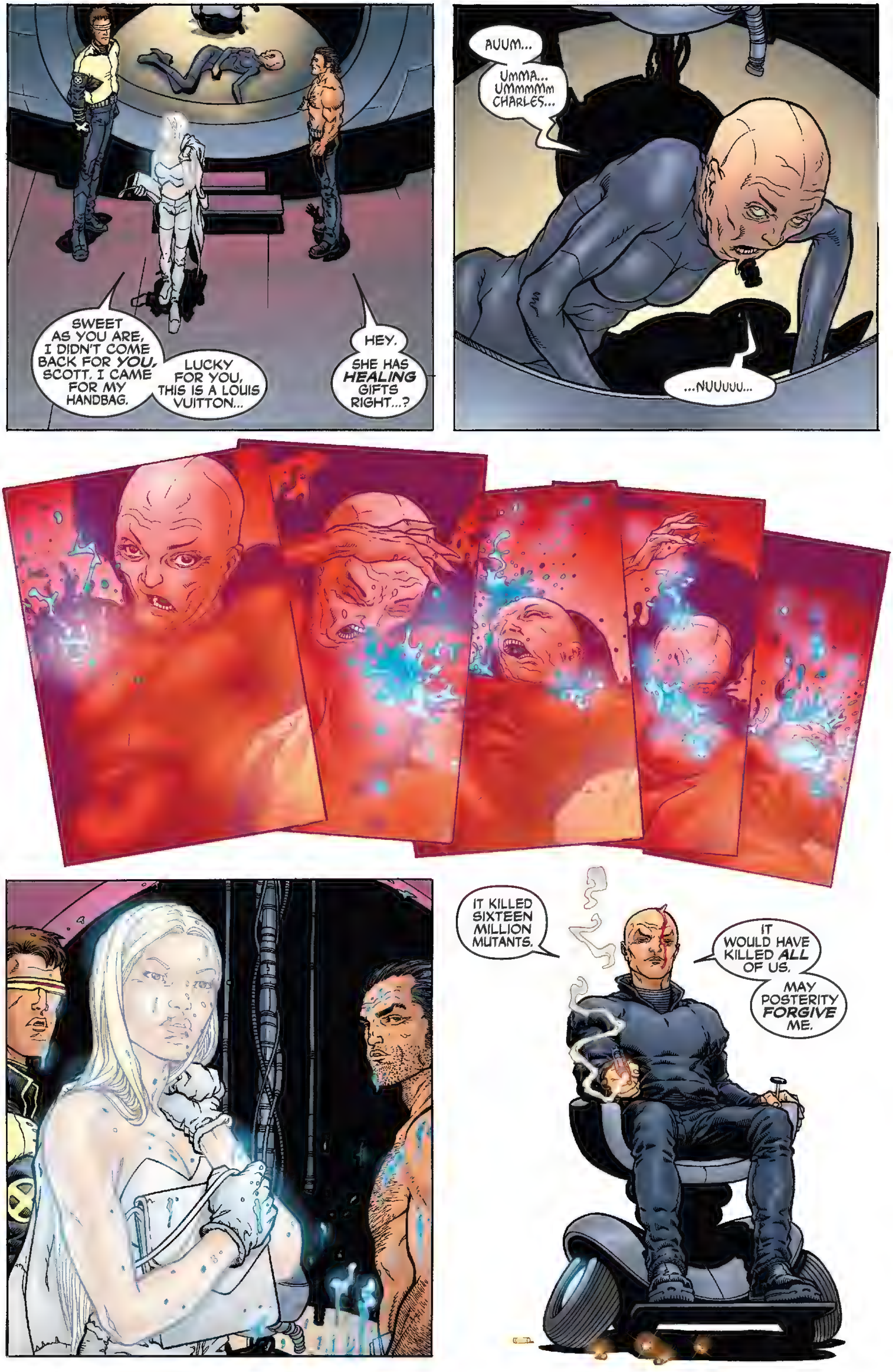

HAUUCH!

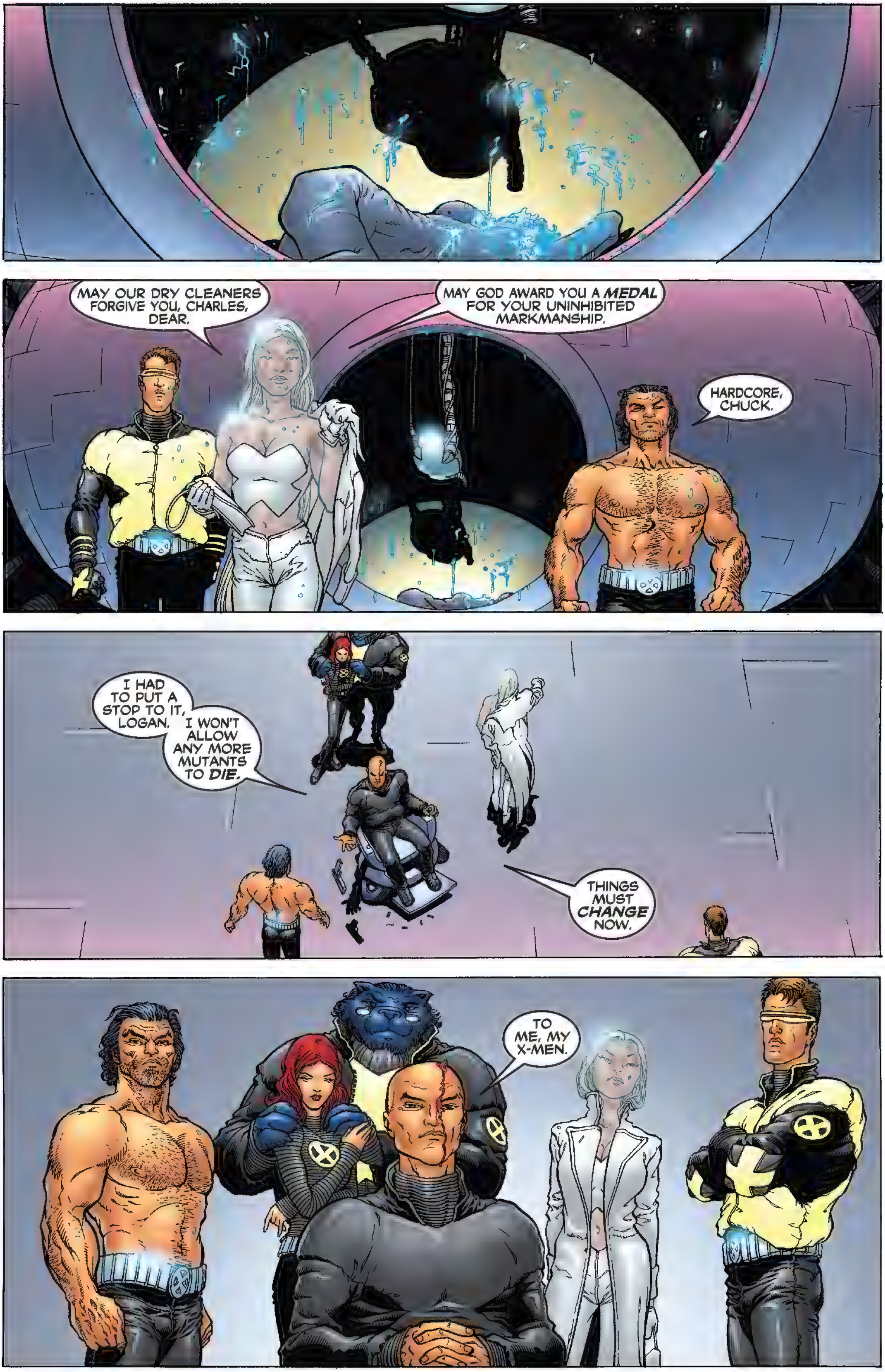


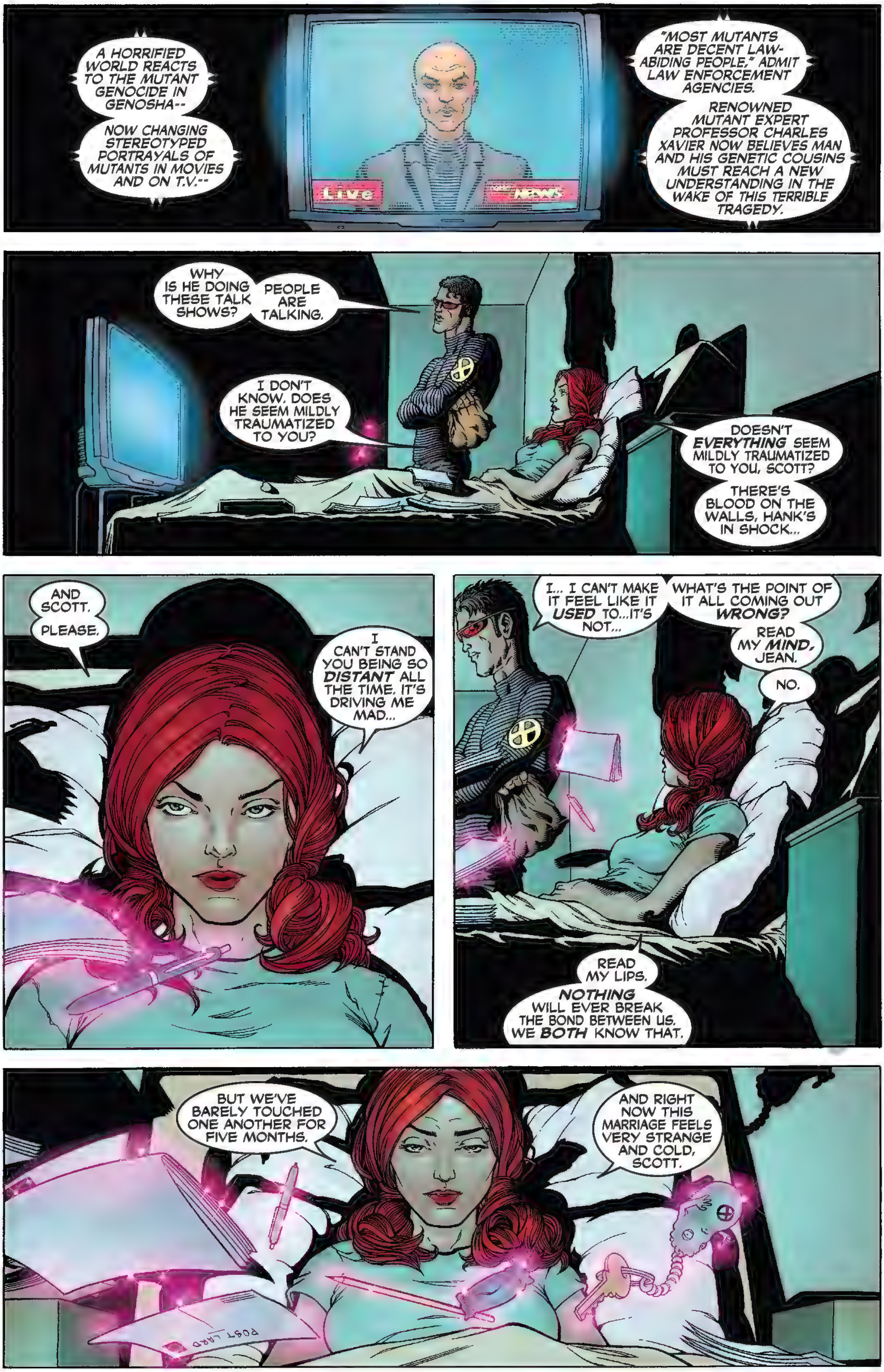


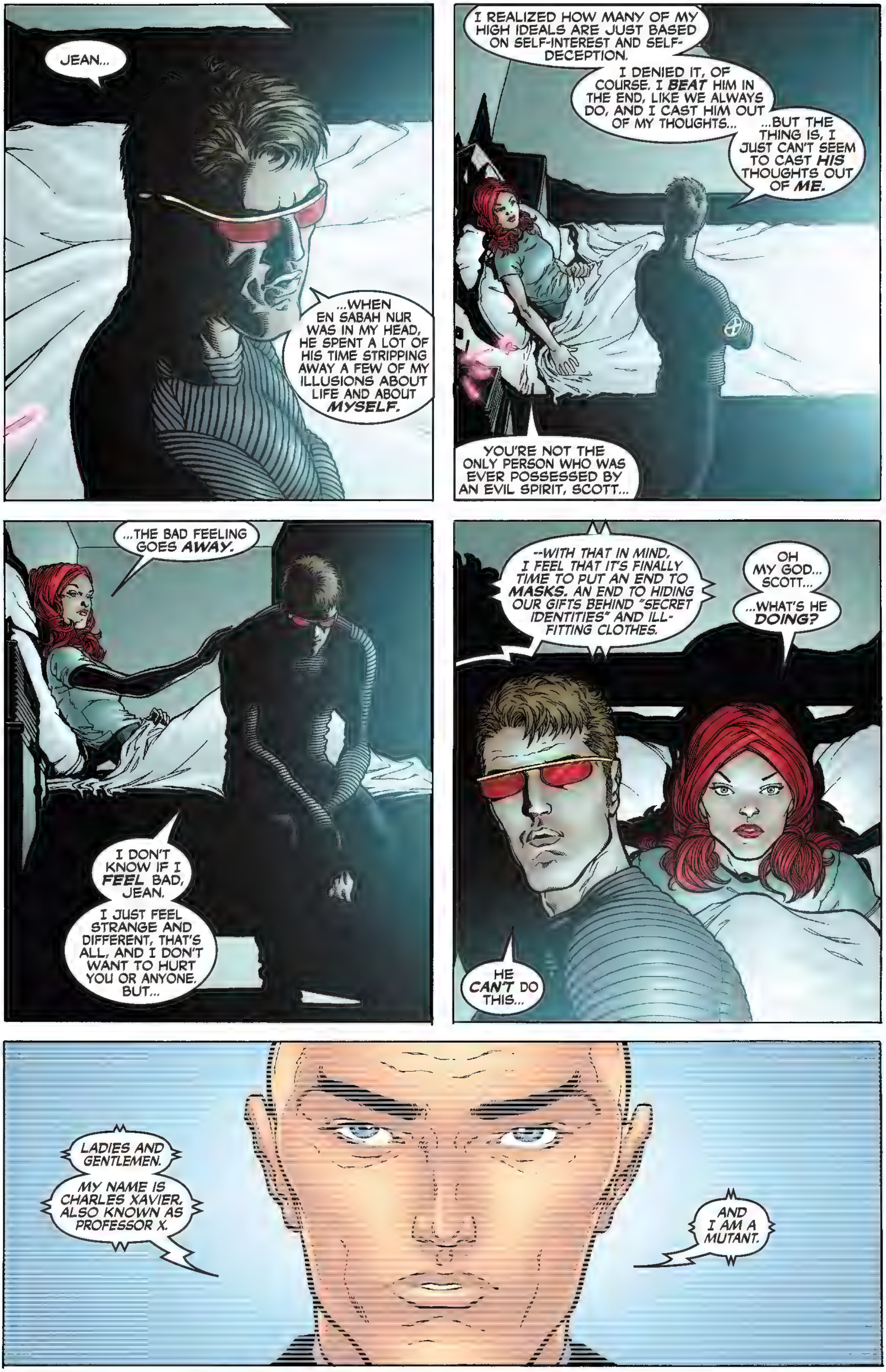

THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU JUST SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO GET *AWAY* WITH.

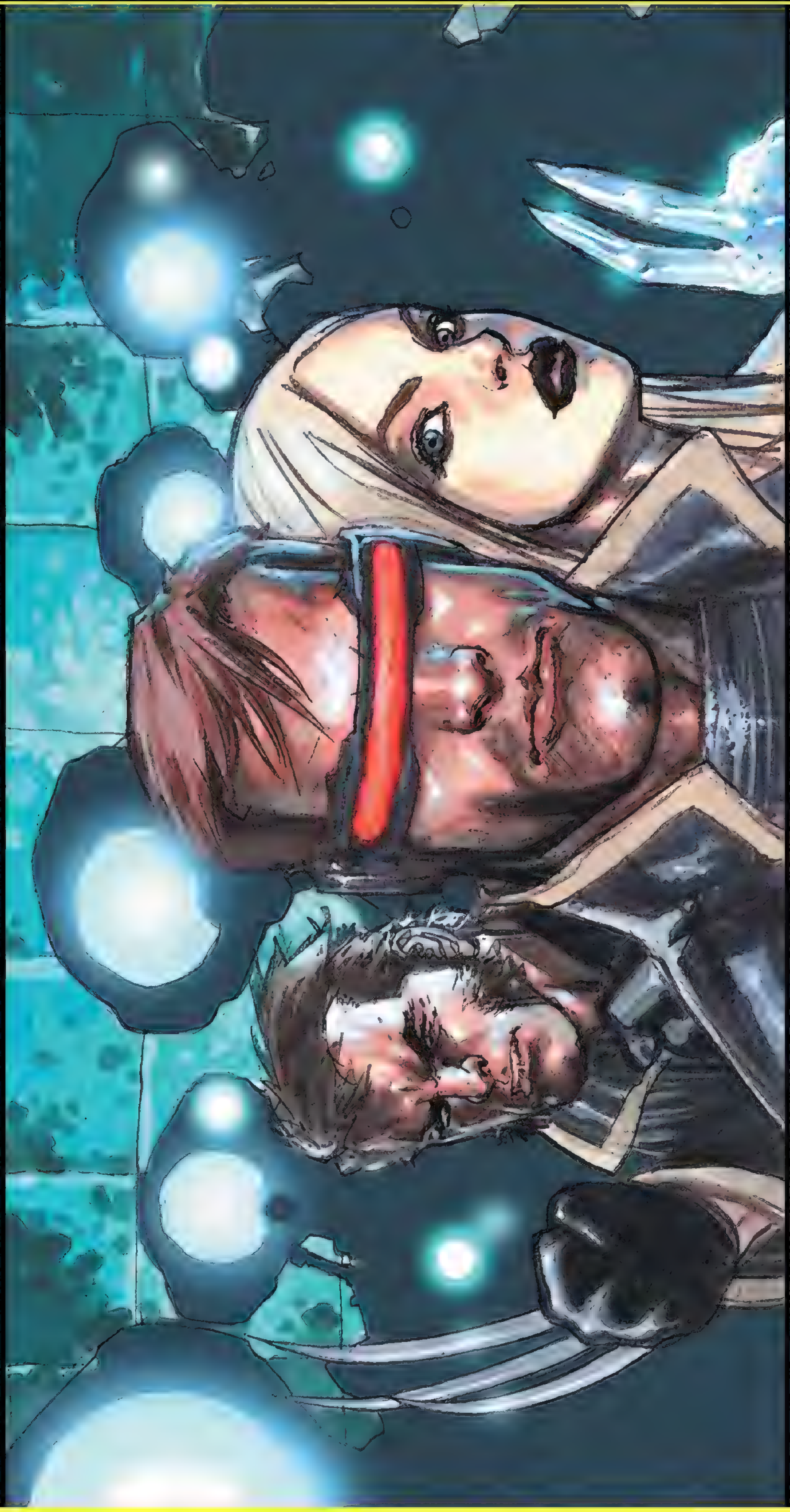

YOU OKAY WITH THIS?
SHE HAD TO BE NEUTRALIZED, LOGAN.
EMMA... I *KNEW* YOU WOULDN'T TURN YOUR BACK ON US.


SWEET AS YOU ARE, I DIDN'T COME BACK FOR *YOU,* SCOTT. I CAME FOR MY HANDBAG.
LUCKY FOR YOU, THIS IS A LOUIS VUITTON...
HEY.
SHE HAS ***HEALING*** GIFTS RIGHT...?
AUUM...
UMMA... UMMMMM CHARLES...
...NUUUUU...
IT KILLED SIXTEEN MILLION MUTANTS.
IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ***ALL*** OF US.
MAY POSTERITY ***FORGIVE*** ME.

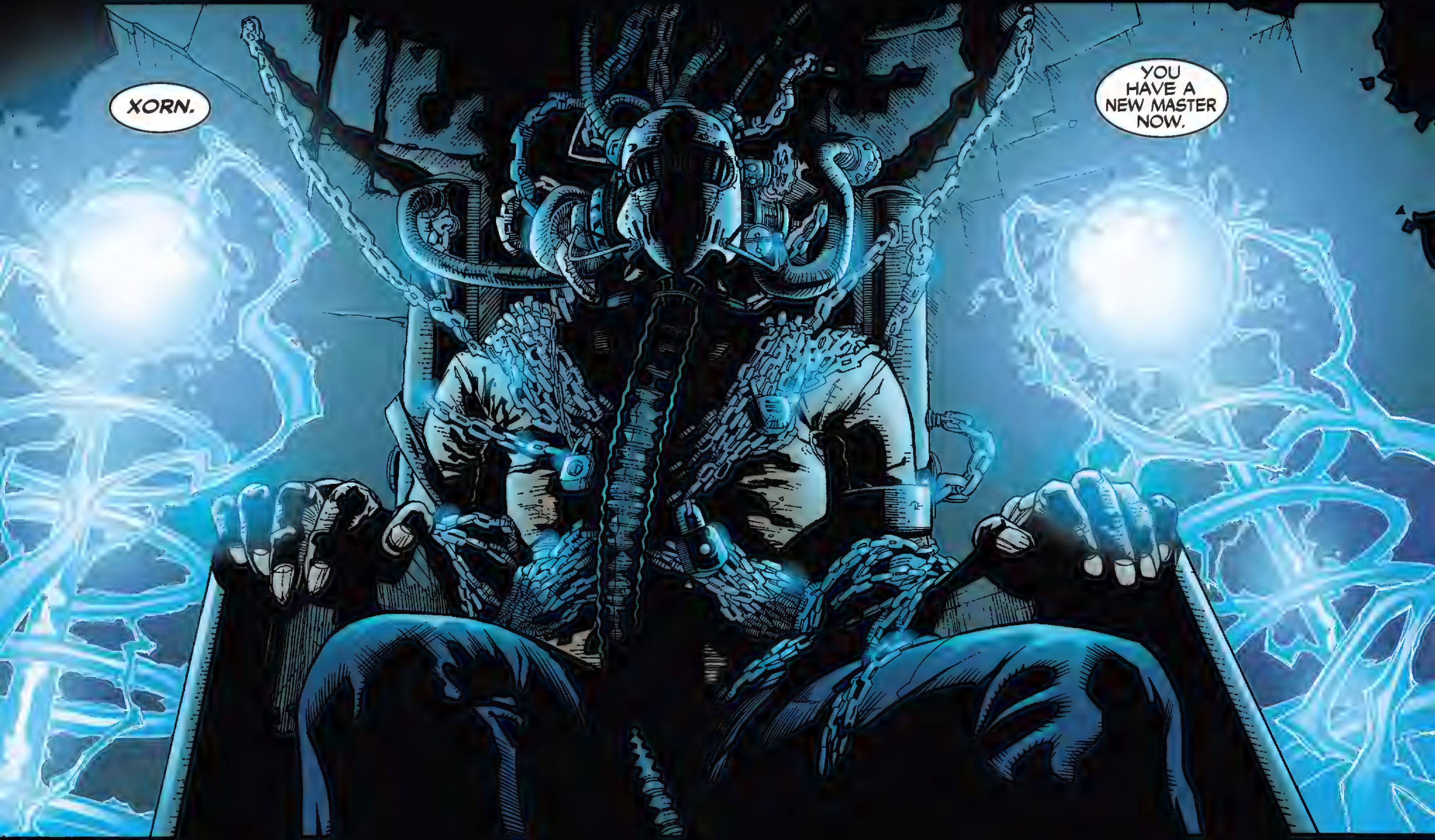

MAY OUR DRY CLEANERS FORGIVE YOU, CHARLES, DEAR.
MAY GOD AWARD YOU A *MEDAL* FOR YOUR UNINHIBITED MARKMANSHIP.
HARDCORE, CHUCK.
I HAD TO PUT A STOP TO IT, LOGAN.
I WON'T ALLOW ANY MORE MUTANTS TO *DIE*.
THINGS MUST *CHANGE* NOW.
TO ME, MY X-MEN.

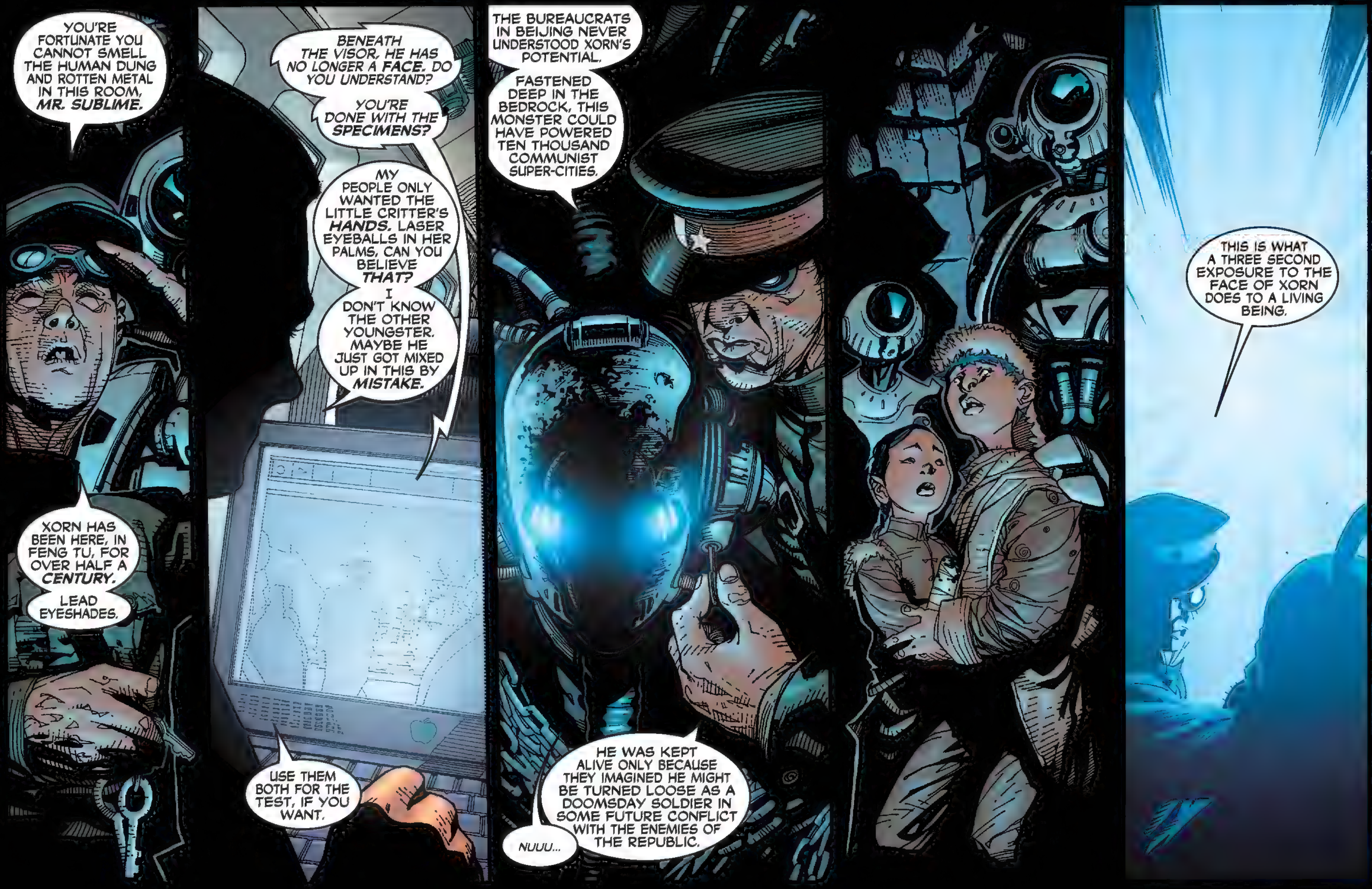

A HORRIFIED WORLD REACTS TO THE MUTANT GENOCIDE IN GENOSHA--
NOW CHANGING STEREOTYPED PORTRAYALS OF MUTANTS IN MOVIES AND ON T.V.--
Live
News
"MOST MUTANTS ARE DECENT LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE," ADMIT LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES.
RENOWNED MUTANT EXPERT PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER NOW BELIEVES MAN AND HIS GENETIC COUSINS MUST REACH A NEW UNDERSTANDING IN THE WAKE OF THIS TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.
WHY IS HE DOING THESE TALK SHOWS?
PEOPLE ARE TALKING.
I DON'T KNOW. DOES HE SEEM MILDLY TRAUMATIZED TO YOU?
DOESN'T ***EVERYTHING*** SEEM MILDLY TRAUMATIZED TO YOU, SCOTT?
THERE'S BLOOD ON THE WALLS, HANK'S IN SHOCK...
AND SCOTT.
PLEASE.
I CAN'T STAND YOU BEING SO ***DISTANT*** ALL THE TIME. IT'S DRIVING ME MAD...
I... I CAN'T MAKE IT FEEL LIKE IT ***USED*** TO...IT'S NOT...
WHAT'S THE POINT OF IT ALL COMING OUT ***WRONG?***
READ MY ***MIND,*** JEAN.
NO.
READ MY LIPS.
NOTHING WILL EVER BREAK THE BOND BETWEEN US. WE ***BOTH*** KNOW THAT.
BUT WE'VE BARELY TOUCHED ONE ANOTHER FOR FIVE MONTHS.
AND RIGHT NOW THIS MARRIAGE FEELS VERY STRANGE AND COLD, SCOTT.
POST CARD

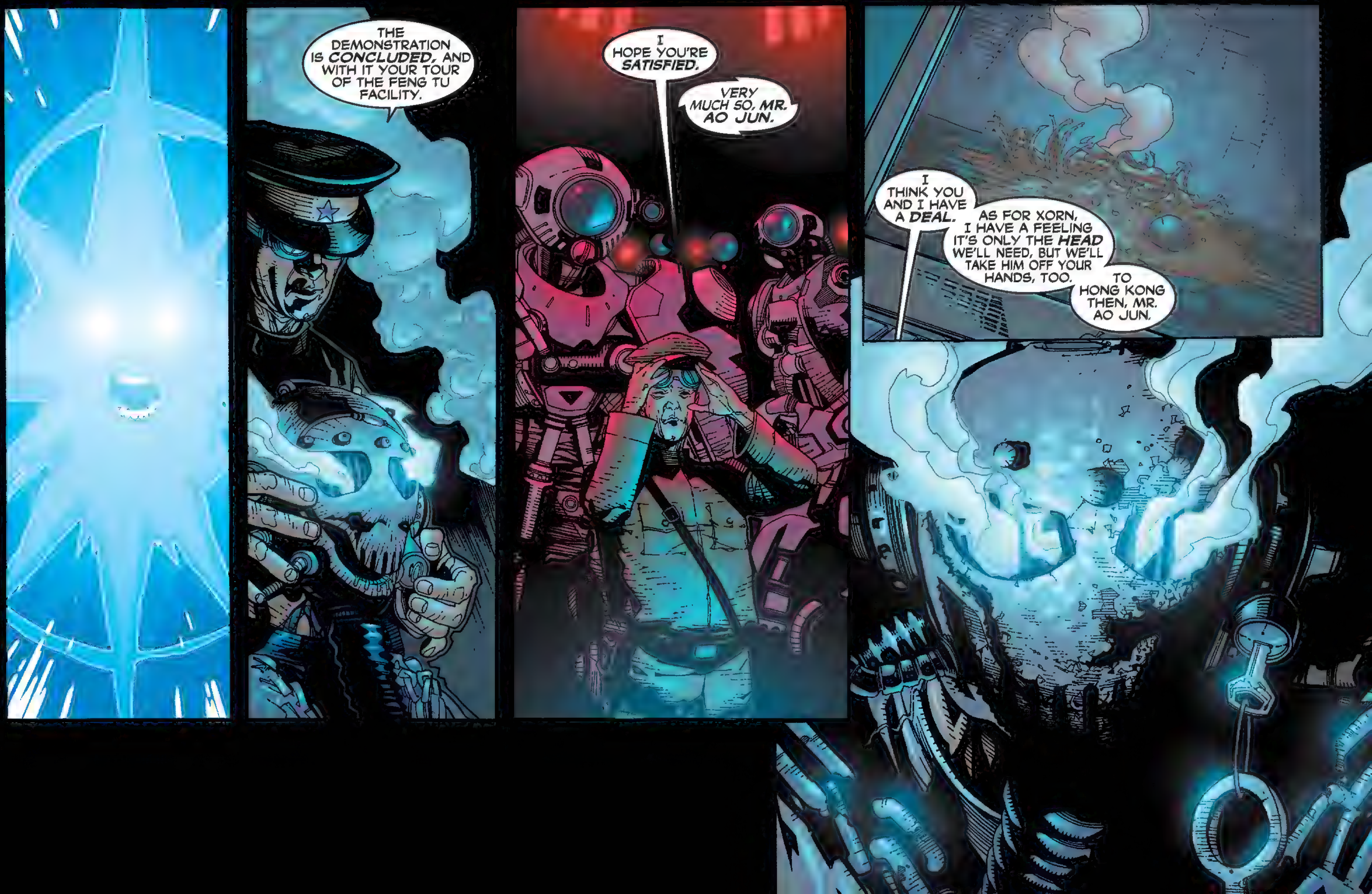

JEAN...
...WHEN EN SABAH NUR WAS IN MY HEAD, HE SPENT A LOT OF HIS TIME STRIPPING AWAY A FEW OF MY ILLUSIONS ABOUT LIFE AND ABOUT *MYSELF.*
I REALIZED HOW MANY OF MY HIGH IDEALS ARE JUST BASED ON SELF-INTEREST AND SELF-DECEPTION.
I DENIED IT, OF COURSE. I *BEAT* HIM IN THE END, LIKE WE ALWAYS DO, AND I CAST HIM OUT OF MY THOUGHTS...
...BUT THE THING IS, I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO CAST *HIS* THOUGHTS OUT OF *ME.*
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY PERSON WHO WAS EVER POSSESSED BY AN EVIL SPIRIT, SCOTT...
...THE BAD FEELING GOES *AWAY.*
I DON'T KNOW IF I *FEEL* BAD, JEAN.
I JUST FEEL STRANGE AND DIFFERENT, THAT'S ALL, AND I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU OR ANYONE. BUT...
--WITH THAT IN MIND, I FEEL THAT IT'S FINALLY TIME TO PUT AN END TO *MASKS.* AN END TO HIDING OUR GIFTS BEHIND "SECRET IDENTITIES" AND ILL-FITTING CLOTHES.
OH MY GOD... SCOTT...
...WHAT'S HE *DOING?*
HE *CAN'T* DO THIS...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
MY NAME IS CHARLES XAVIER, ALSO KNOWN AS PROFESSOR X.
AND I AM A MUTANT.

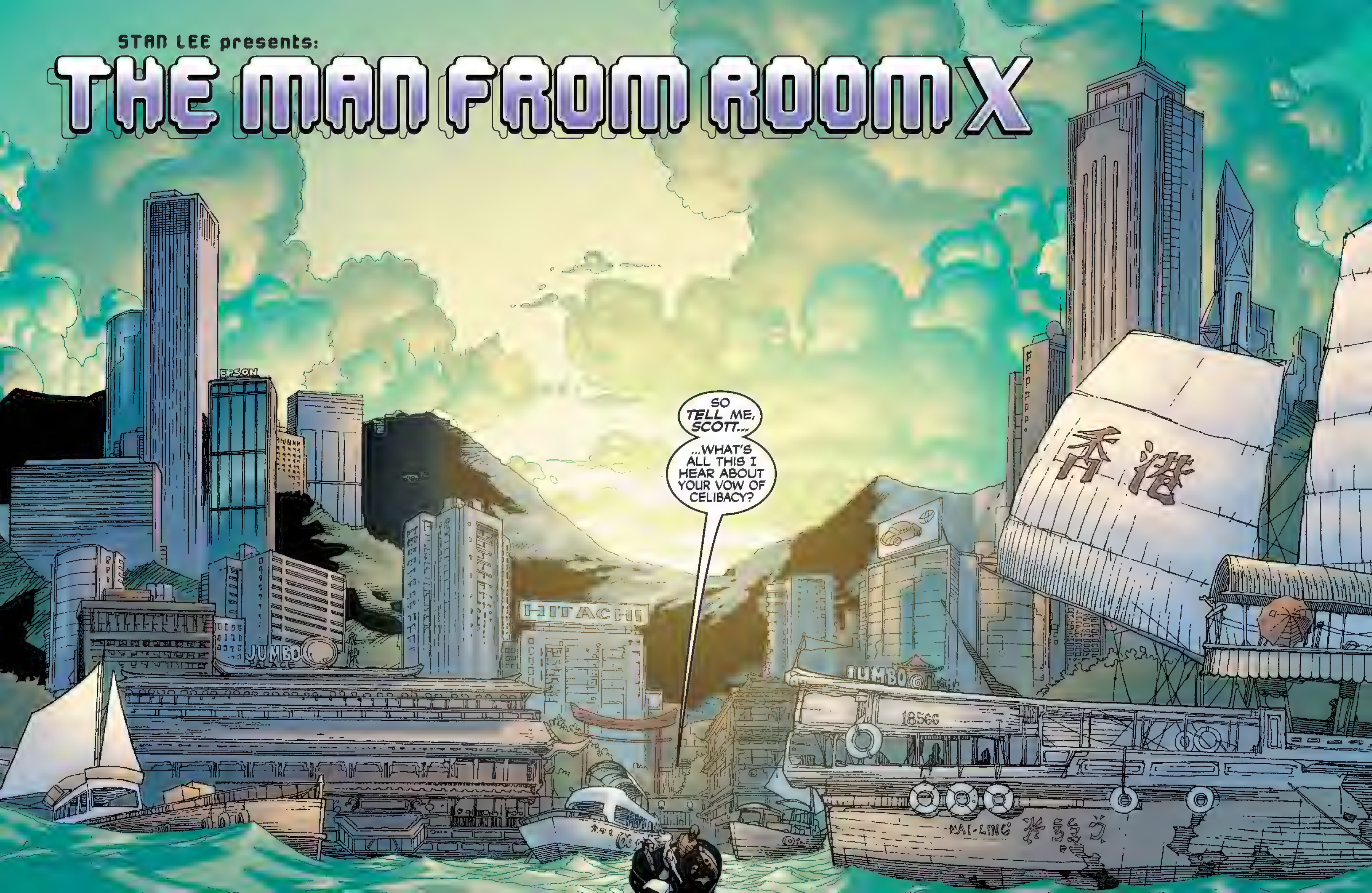


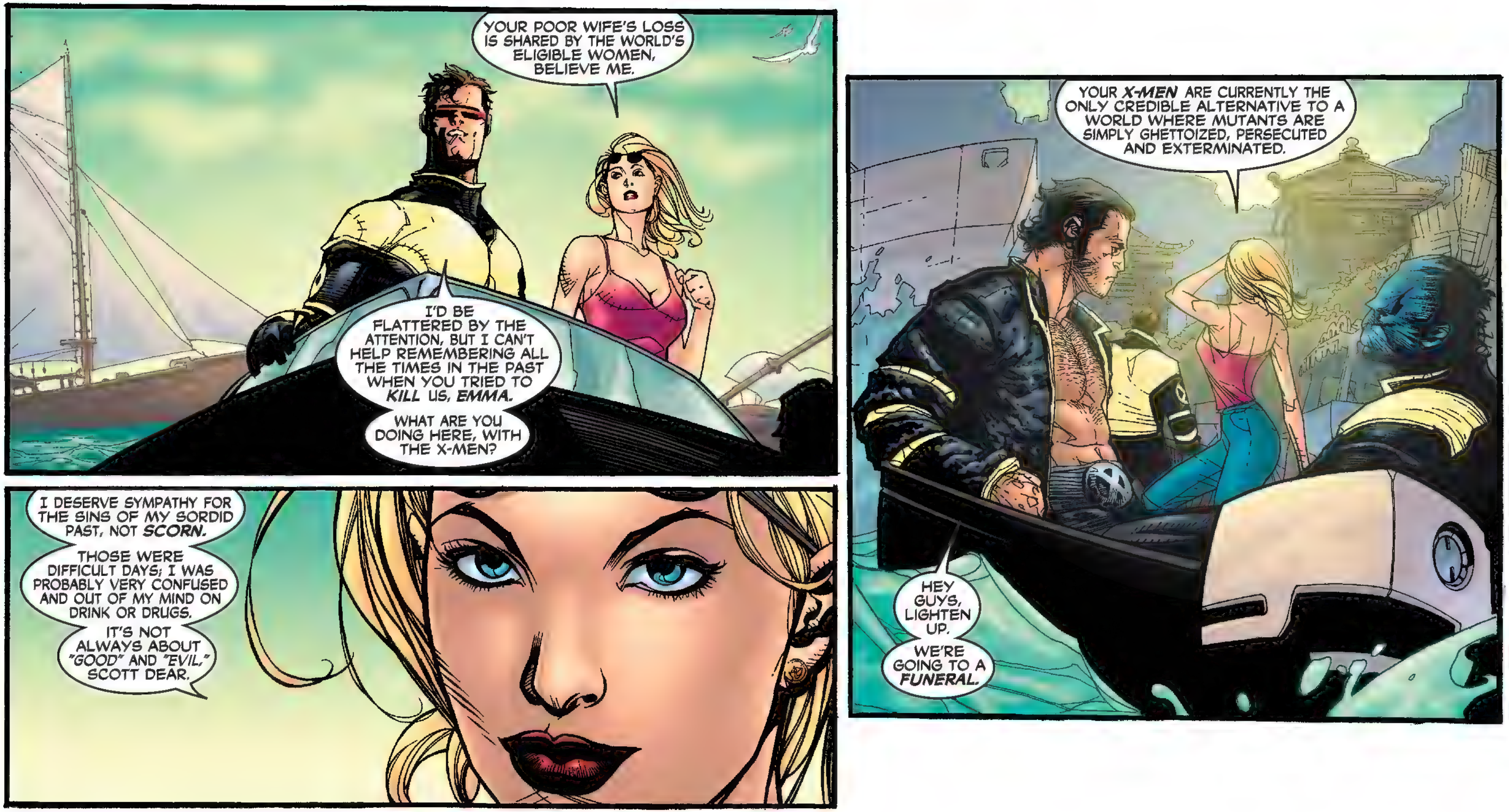
NEW X-MEN ANNUAL 2001
"THE MAN FROM ROOM X"

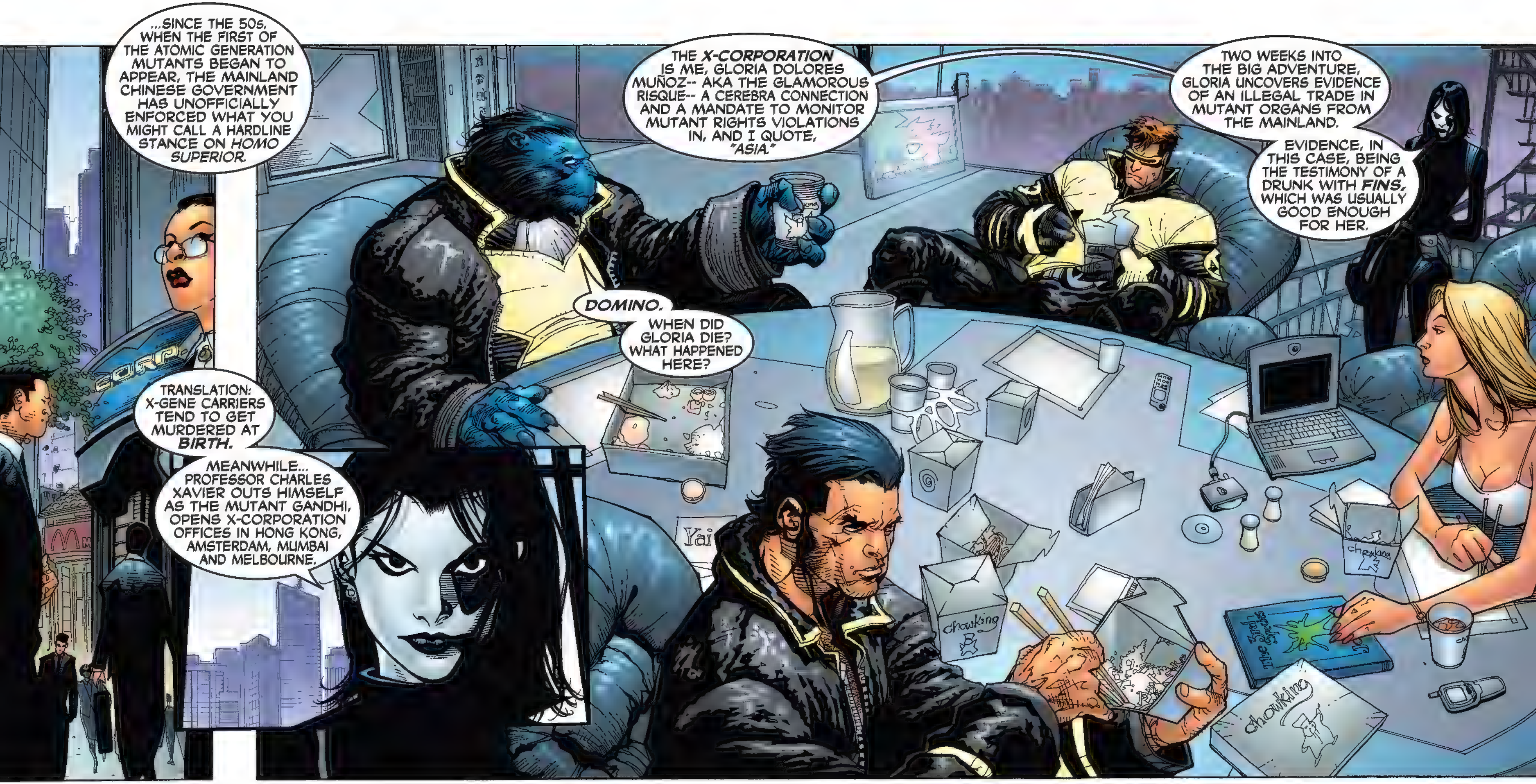

XORN.
YOU HAVE A NEW MASTER NOW.

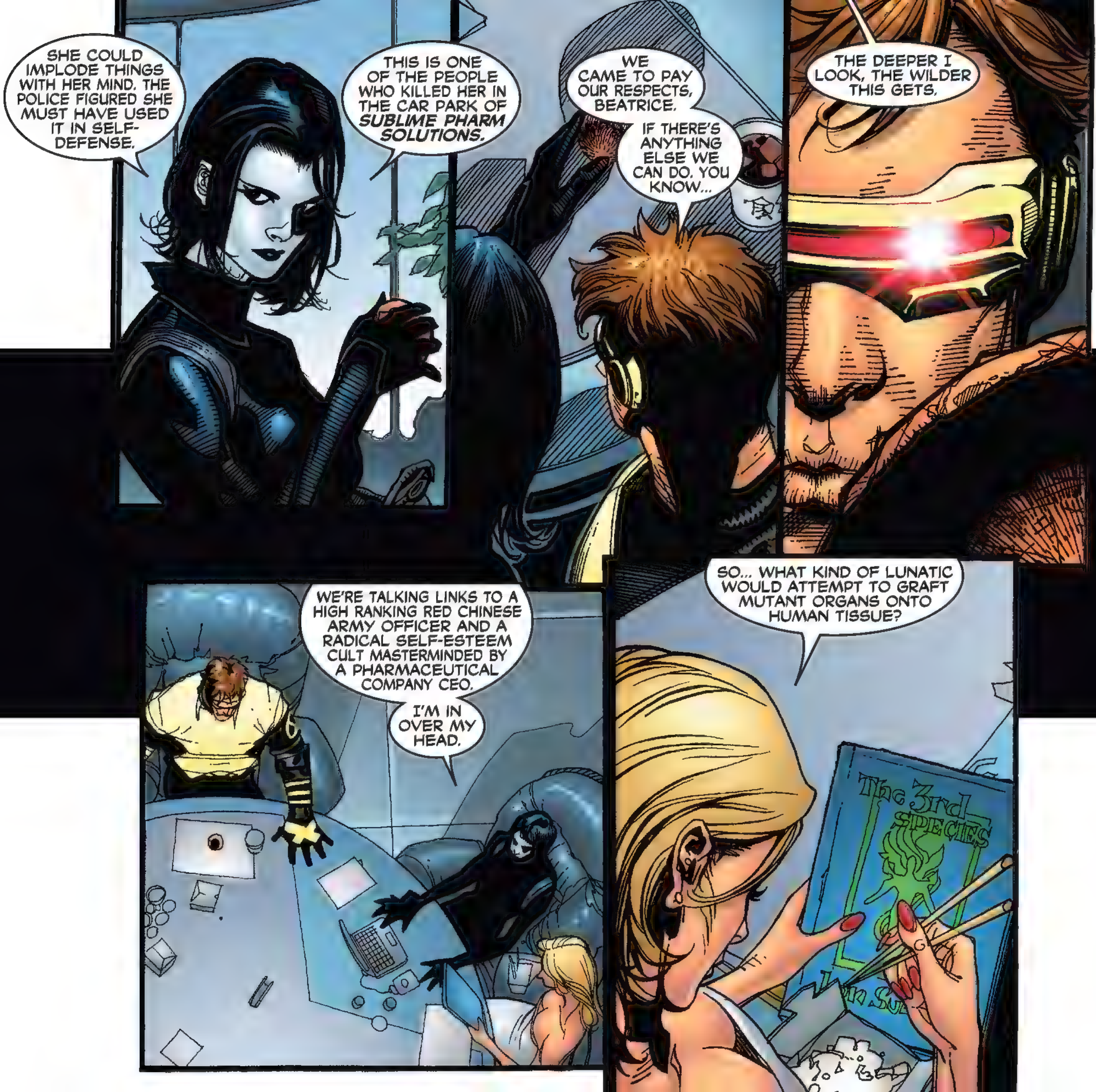

YOU'RE FORTUNATE YOU CANNOT SMELL THE HUMAN DUNG AND ROTTEN METAL IN THIS ROOM, **MR. SUBLIME.**
XORN HAS BEEN HERE, IN FENG TU, FOR OVER HALF A **CENTURY.**
LEAD EYESHADES.
*BENEATH THE VISOR, HE HAS NO LONGER A **FACE.** DO YOU UNDERSTAND?*
*YOU'RE DONE WITH THE **SPECIMENS?***
MY PEOPLE ONLY WANTED THE LITTLE CRITTER'S ***HANDS.*** LASER EYEBALLS IN HER PALMS, CAN YOU BELIEVE ***THAT?***
I DON'T KNOW THE OTHER YOUNGSTER. MAYBE HE JUST GOT MIXED UP IN THIS BY ***MISTAKE.***
USE THEM BOTH FOR THE TEST, IF YOU WANT.
THE BUREAUCRATS IN BEIJING NEVER UNDERSTOOD XORN'S POTENTIAL.
FASTENED DEEP IN THE BEDROCK, THIS MONSTER COULD HAVE POWERED TEN THOUSAND COMMUNIST SUPER-CITIES.
HE WAS KEPT ALIVE ONLY BECAUSE THEY IMAGINED HE MIGHT BE TURNED LOOSE AS A DOOMSDAY SOLDIER IN SOME FUTURE CONFLICT WITH THE ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC.
NUUU...
THIS IS WHAT A THREE SECOND EXPOSURE TO THE FACE OF XORN DOES TO A LIVING BEING.

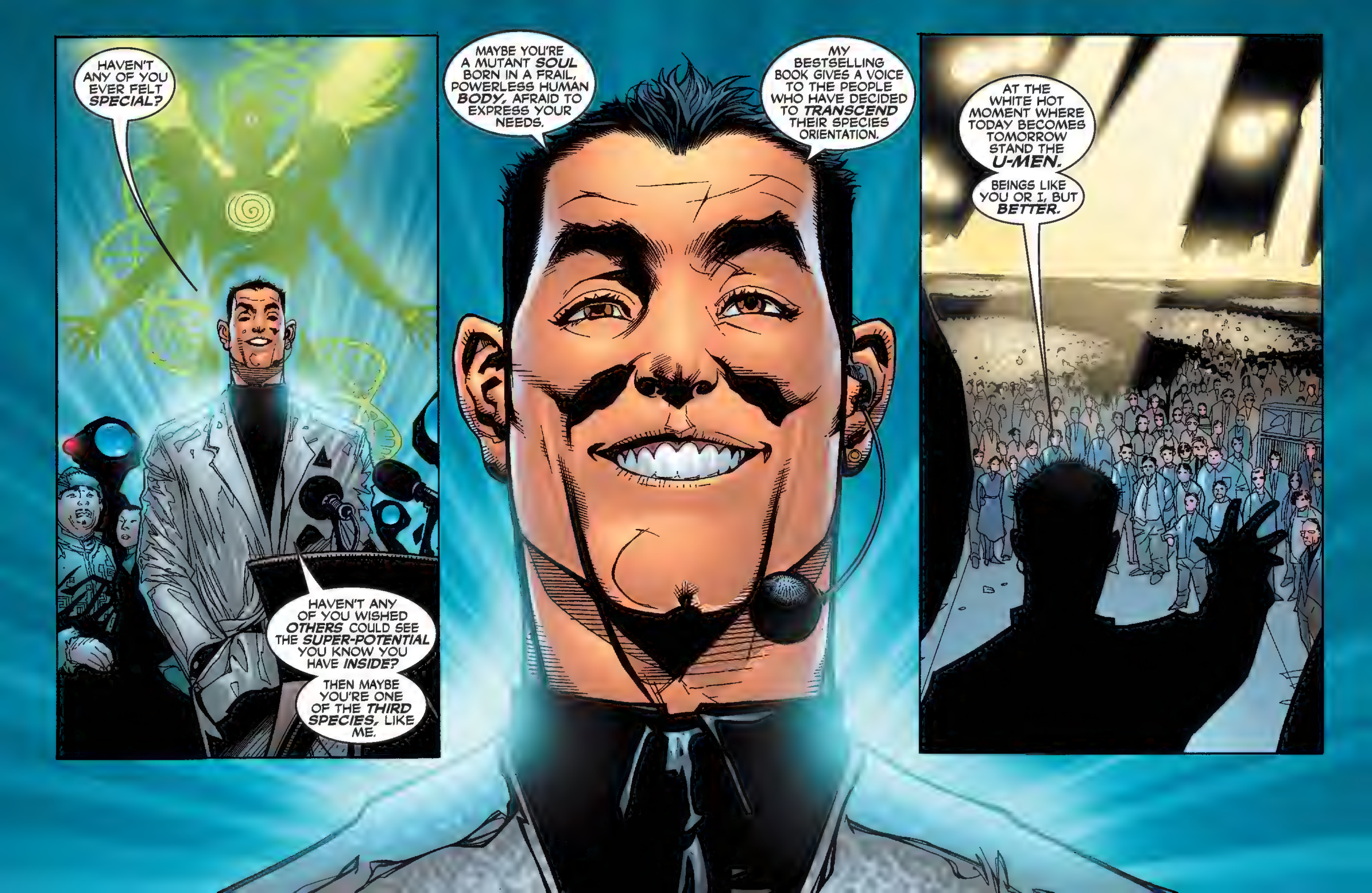

THE DEMONSTRATION IS *CONCLUDED*, AND WITH IT YOUR TOUR OF THE FENG TU FACILITY.
I HOPE YOU'RE *SATISFIED*.
VERY MUCH SO, *MR. AO JUN*.
I THINK YOU AND I HAVE A *DEAL*.
AS FOR XORN, I HAVE A FEELING IT'S ONLY THE *HEAD* WE'LL NEED, BUT WE'LL TAKE HIM OFF YOUR HANDS, TOO.
TO HONG KONG THEN, MR. AO JUN.

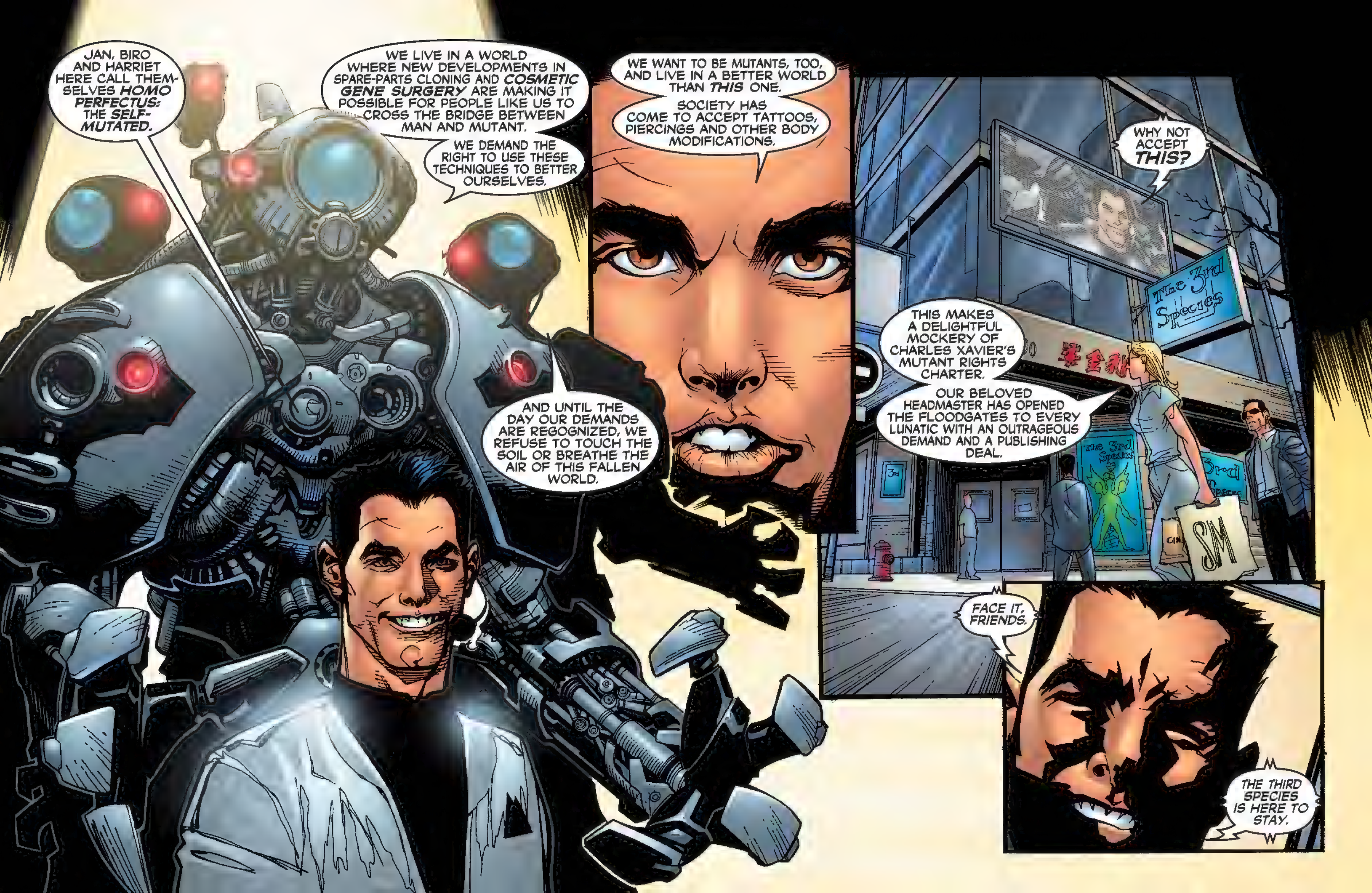

STAN LEE presents:
THE MAN FROM ROOM X
EPSON
JUMBO PALACE
HITACHI
SO TELL ME, SCOTT...
...WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOUR VOW OF CELIBACY?
香港
JUMBO
18566
MAI-LING

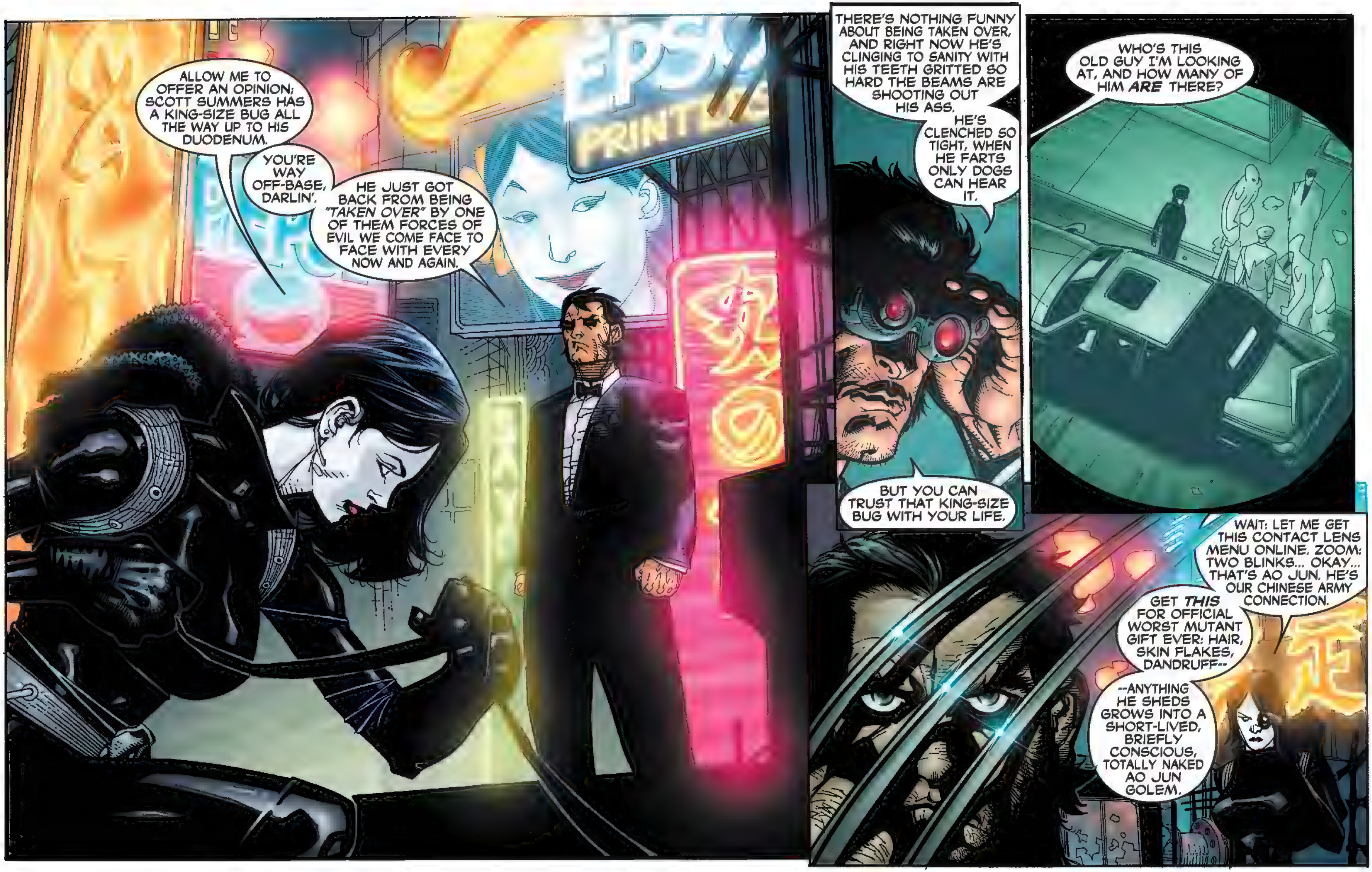

YOUR POOR WIFE'S LOSS IS SHARED BY THE WORLD'S ELIGIBLE WOMEN, BELIEVE ME.
I'D BE FLATTERED BY THE ATTENTION, BUT I CAN'T HELP REMEMBERING ALL THE TIMES IN THE PAST WHEN YOU TRIED TO **KILL** US, **EMMA.**
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, WITH THE X-MEN?
I DESERVE SYMPATHY FOR THE SINS OF MY SORDID PAST, NOT **SCORN.**
THOSE WERE DIFFICULT DAYS; I WAS PROBABLY VERY CONFUSED AND OUT OF MY MIND ON DRINK OR DRUGS.
IT'S NOT ALWAYS ABOUT "GOOD" AND "EVIL," SCOTT DEAR.
YOUR **X-MEN** ARE CURRENTLY THE ONLY CREDIBLE ALTERNATIVE TO A WORLD WHERE MUTANTS ARE SIMPLY GHETTOIZED, PERSECUTED AND EXTERMINATED.
HEY GUYS, LIGHTEN UP.
WE'RE GOING TO A **FUNERAL.**

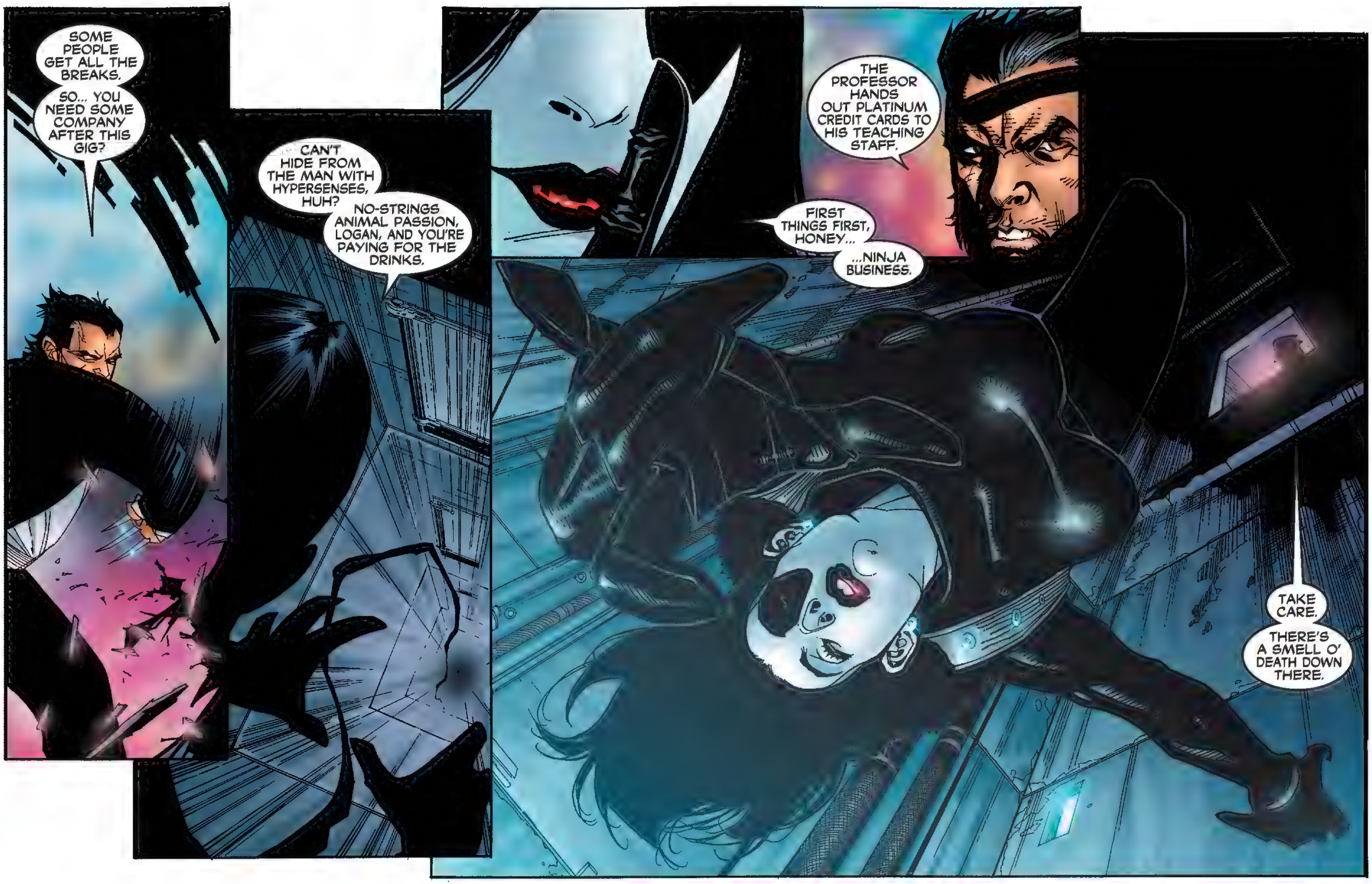

...SINCE THE 50s, WHEN THE FIRST OF THE ATOMIC GENERATION MUTANTS BEGAN TO APPEAR, THE MAINLAND CHINESE GOVERNMENT HAS UNOFFICIALLY ENFORCED WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A HARDLINE STANCE ON *HOMO SUPERIOR*.
TRANSLATION: X-GENE CARRIERS TEND TO GET MURDERED AT **BIRTH.**
MEANWHILE... PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER OUTS HIMSELF AS THE MUTANT GANDHI, OPENS X-CORPORATION OFFICES IN HONG KONG, AMSTERDAM, MUMBAI AND MELBOURNE.
THE ***X-CORPORATION*** IS ME, GLORIA DOLORES MUÑOZ-- AKA THE GLAMOROUS RISQUE-- A CEREBRA CONNECTION AND A MANDATE TO MONITOR MUTANT RIGHTS VIOLATIONS IN, AND I QUOTE, *"ASIA."*
DOMINO.
WHEN DID GLORIA DIE? WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
TWO WEEKS INTO THE BIG ADVENTURE, GLORIA UNCOVERS EVIDENCE OF AN ILLEGAL TRADE IN MUTANT ORGANS FROM THE MAINLAND.
EVIDENCE, IN THIS CASE, BEING THE TESTIMONY OF A DRUNK WITH ***FINS,*** WHICH WAS USUALLY GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.
CORP
Chowking
chowking
The Third Species

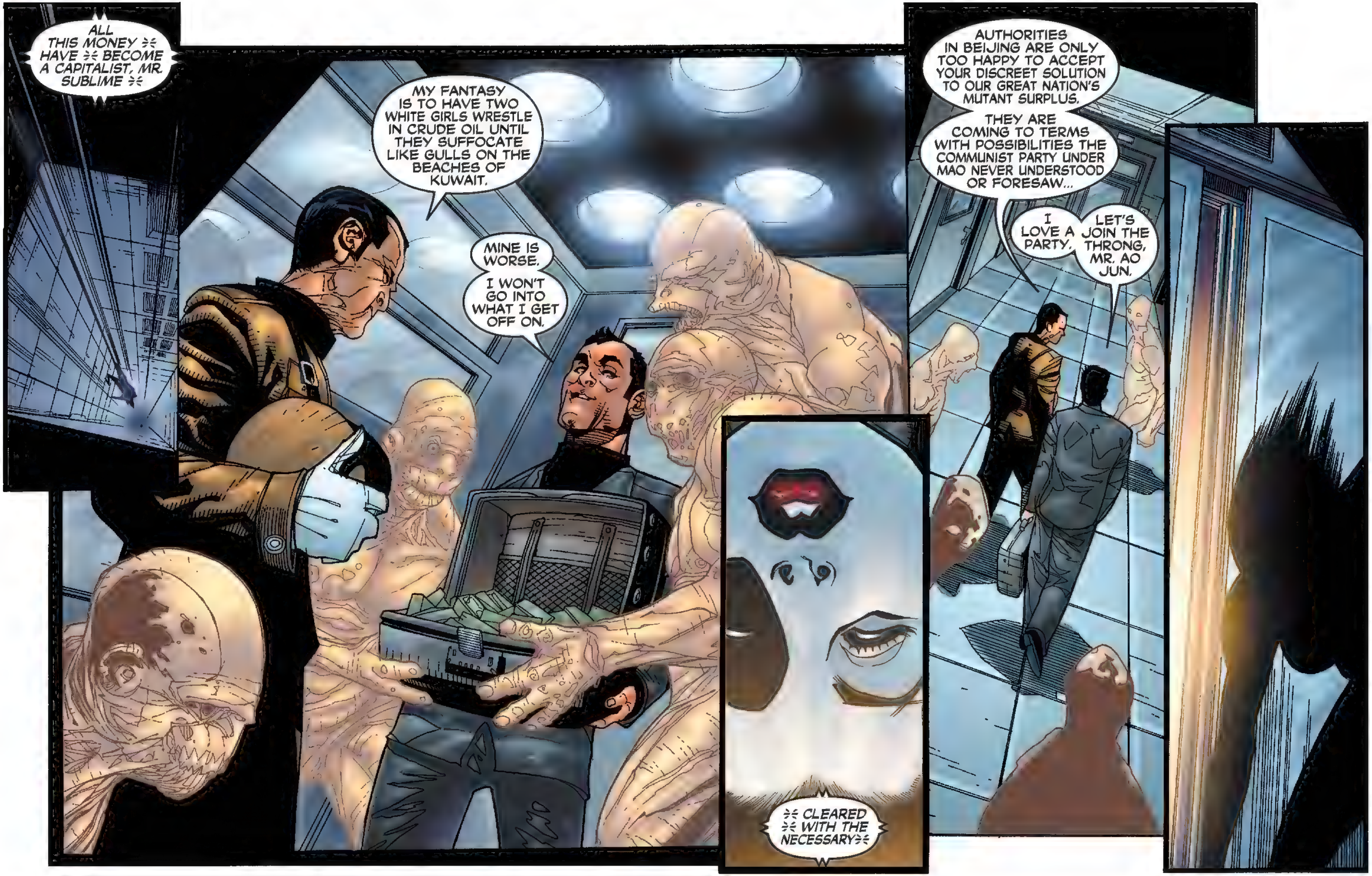

SHE COULD IMPLODE THINGS WITH HER MIND. THE POLICE FIGURED SHE MUST HAVE USED IT IN SELF-DEFENSE.
THIS IS ONE OF THE PEOPLE WHO KILLED HER IN THE CAR PARK OF ***SUBLIME PHARM SOLUTIONS.***
WE CAME TO PAY OUR RESPECTS, BEATRICE.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN DO, YOU KNOW...
THE DEEPER I LOOK, THE WILDER THIS GETS.
WE'RE TALKING LINKS TO A HIGH RANKING RED CHINESE ARMY OFFICER AND A RADICAL SELF-ESTEEM CULT MASTERMINDED BY A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY CEO.
I'M IN OVER MY HEAD.
SO... WHAT KIND OF LUNATIC WOULD ATTEMPT TO GRAFT MUTANT ORGANS ONTO HUMAN TISSUE?
The 3rd SPECIES

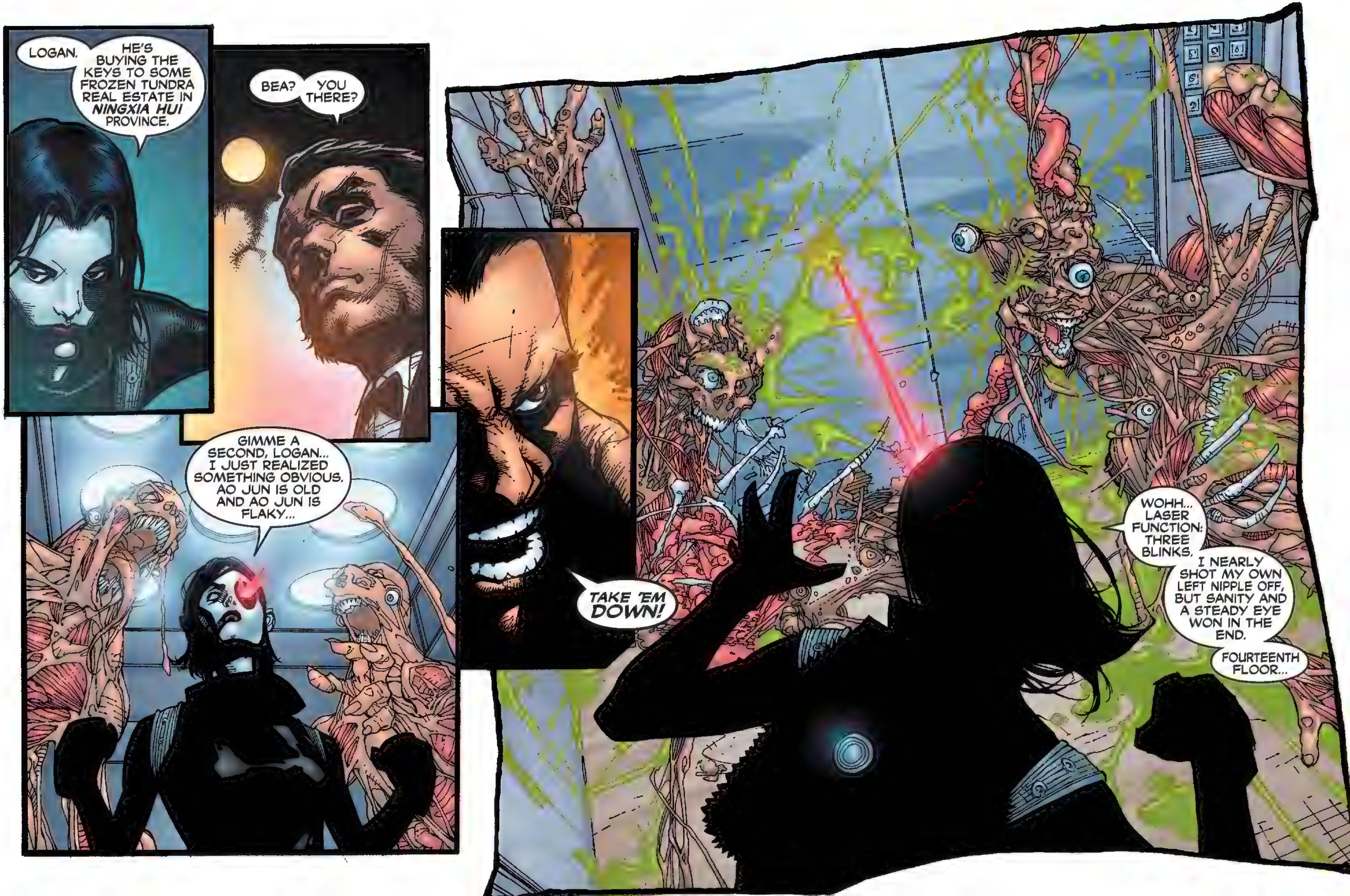

HAVEN'T ANY OF YOU EVER FELT ***SPECIAL?***
HAVEN'T ANY OF YOU WISHED ***OTHERS*** COULD SEE THE ***SUPER-POTENTIAL*** YOU KNOW YOU HAVE ***INSIDE?***
THEN MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THE ***THIRD SPECIES,*** LIKE ME.
MAYBE YOU'RE A MUTANT ***SOUL*** BORN IN A FRAIL, POWERLESS HUMAN ***BODY,*** AFRAID TO EXPRESS YOUR NEEDS.
MY BESTSELLING BOOK GIVES A VOICE TO THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE DECIDED TO ***TRANSCEND*** THEIR SPECIES ORIENTATION.
AT THE WHITE HOT MOMENT WHERE TODAY BECOMES TOMORROW STAND THE ***U-MEN.***
BEINGS LIKE YOU OR I, BUT ***BETTER.***

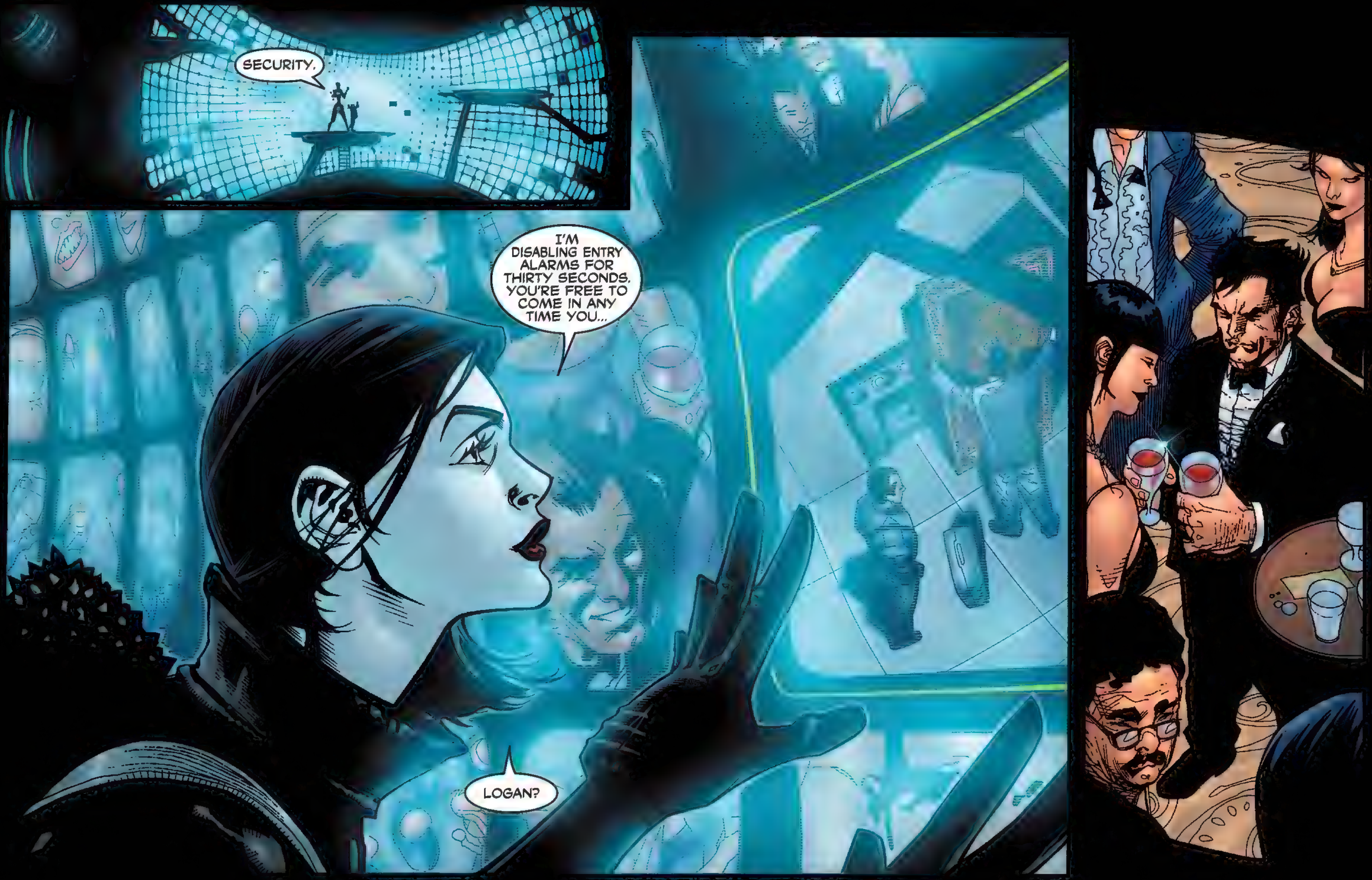

JAN, BIRO AND HARRIET HERE CALL THEMSELVES *HOMO PERFECTUS:* THE *SELF-MUTATED.*
WE LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN SPARE-PARTS CLONING AND *COSMETIC GENE SURGERY* ARE MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR PEOPLE LIKE US TO CROSS THE BRIDGE BETWEEN MAN AND MUTANT.
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT TO USE THESE TECHNIQUES TO BETTER OURSELVES.
AND UNTIL THE DAY OUR DEMANDS ARE REGOGNIZED, WE REFUSE TO TOUCH THE SOIL OR BREATHE THE AIR OF THIS FALLEN WORLD.
WE WANT TO BE MUTANTS, TOO, AND LIVE IN A BETTER WORLD THAN *THIS* ONE.
SOCIETY HAS COME TO ACCEPT TATTOOS, PIERCINGS AND OTHER BODY MODIFICATIONS.
WHY NOT ACCEPT *THIS?*
The 3rd Species
THIS MAKES A DELIGHTFUL MOCKERY OF CHARLES XAVIER'S MUTANT RIGHTS CHARTER.
OUR BELOVED HEADMASTER HAS OPENED THE FLOODGATES TO EVERY LUNATIC WITH AN OUTRAGEOUS DEMAND AND A PUBLISHING DEAL.
The 3rd Species
3rd Species
SM
FACE IT, FRIENDS.
THE THIRD SPECIES IS HERE TO STAY.

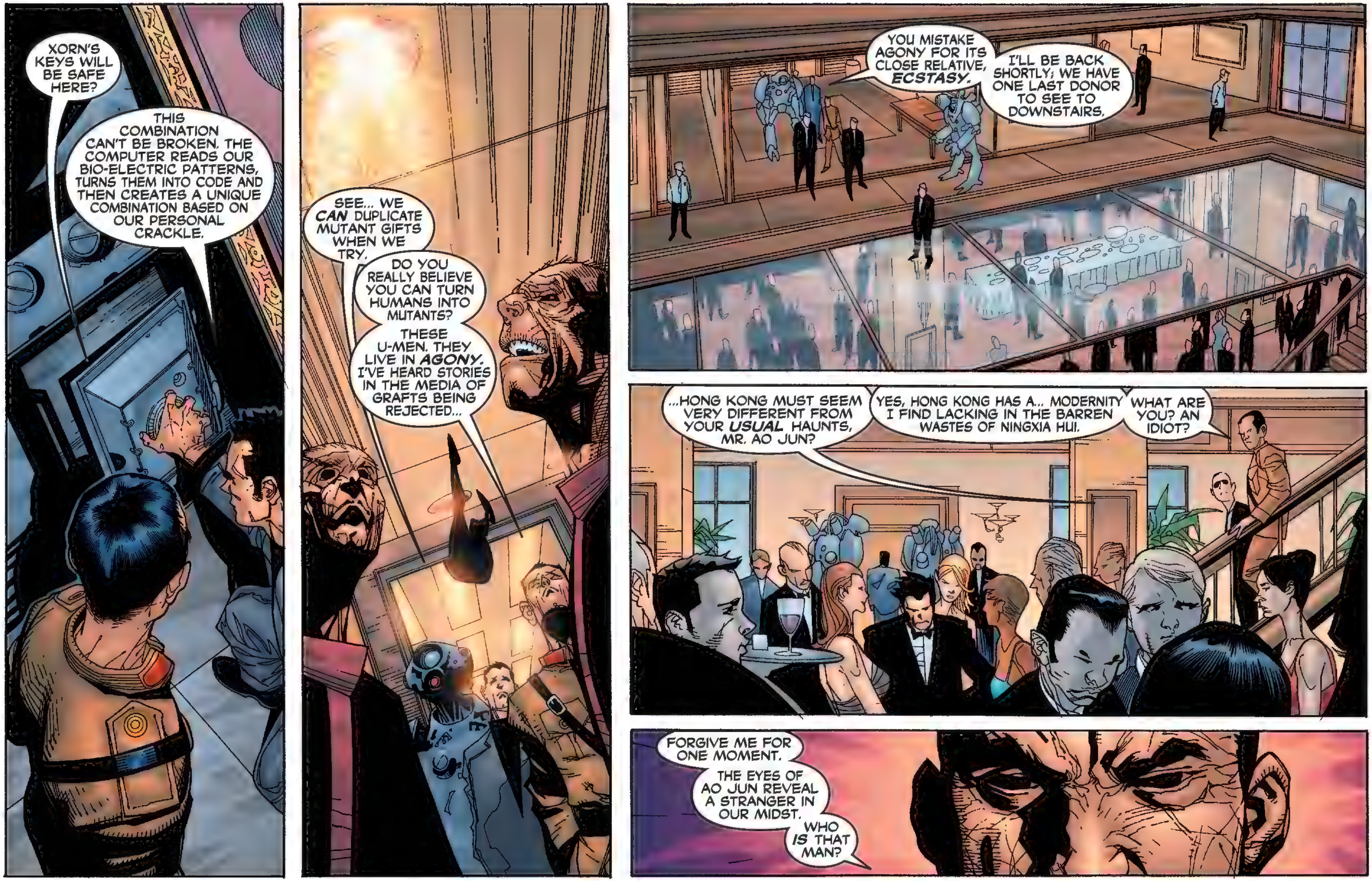

ALLOW ME TO OFFER AN OPINION; SCOTT SUMMERS HAS A KING-SIZE BUG ALL THE WAY UP TO HIS DUODENUM.
YOU'RE WAY OFF-BASE, DARLIN'.
HE JUST GOT BACK FROM BEING *"TAKEN OVER"* BY ONE OF THEM FORCES OF EVIL WE COME FACE TO FACE WITH EVERY NOW AND AGAIN.
EPS PRINT
THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT BEING TAKEN OVER, AND RIGHT NOW HE'S CLINGING TO SANITY WITH HIS TEETH GRITTED SO HARD THE BEAMS ARE SHOOTING OUT HIS ASS.
HE'S CLENCHED SO TIGHT, WHEN HE FARTS ONLY DOGS CAN HEAR IT.
BUT YOU CAN TRUST THAT KING-SIZE BUG WITH YOUR LIFE.
WHO'S THIS OLD GUY I'M LOOKING AT, AND HOW MANY OF HIM *ARE* THERE?
WAIT: LET ME GET THIS CONTACT LENS MENU ONLINE. ZOOM: TWO BLINKS... OKAY... THAT'S AO JUN. HE'S OUR CHINESE ARMY CONNECTION.
GET *THIS* FOR OFFICIAL WORST MUTANT GIFT EVER: HAIR, SKIN FLAKES, DANDRUFF--
--ANYTHING HE SHEDS GROWS INTO A SHORT-LIVED, BRIEFLY CONSCIOUS, TOTALLY NAKED AO JUN GOLEM.

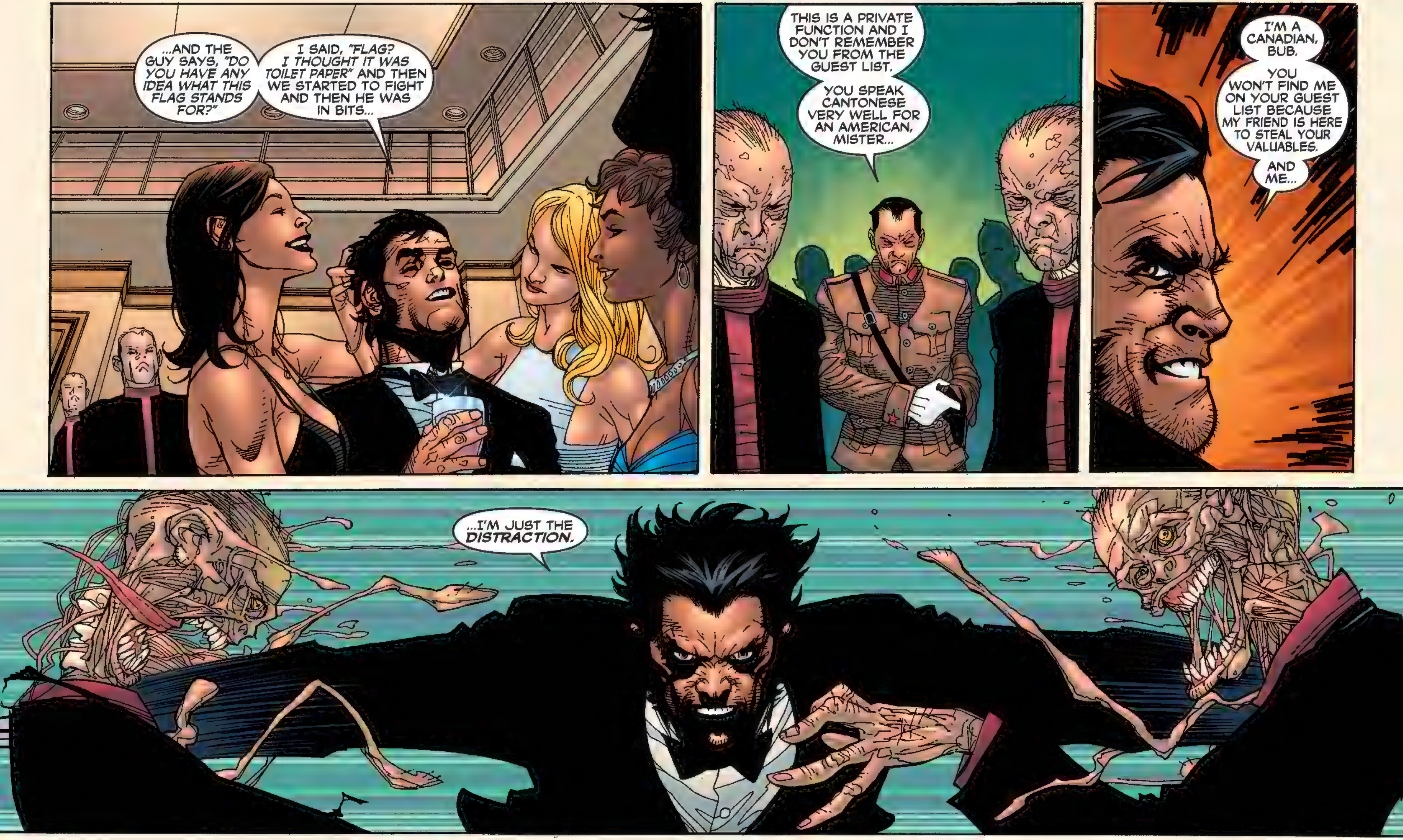

SOME PEOPLE GET ALL THE BREAKS.
SO... YOU NEED SOME COMPANY AFTER THIS GIG?
CAN'T HIDE FROM THE MAN WITH HYPERSENSES, HUH?
NO-STRINGS ANIMAL PASSION, LOGAN, AND YOU'RE PAYING FOR THE DRINKS.
THE PROFESSOR HANDS OUT PLATINUM CREDIT CARDS TO HIS TEACHING STAFF.
FIRST THINGS FIRST, HONEY...
...NINJA BUSINESS.
TAKE CARE.
THERE'S A SMELL O' DEATH DOWN THERE.

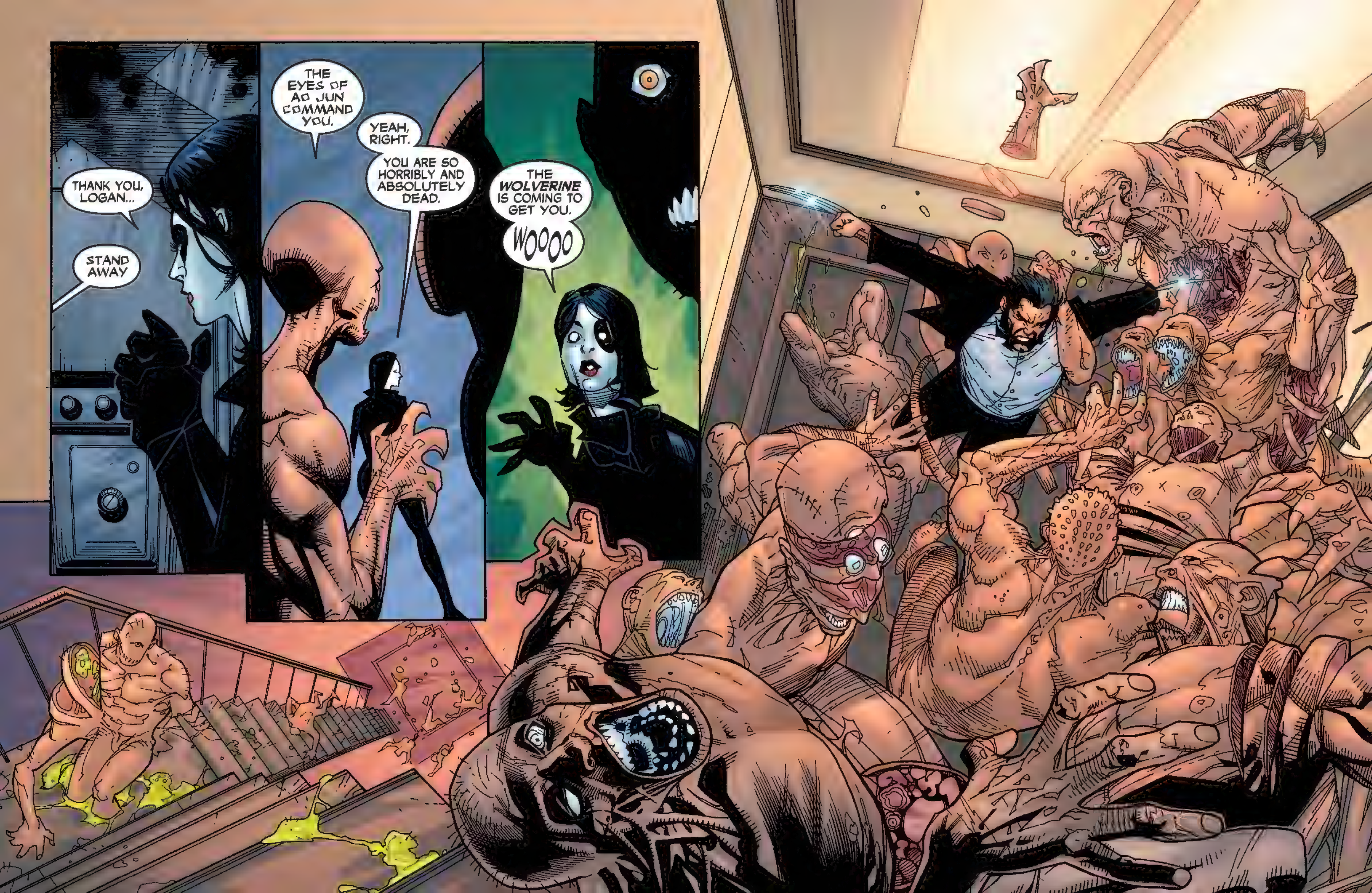

ALL THIS MONEY ⁑ HAVE ⁑ BECOME A CAPITALIST, MR. SUBLIME ⁑
MY FANTASY IS TO HAVE TWO WHITE GIRLS WRESTLE IN CRUDE OIL UNTIL THEY SUFFOCATE LIKE GULLS ON THE BEACHES OF KUWAIT.
MINE IS WORSE.
I WON'T GO INTO WHAT I GET OFF ON.
⁑ CLEARED WITH THE NECESSARY ⁑
AUTHORITIES IN BEIJING ARE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO ACCEPT YOUR DISCREET SOLUTION TO OUR GREAT NATION'S MUTANT SURPLUS.
THEY ARE COMING TO TERMS WITH POSSIBILITIES THE COMMUNIST PARTY UNDER MAO NEVER UNDERSTOOD OR FORESAW...
I LOVE A PARTY.
LET'S JOIN THE THRONG, MR. AO JUN.

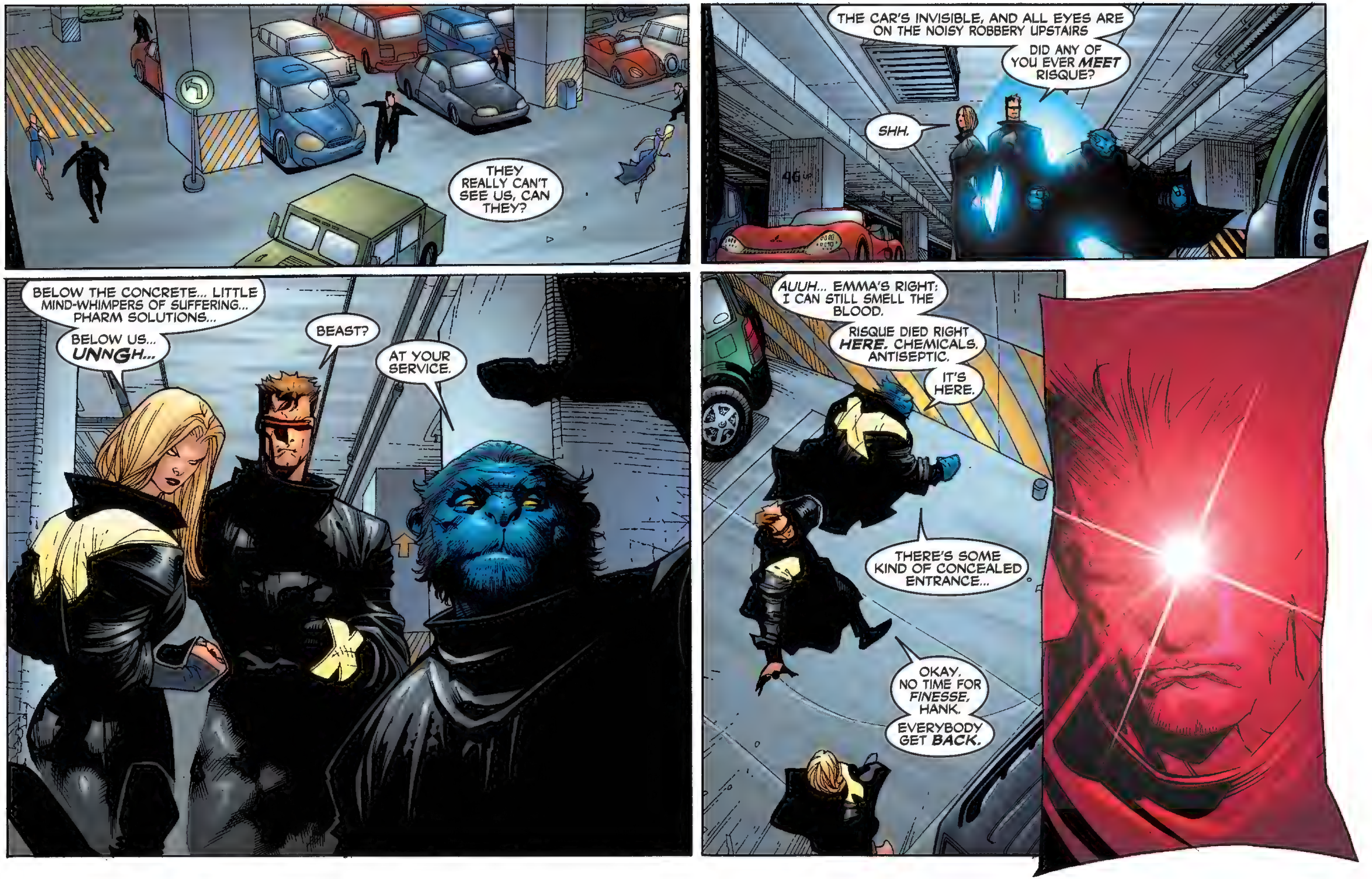

LOGAN.
HE'S BUYING THE KEYS TO SOME FROZEN TUNDRA REAL ESTATE IN ***NINGXIA HUI*** PROVINCE.
BEA?
YOU THERE?
GIMME A SECOND, LOGAN... I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING OBVIOUS. AO JUN IS OLD AND AO JUN IS FLAKY...
TAKE 'EM DOWN!
WOHH... LASER FUNCTION: THREE BLINKS.
I NEARLY SHOT MY OWN LEFT NIPPLE OFF, BUT SANITY AND A STEADY EYE WON IN THE END.
FOURTEENTH FLOOR...

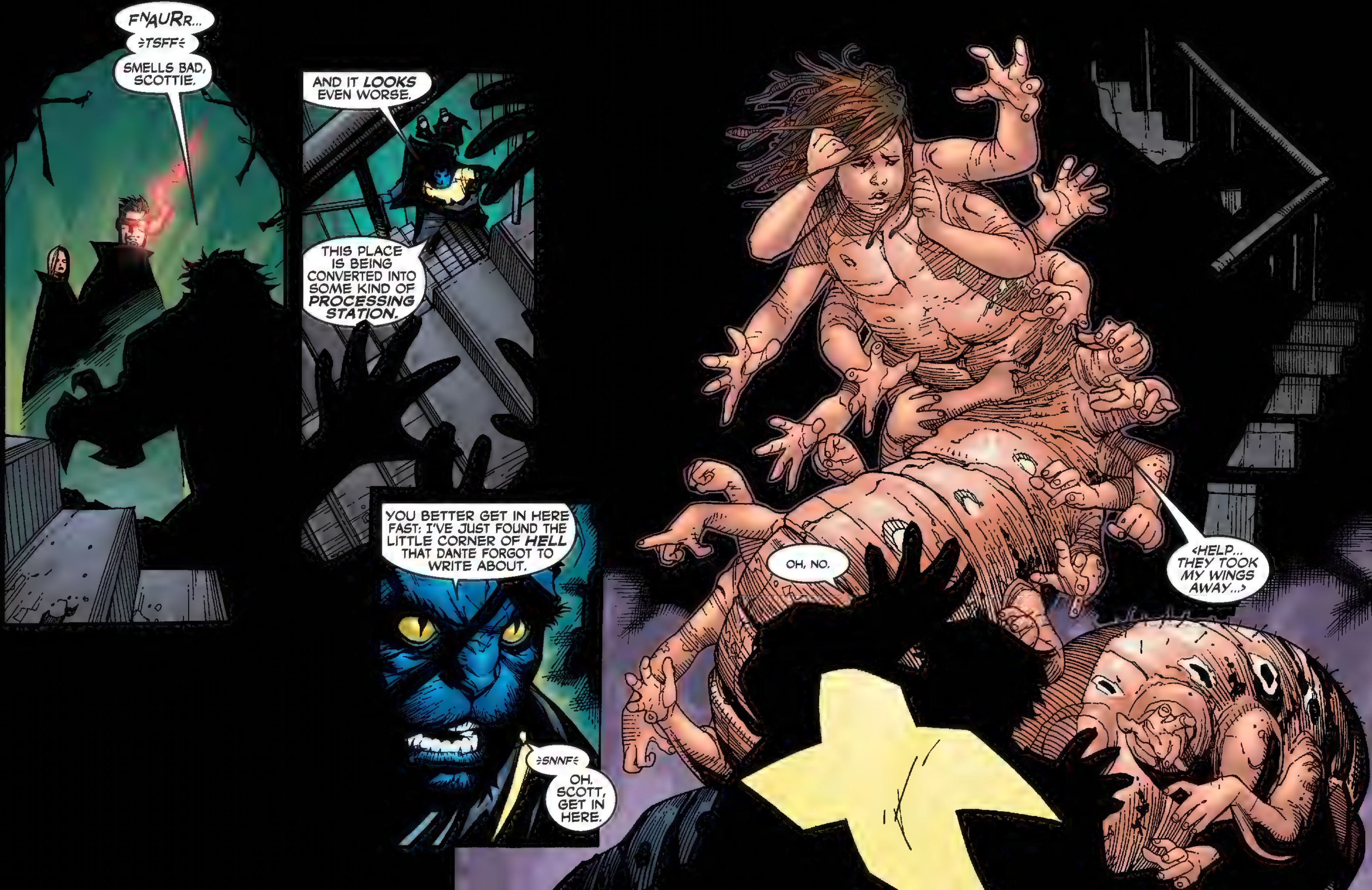

SECURITY.
I'M DISABLING ENTRY ALARMS FOR THIRTY SECONDS. YOU'RE FREE TO COME IN ANY TIME YOU...
LOGAN?

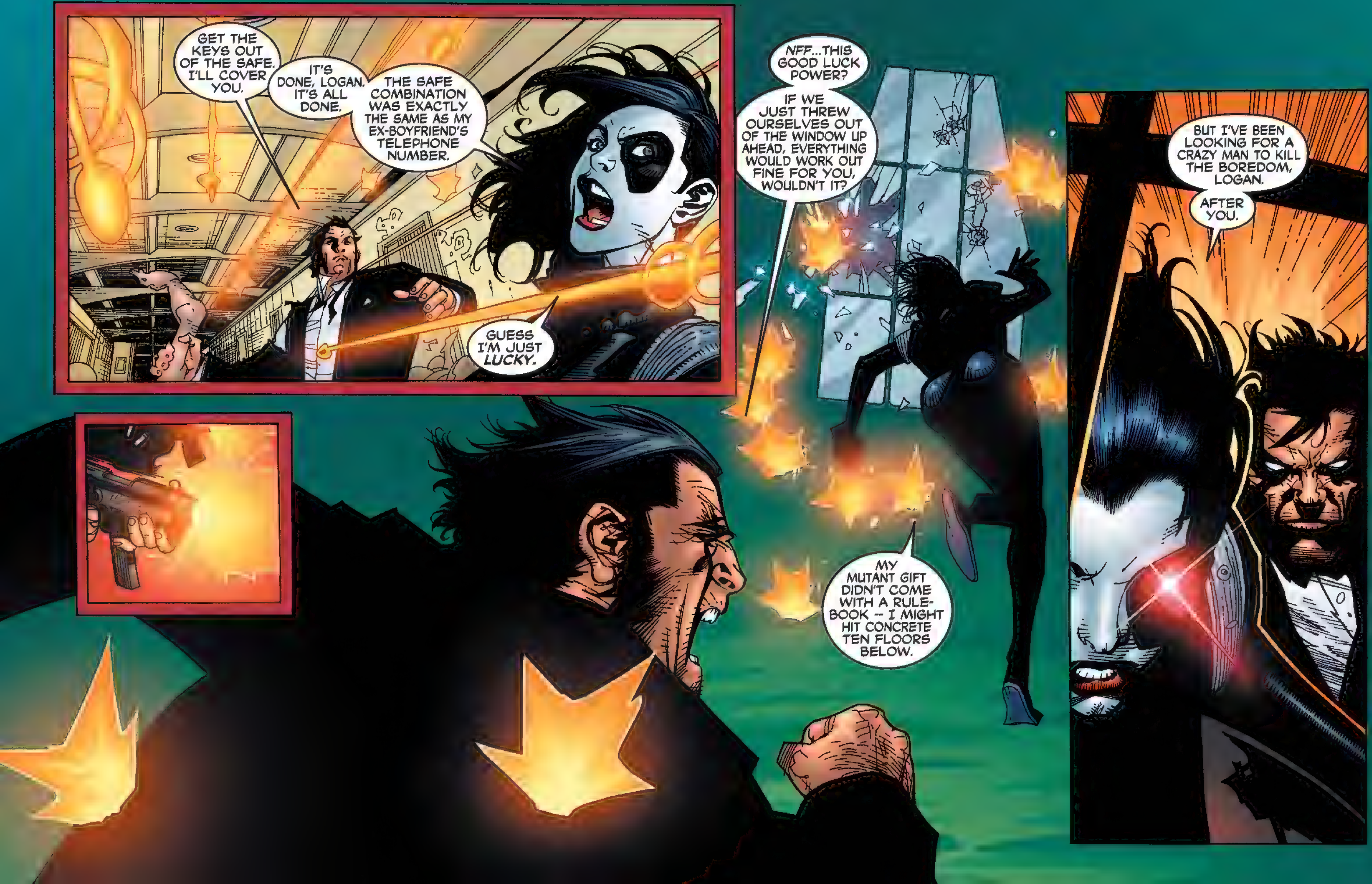

XORN'S KEYS WILL BE SAFE HERE?
THIS COMBINATION CAN'T BE BROKEN. THE COMPUTER READS OUR BIO-ELECTRIC PATTERNS, TURNS THEM INTO CODE AND THEN CREATES A UNIQUE COMBINATION BASED ON OUR PERSONAL CRACKLE.
SEE... WE *CAN* DUPLICATE MUTANT GIFTS WHEN WE TRY.
DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOU CAN TURN HUMANS INTO MUTANTS?
THESE U-MEN. THEY LIVE IN ***AGONY***. I'VE HEARD STORIES IN THE MEDIA OF GRAFTS BEING REJECTED...
YOU MISTAKE AGONY FOR ITS CLOSE RELATIVE, ***ECSTASY***.
I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY; WE HAVE ONE LAST DONOR TO SEE TO DOWNSTAIRS.
...HONG KONG MUST SEEM VERY DIFFERENT FROM YOUR ***USUAL*** HAUNTS, MR. AO JUN?
YES, HONG KONG HAS A... MODERNITY I FIND LACKING IN THE BARREN WASTES OF NINGXIA HUI.
WHAT ARE YOU? AN IDIOT?
FORGIVE ME FOR ONE MOMENT.
THE EYES OF AO JUN REVEAL A STRANGER IN OUR MIDST.
WHO ***IS*** THAT MAN?

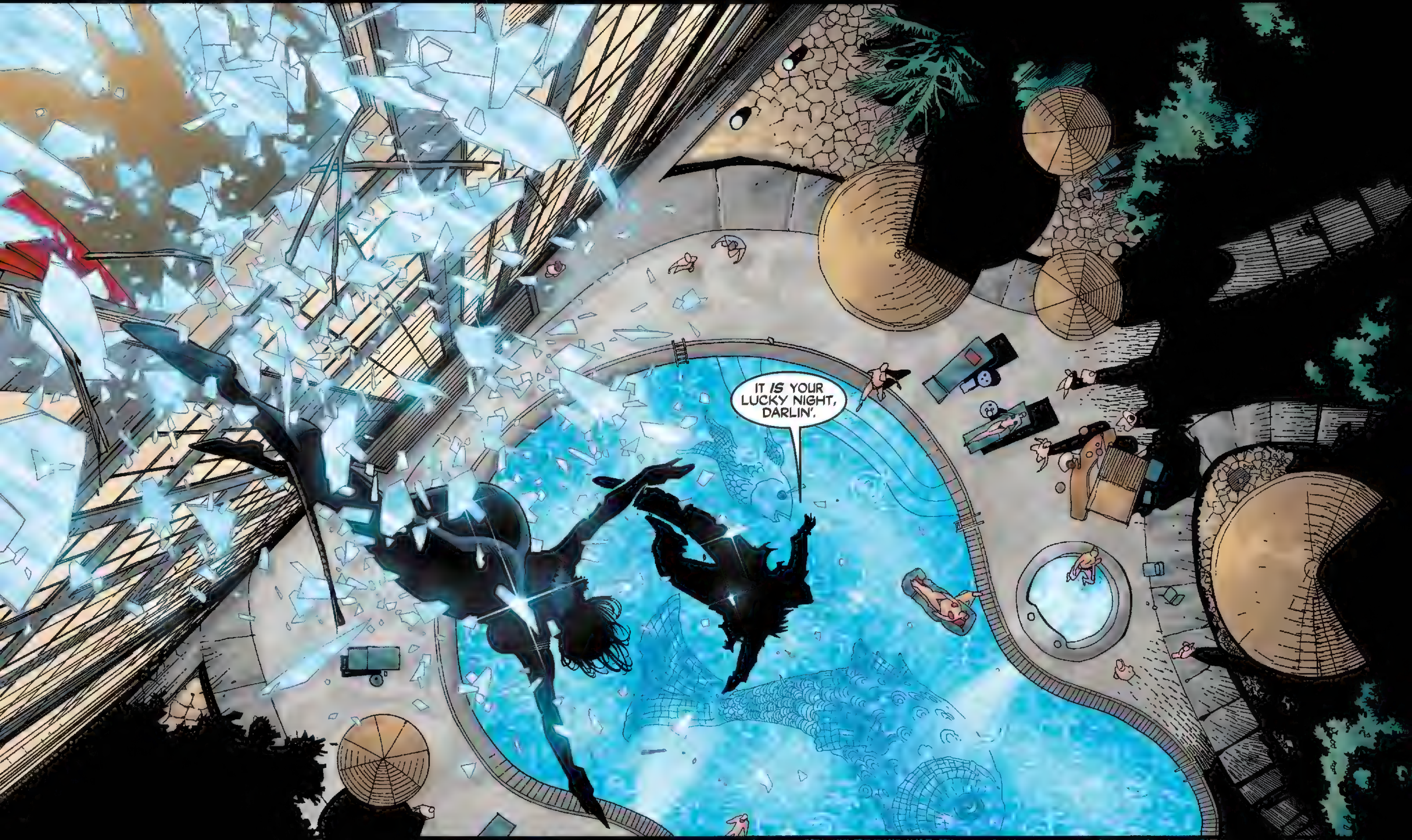

...AND THE GUY SAYS, "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THIS FLAG STANDS FOR?"
I SAID, "FLAG? I THOUGHT IT WAS TOILET PAPER" AND THEN WE STARTED TO FIGHT AND THEN HE WAS IN BITS...
THIS IS A PRIVATE FUNCTION AND I DON'T REMEMBER YOU FROM THE GUEST LIST.
YOU SPEAK CANTONESE VERY WELL FOR AN AMERICAN, MISTER...
I'M A CANADIAN, BUB.
YOU WON'T FIND ME ON YOUR GUEST LIST BECAUSE MY FRIEND IS HERE TO STEAL YOUR VALUABLES.
AND ME...
...I'M JUST THE *DISTRACTION.*

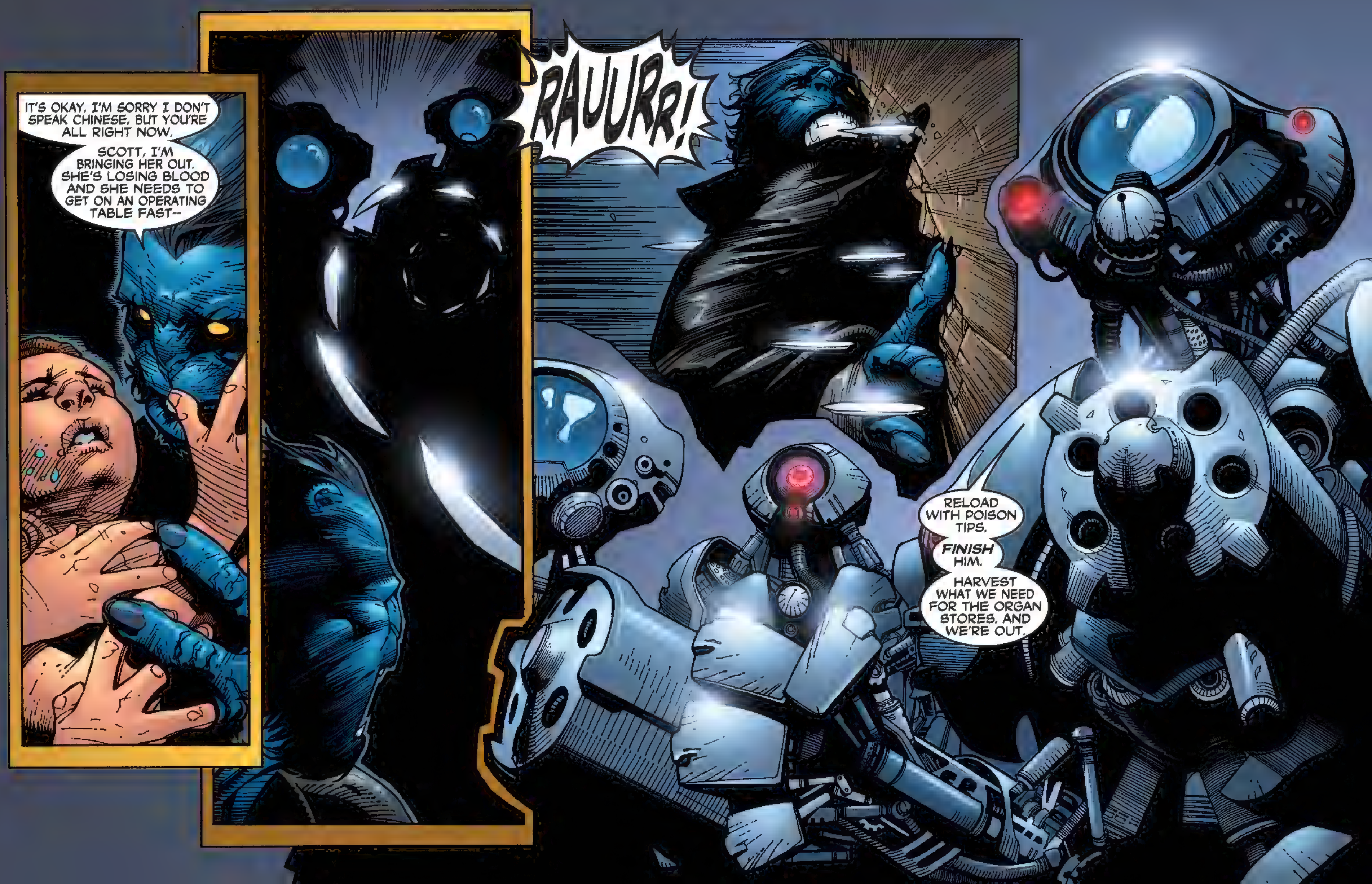

THANK YOU, LOGAN...
STAND AWAY
THE EYES OF AO JUN COMMAND YOU.
YEAH, RIGHT.
YOU ARE SO HORRIBLY AND ABSOLUTELY DEAD.
THE *WOLVERINE* IS COMING TO GET YOU.
WOOOO

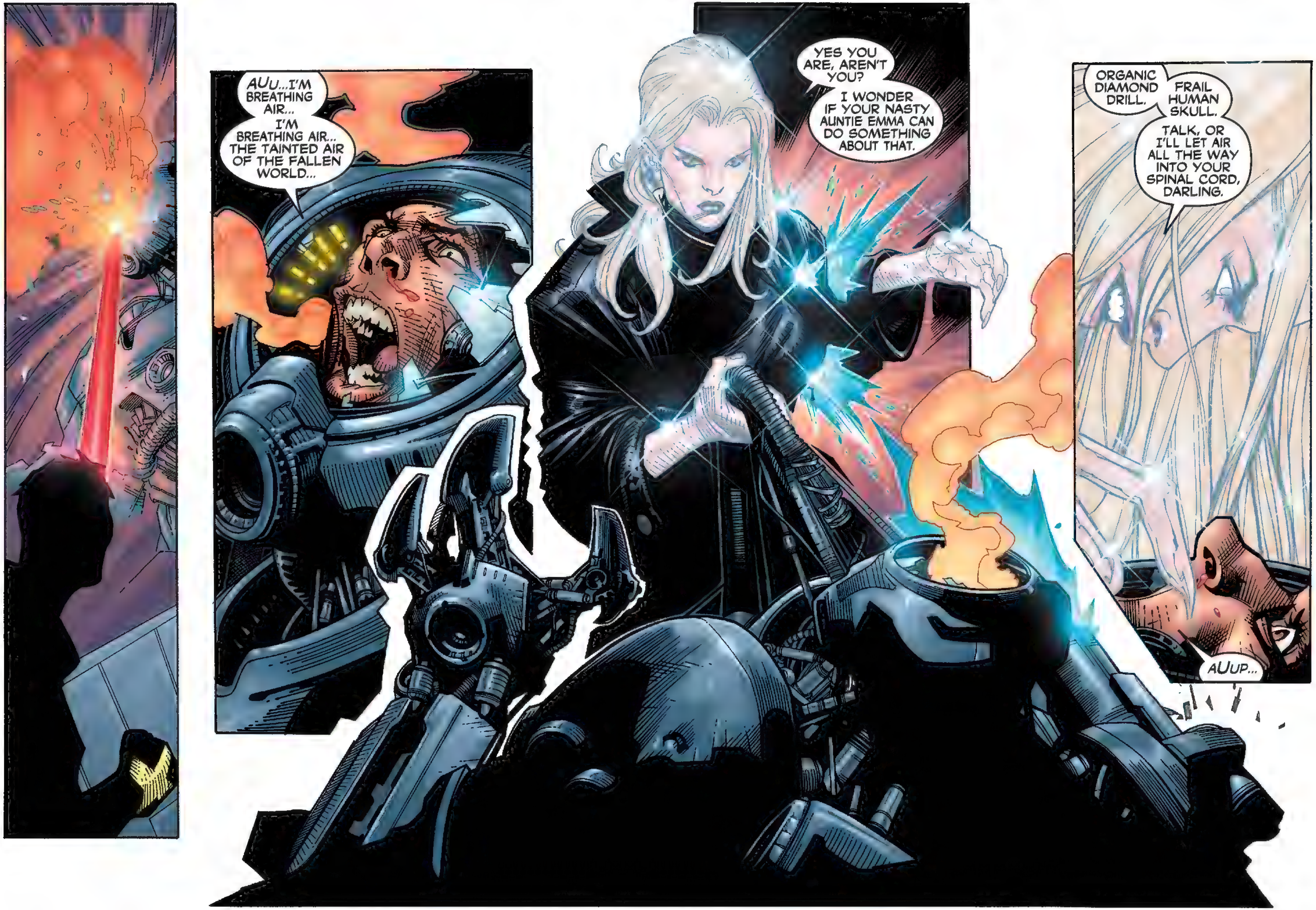

THEY REALLY CAN'T SEE US, CAN THEY?
THE CAR'S INVISIBLE, AND ALL EYES ARE ON THE NOISY ROBBERY UPSTAIRS
DID ANY OF YOU EVER *MEET* RISQUE?
SHH.
BELOW THE CONCRETE... LITTLE MIND-WHIMPERS OF SUFFERING... PHARM SOLUTIONS...
BELOW US... ***UNNGH...***
BEAST?
AT YOUR SERVICE.
AUUH... EMMA'S RIGHT; I CAN STILL SMELL THE BLOOD.
RISQUE DIED RIGHT ***HERE.*** CHEMICALS. ANTISEPTIC.
IT'S HERE.
THERE'S SOME KIND OF CONCEALED ENTRANCE...
OKAY. NO TIME FOR *FINESSE,* HANK.
EVERYBODY GET ***BACK.***

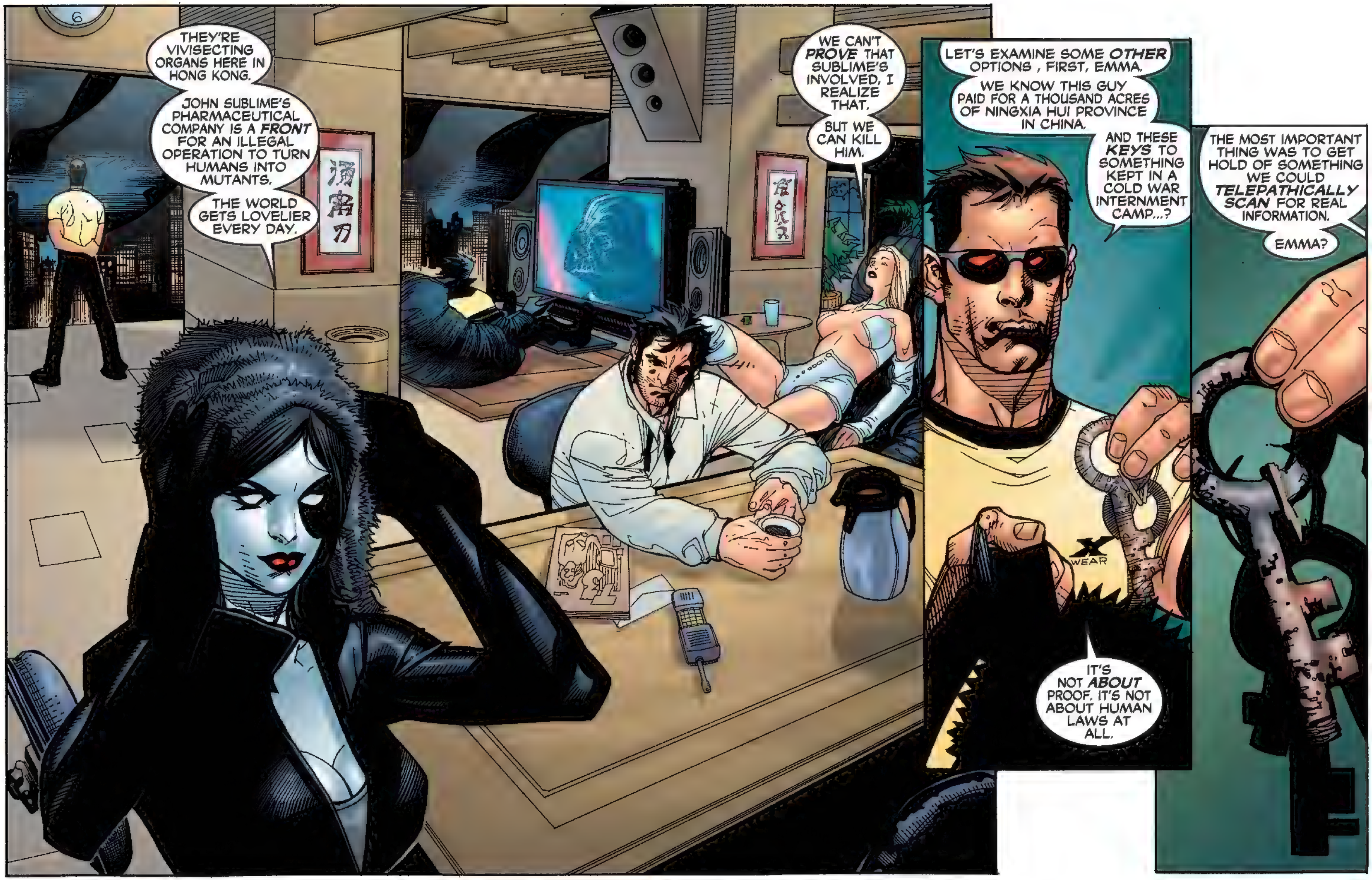

FNAURR...
≥TSFF≤
SMELLS BAD, SCOTTIE.
AND IT LOOKS EVEN WORSE.
THIS PLACE IS BEING CONVERTED INTO SOME KIND OF PROCESSING STATION.
YOU BETTER GET IN HERE FAST: I'VE JUST FOUND THE LITTLE CORNER OF HELL THAT DANTE FORGOT TO WRITE ABOUT.
≥SNNF≤
OH. SCOTT, GET IN HERE.
OH, NO.
‹HELP... THEY TOOK MY WINGS AWAY...›

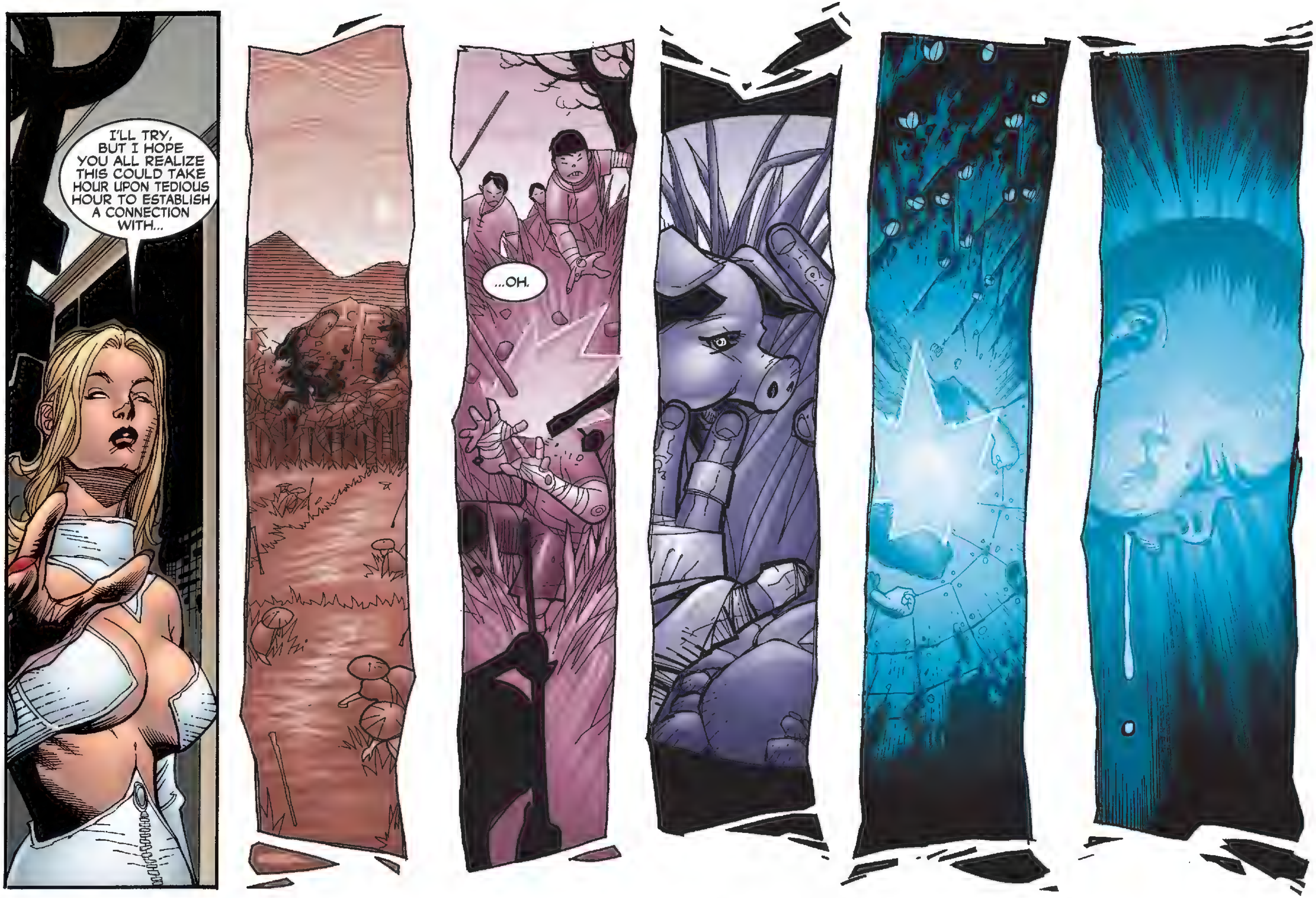

GET THE KEYS OUT OF THE SAFE. I'LL COVER YOU.
IT'S DONE, LOGAN. IT'S ALL DONE.
THE SAFE COMBINATION WAS EXACTLY THE SAME AS MY EX-BOYFRIEND'S TELEPHONE NUMBER.
GUESS I'M JUST *LUCKY*.
NFF...THIS GOOD LUCK POWER?
IF WE JUST THREW OURSELVES OUT OF THE WINDOW UP AHEAD, EVERYTHING WOULD WORK OUT FINE FOR YOU, WOULDN'T IT?
MY MUTANT GIFT DIDN'T COME WITH A RULE-BOOK -- I MIGHT HIT CONCRETE TEN FLOORS BELOW.
BUT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A CRAZY MAN TO KILL THE BOREDOM, LOGAN.
AFTER YOU.

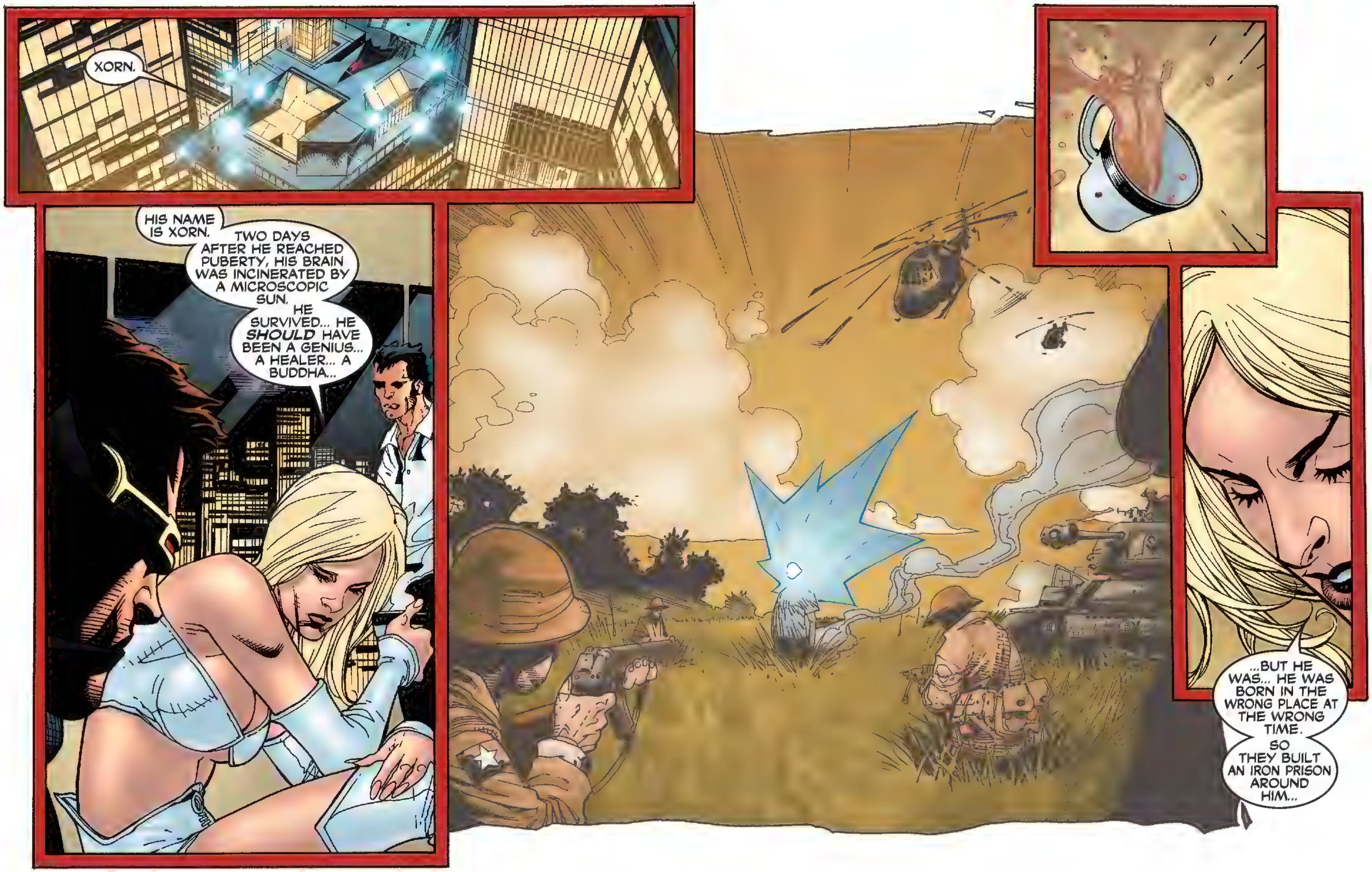

IT *IS* YOUR LUCKY NIGHT, DARLIN'.

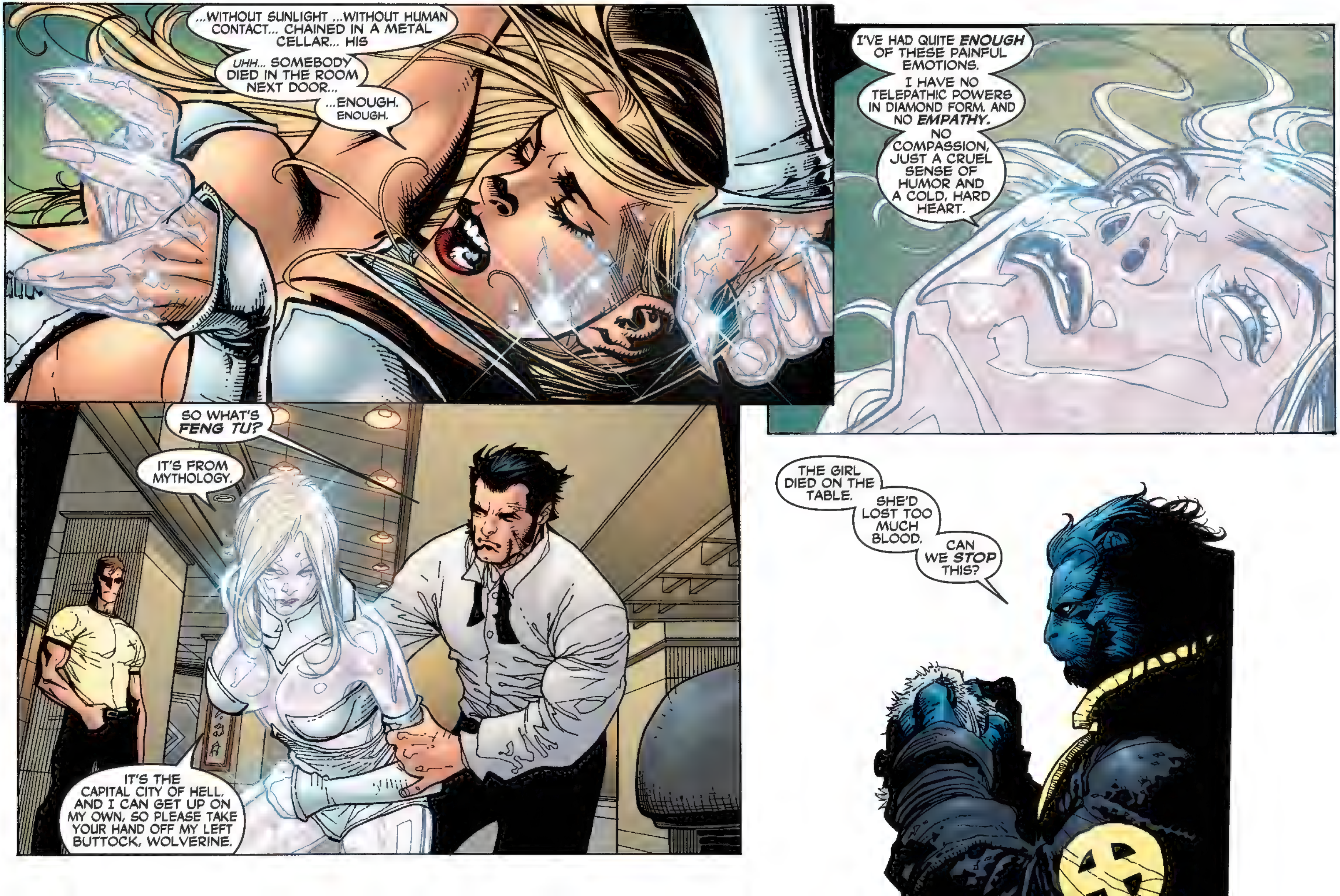

IT'S OKAY. I'M SORRY I DON'T SPEAK CHINESE, BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW.
SCOTT, I'M BRINGING HER OUT. SHE'S LOSING BLOOD AND SHE NEEDS TO GET ON AN OPERATING TABLE FAST--
RAUURR!
RELOAD WITH POISON TIPS.
FINISH HIM.
HARVEST WHAT WE NEED FOR THE ORGAN STORES, AND WE'RE OUT.

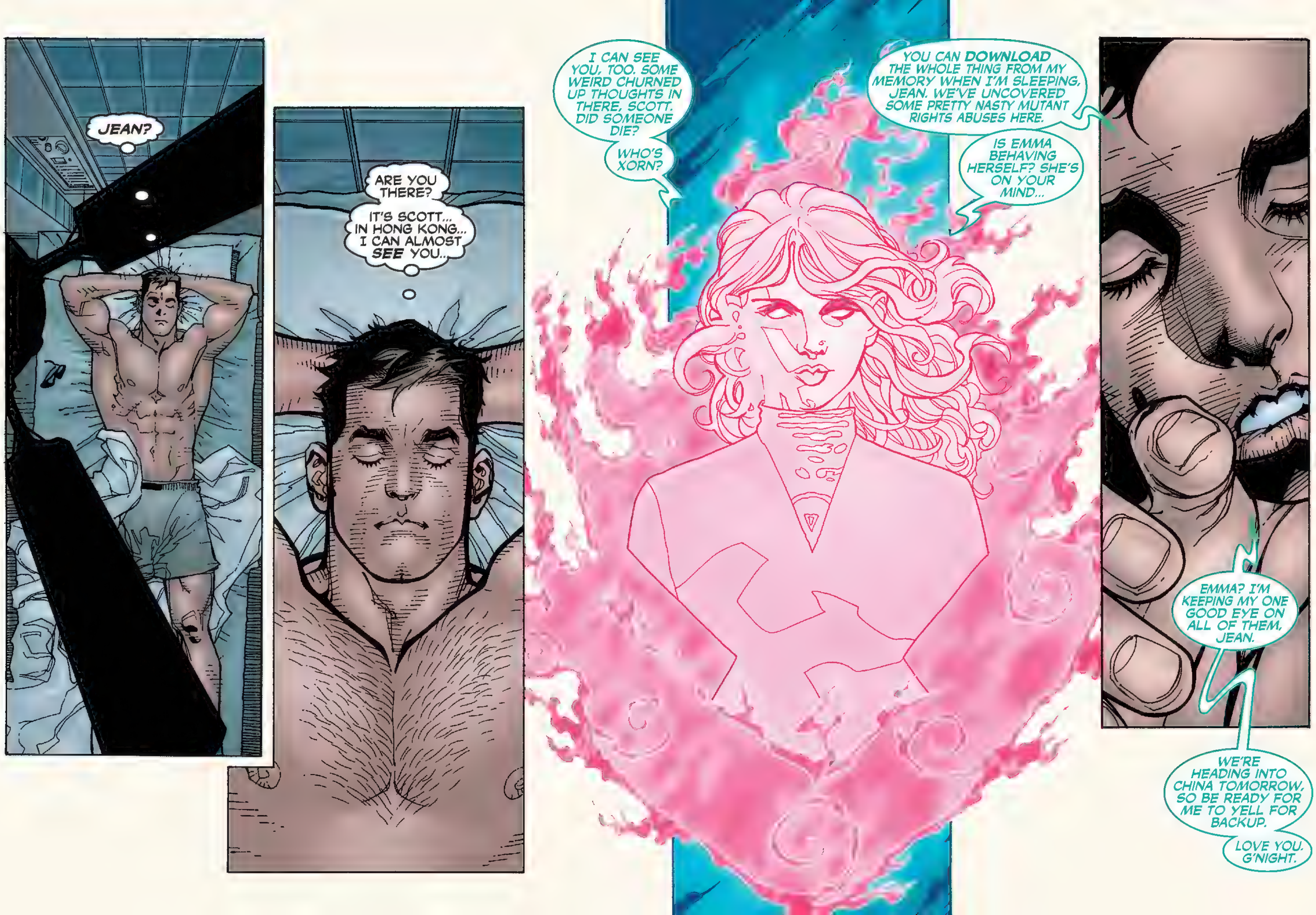

AUU...I'M BREATHING AIR...
I'M BREATHING AIR... THE TAINTED AIR OF THE FALLEN WORLD...
YES YOU ARE, AREN'T YOU?
I WONDER IF YOUR NASTY AUNTIE EMMA CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
ORGANIC DIAMOND DRILL.
FRAIL HUMAN SKULL.
TALK, OR I'LL LET AIR ALL THE WAY INTO YOUR SPINAL CORD, DARLING.
AUUP...

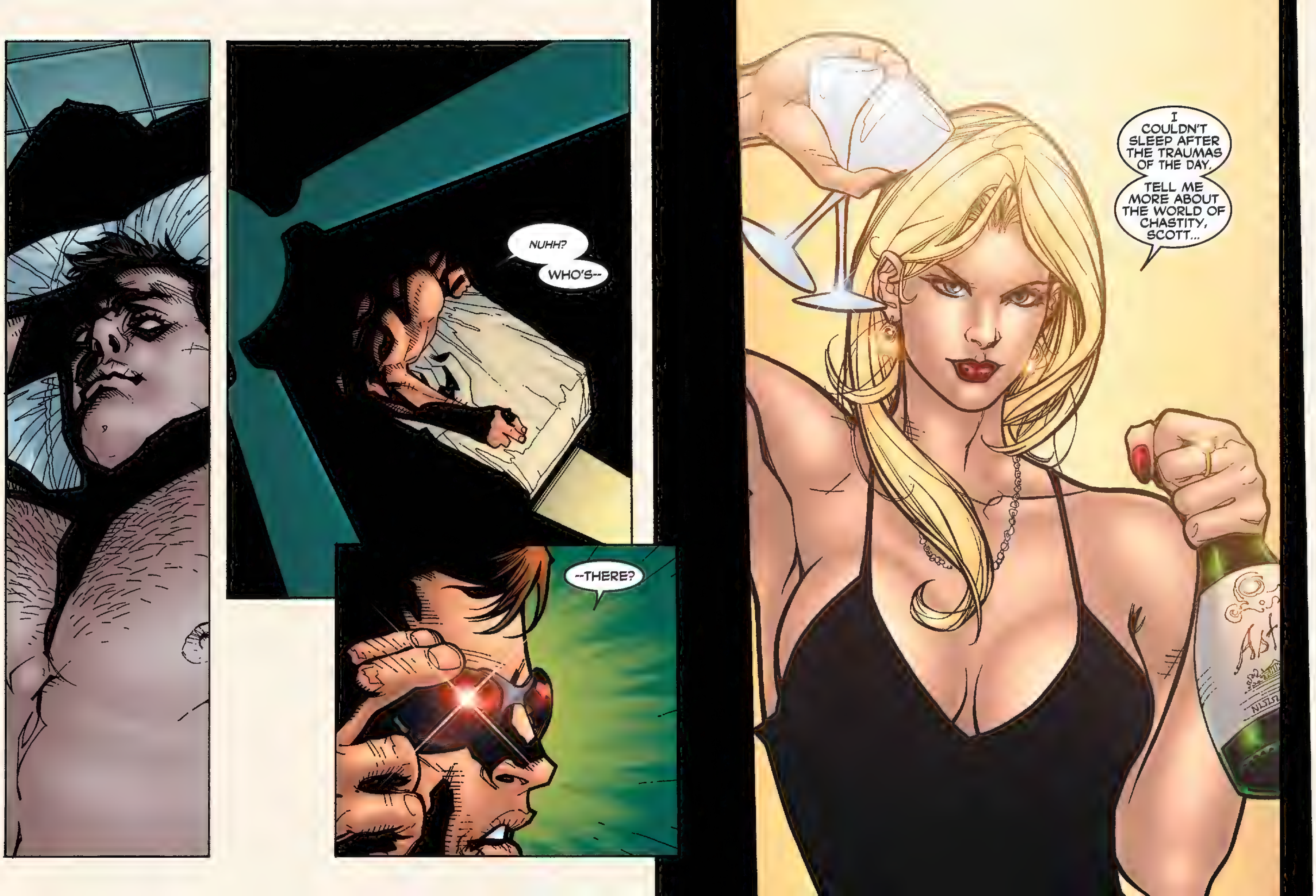

THEY'RE VIVISECTING ORGANS HERE IN HONG KONG.
JOHN SUBLIME'S PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY IS A **FRONT** FOR AN ILLEGAL OPERATION TO TURN HUMANS INTO MUTANTS.
THE WORLD GETS LOVELIER EVERY DAY.
WE CAN'T **PROVE** THAT SUBLIME'S INVOLVED, I REALIZE THAT.
BUT WE CAN KILL HIM.
LET'S EXAMINE SOME **OTHER** OPTIONS , FIRST, EMMA.
WE KNOW THIS GUY PAID FOR A THOUSAND ACRES OF NINGXIA HUI PROVINCE IN CHINA.
AND THESE **KEYS** TO SOMETHING KEPT IN A COLD WAR INTERNMENT CAMP...?
IT'S NOT **ABOUT** PROOF. IT'S NOT ABOUT HUMAN LAWS AT ALL.
X WEAR
THE MOST IMPORTANT THING WAS TO GET HOLD OF SOMETHING WE COULD **TELEPATHICALLY SCAN** FOR REAL INFORMATION.
EMMA?

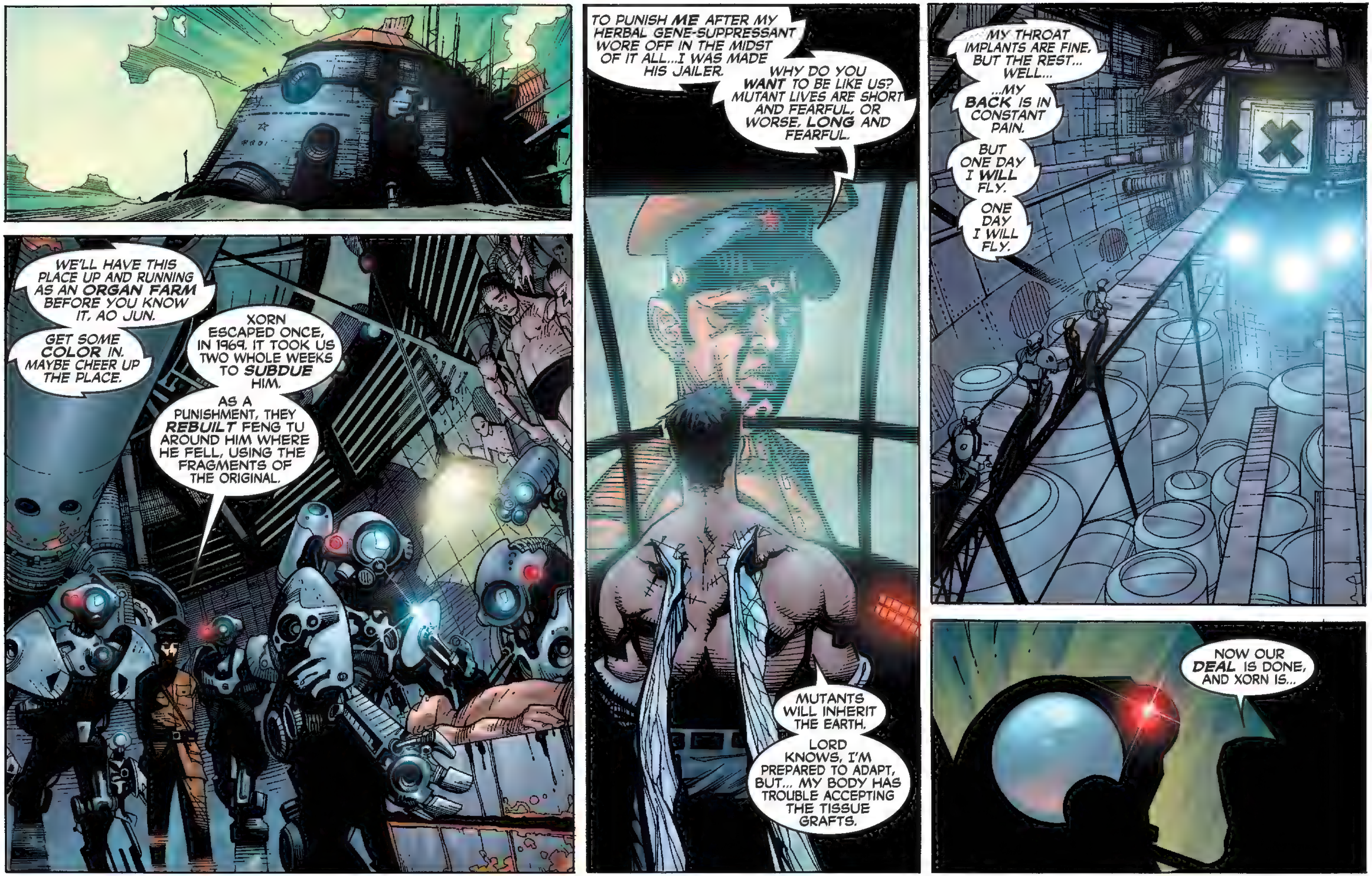

I'LL TRY, BUT I HOPE YOU ALL REALIZE THIS COULD TAKE HOUR UPON TEDIOUS HOUR TO ESTABLISH A CONNECTION WITH...
...OH.

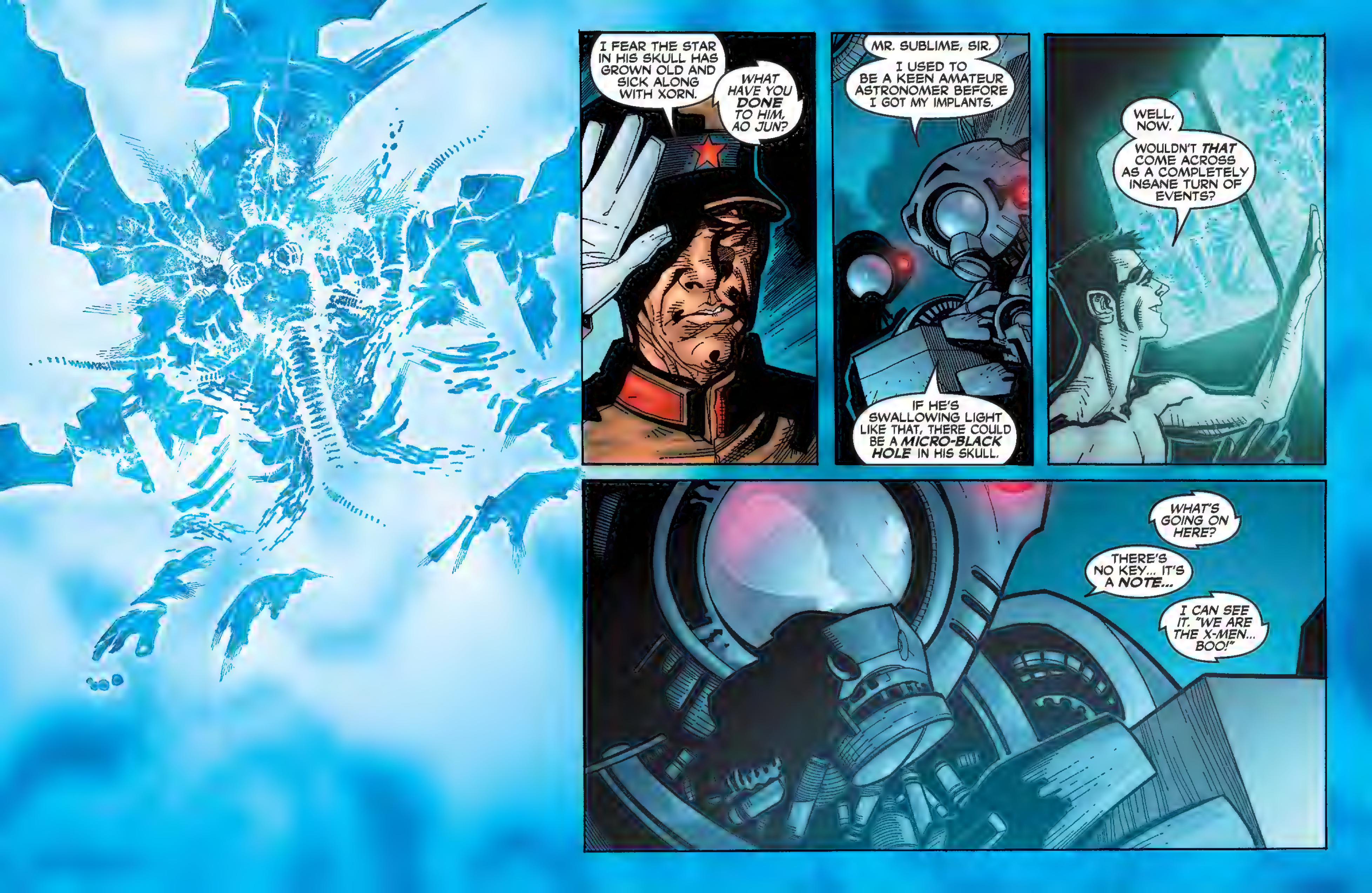

XORN.
HIS NAME IS XORN.
TWO DAYS AFTER HE REACHED PUBERTY, HIS BRAIN WAS INCINERATED BY A MICROSCOPIC SUN.
HE SURVIVED... HE *SHOULD* HAVE BEEN A GENIUS... A HEALER... A BUDDHA...
...BUT HE WAS... HE WAS BORN IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.
SO THEY BUILT AN IRON PRISON AROUND HIM...

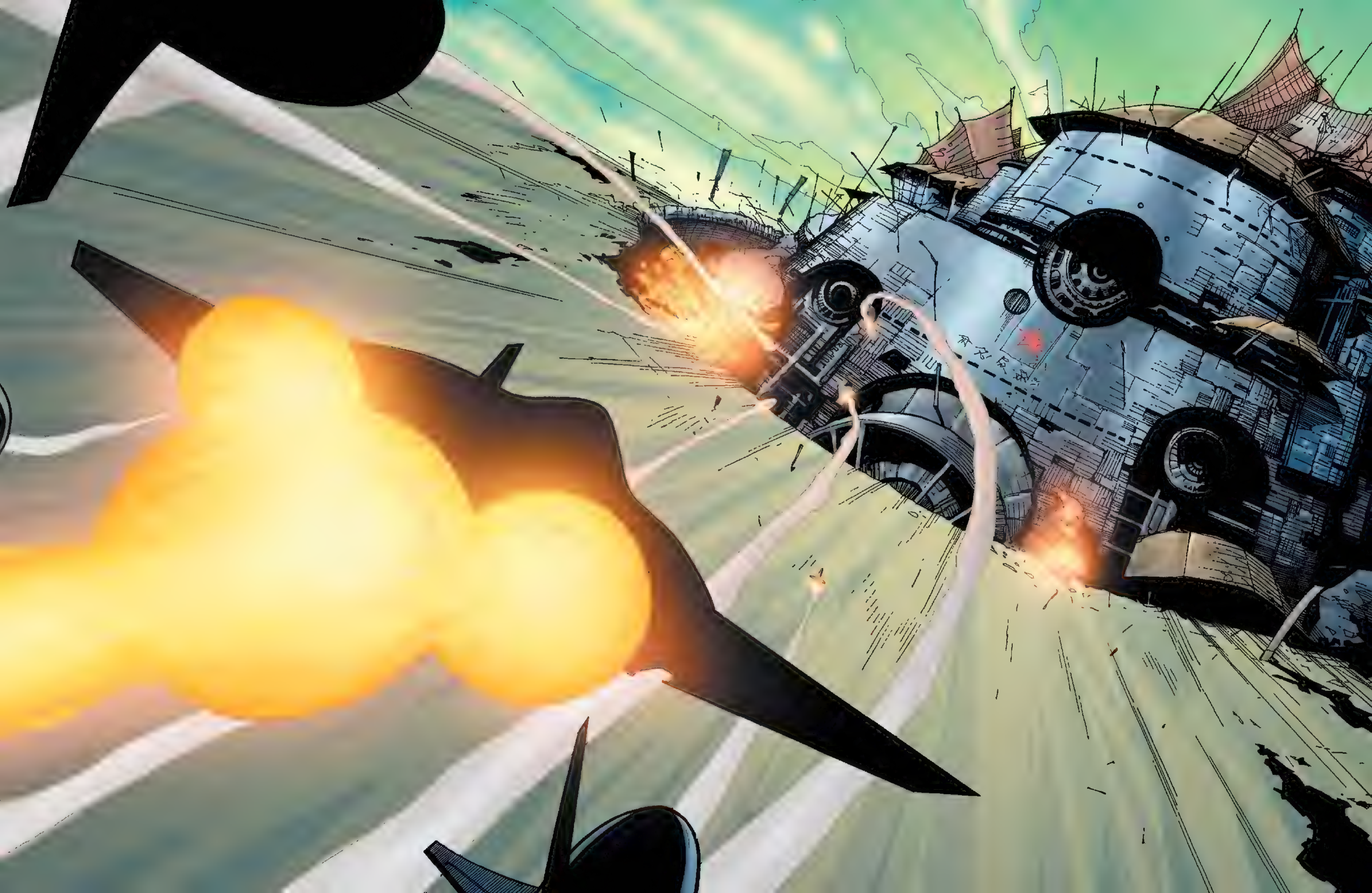

...WITHOUT SUNLIGHT ...WITHOUT HUMAN CONTACT... CHAINED IN A METAL CELLAR... HIS
UHH... SOMEBODY DIED IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR...
...ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF THESE PAINFUL EMOTIONS.
I HAVE NO TELEPATHIC POWERS IN DIAMOND FORM, AND NO EMPATHY.
NO COMPASSION, JUST A CRUEL SENSE OF HUMOR AND A COLD, HARD HEART.
SO WHAT'S FENG TU?
IT'S FROM MYTHOLOGY.
IT'S THE CAPITAL CITY OF HELL. AND I CAN GET UP ON MY OWN, SO PLEASE TAKE YOUR HAND OFF MY LEFT BUTTOCK, WOLVERINE.
THE GIRL DIED ON THE TABLE.
SHE'D LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD.
CAN WE STOP THIS?

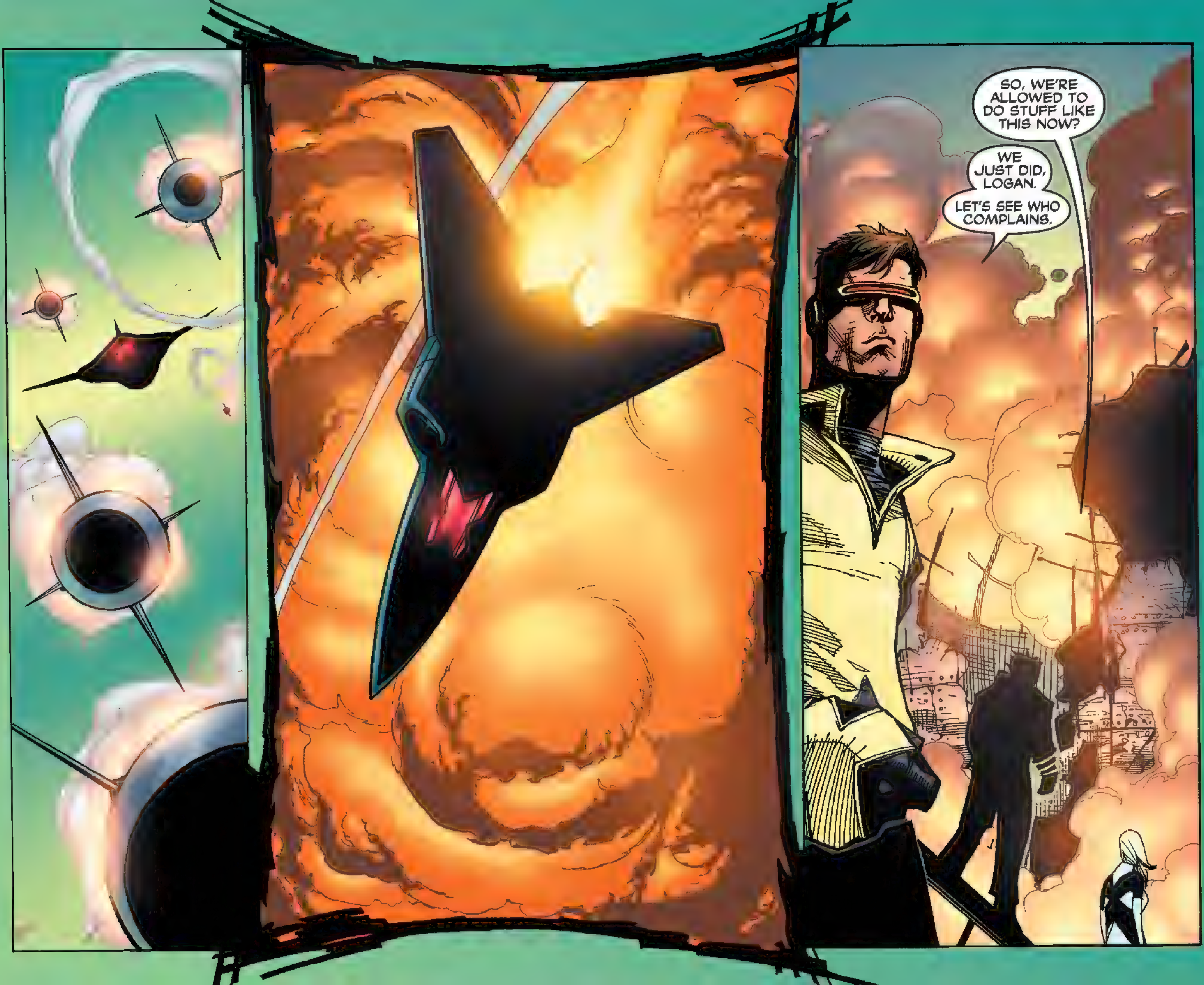

JEAN?
ARE YOU THERE?
IT'S SCOTT... IN HONG KONG... I CAN ALMOST SEE YOU...
I CAN SEE YOU, TOO. SOME WEIRD CHURNED UP THOUGHTS IN THERE, SCOTT. DID SOMEONE DIE?
WHO'S XORN?
YOU CAN DOWNLOAD THE WHOLE THING FROM MY MEMORY WHEN I'M SLEEPING, JEAN. WE'VE UNCOVERED SOME PRETTY NASTY MUTANT RIGHTS ABUSES HERE.
IS EMMA BEHAVING HERSELF? SHE'S ON YOUR MIND...
EMMA? I'M KEEPING MY ONE GOOD EYE ON ALL OF THEM, JEAN.
WE'RE HEADING INTO CHINA TOMORROW, SO BE READY FOR ME TO YELL FOR BACKUP.
LOVE YOU. G'NIGHT.

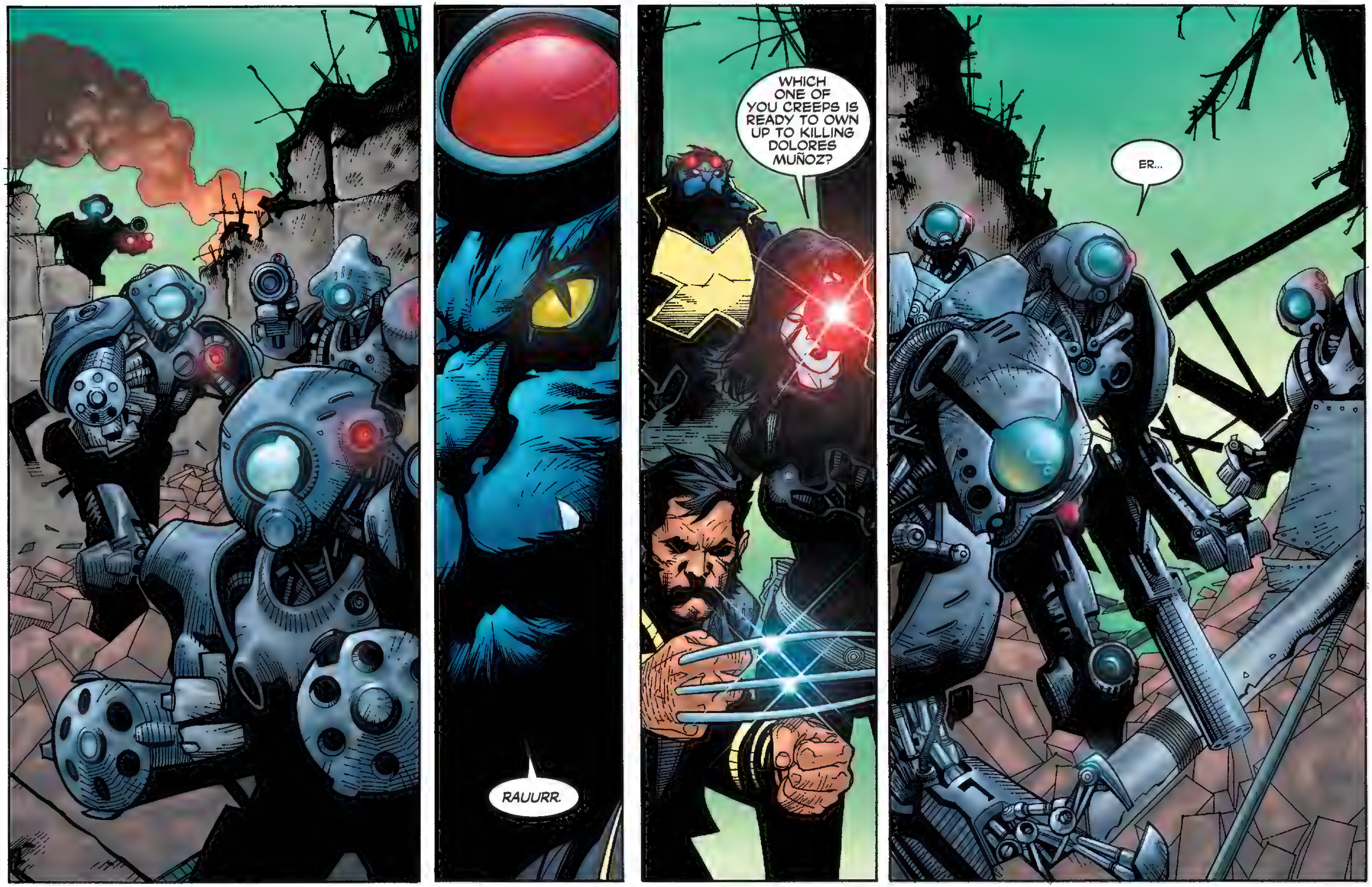

NUHH?
WHO'S--
--THERE?
I COULDN'T SLEEP AFTER THE TRAUMAS OF THE DAY.
TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE WORLD OF CHASTITY, SCOTT...

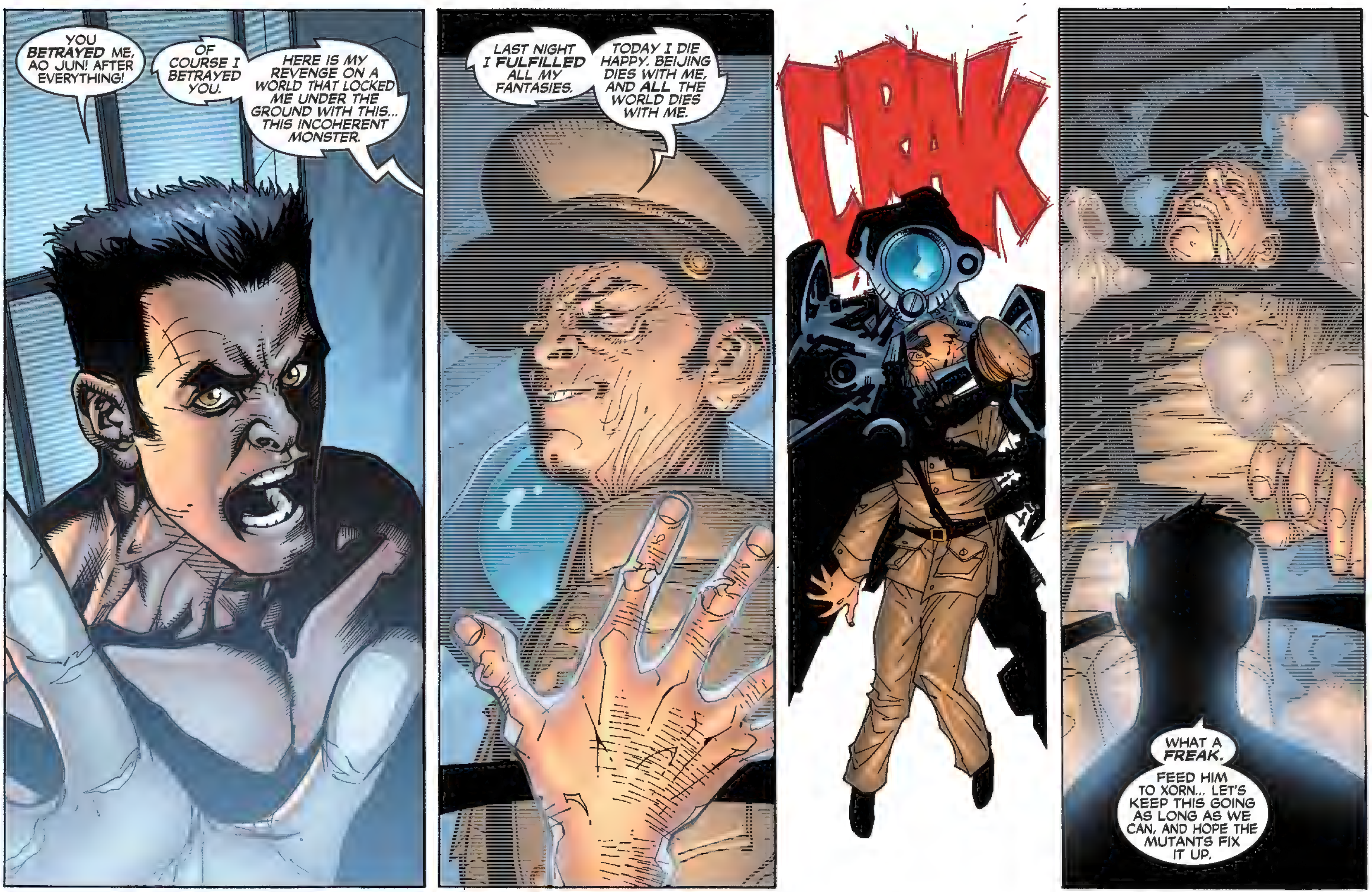

WE'LL HAVE THIS PLACE UP AND RUNNING AS AN **ORGAN FARM** BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, AO JUN.
GET SOME **COLOR** IN. MAYBE CHEER UP THE PLACE.
XORN ESCAPED ONCE, IN 1969. IT TOOK US TWO WHOLE WEEKS TO **SUBDUE** HIM.
AS A PUNISHMENT, THEY **REBUILT** FENG TU AROUND HIM WHERE HE FELL, USING THE FRAGMENTS OF THE ORIGINAL.
TO PUNISH **ME** AFTER MY HERBAL GENE-SUPPRESSANT WORE OFF IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL...I WAS MADE HIS JAILER.
WHY DO YOU **WANT** TO BE LIKE US? MUTANT LIVES ARE SHORT AND FEARFUL, OR WORSE, **LONG** AND FEARFUL.
MUTANTS WILL INHERIT THE EARTH.
LORD KNOWS, I'M PREPARED TO ADAPT, BUT... MY BODY HAS TROUBLE ACCEPTING THE TISSUE GRAFTS.
MY THROAT IMPLANTS ARE FINE, BUT THE REST... WELL...
...MY **BACK** IS IN CONSTANT PAIN.
BUT ONE DAY I **WILL** FLY.
ONE DAY I WILL FLY.
NOW OUR **DEAL** IS DONE, AND XORN IS...

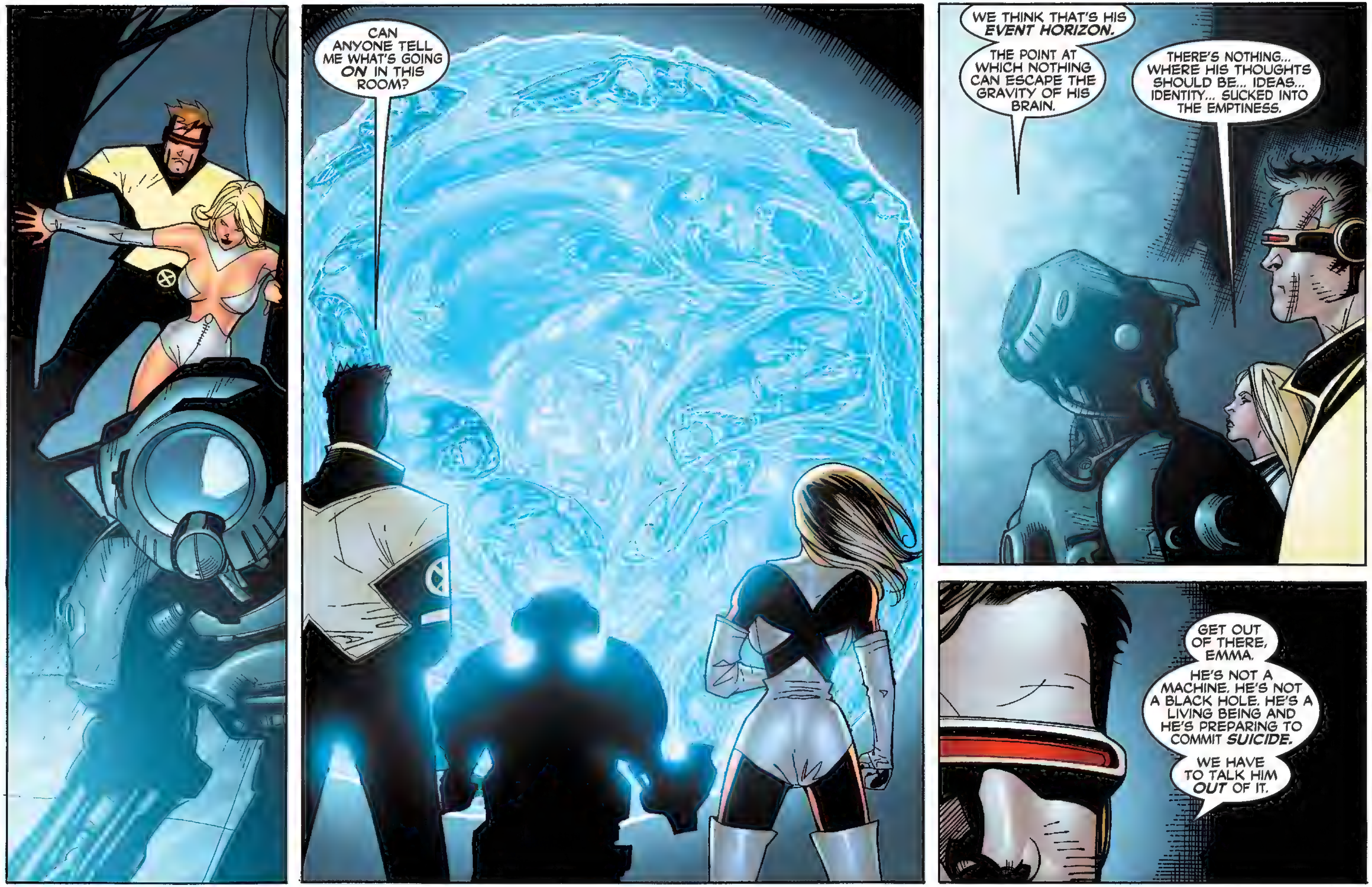

I FEAR THE STAR IN HIS SKULL HAS GROWN OLD AND SICK ALONG WITH XORN.
*WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO HIM, AO JUN?*
MR. SUBLIME, SIR.
I USED TO BE A KEEN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER BEFORE I GOT MY IMPLANTS.
IF HE'S SWALLOWING LIGHT LIKE THAT, THERE COULD BE A ***MICRO-BLACK HOLE*** IN HIS SKULL.
WELL, NOW.
WOULDN'T ***THAT*** COME ACROSS AS A COMPLETELY INSANE TURN OF EVENTS?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THERE'S NO KEY... IT'S A ***NOTE...***
I CAN SEE IT. "WE ARE THE X-MEN... BOO!"

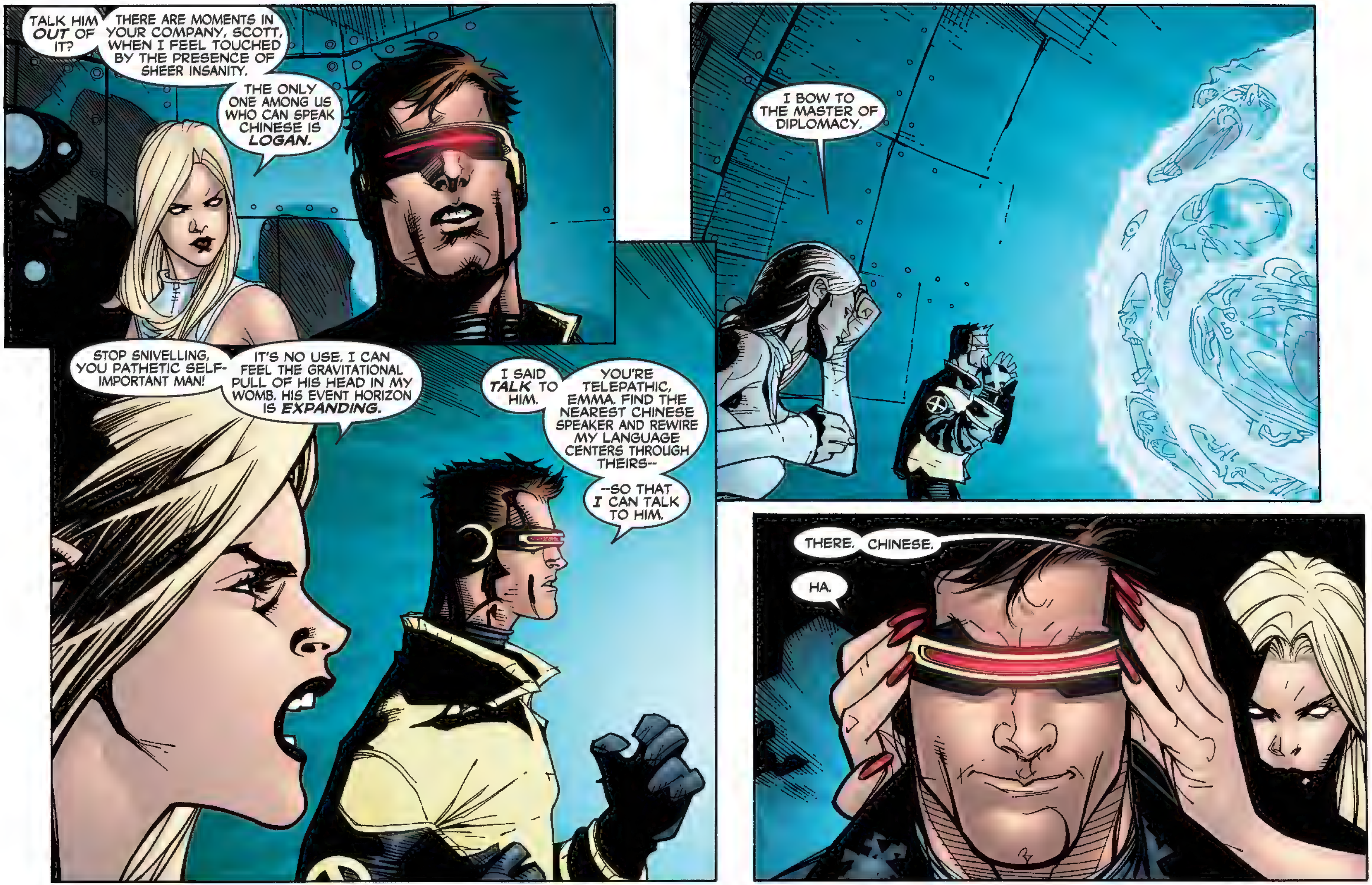


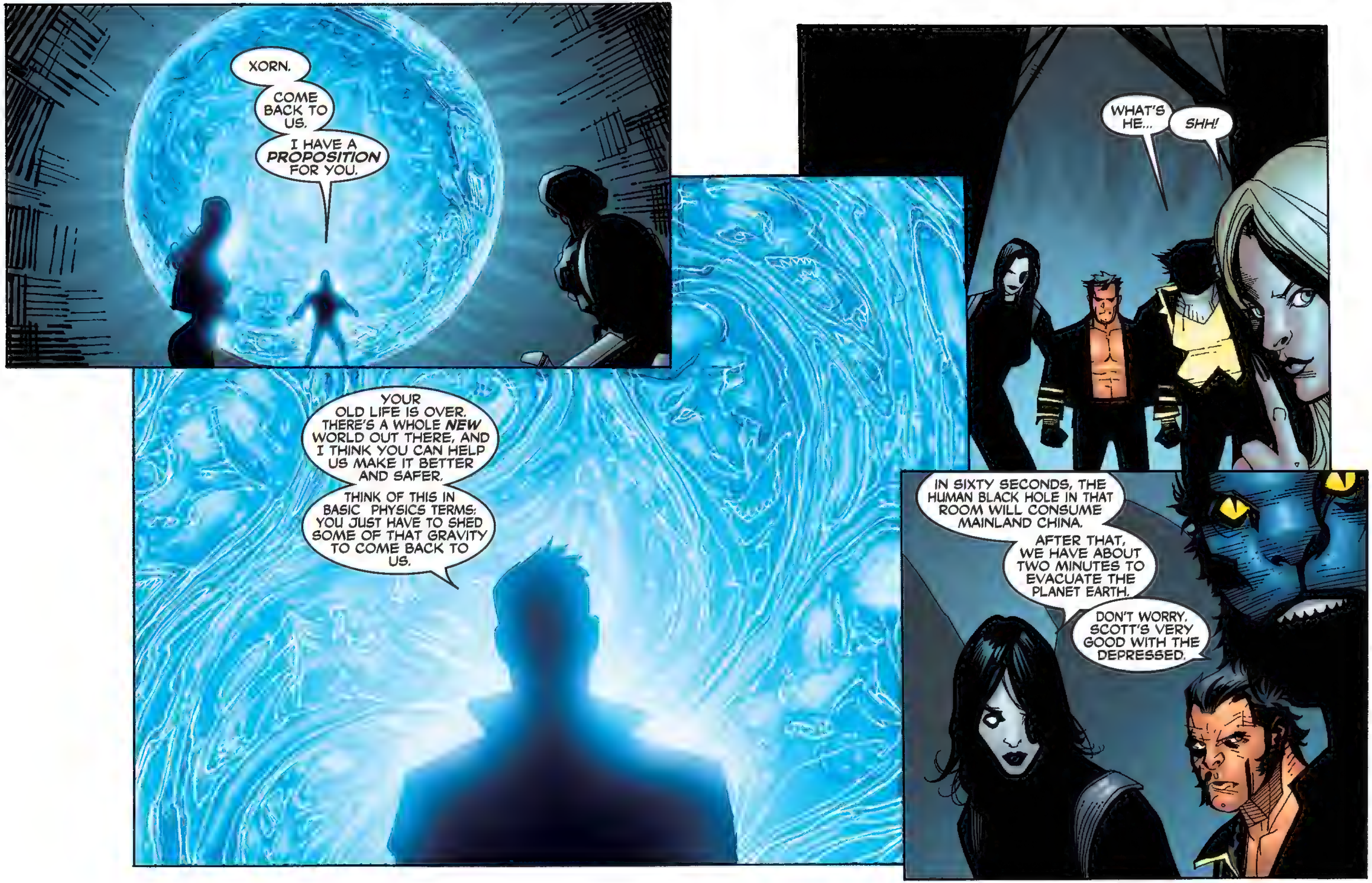

SO, WE'RE ALLOWED TO DO STUFF LIKE THIS NOW?
WE JUST DID, LOGAN.
LET'S SEE WHO COMPLAINS.

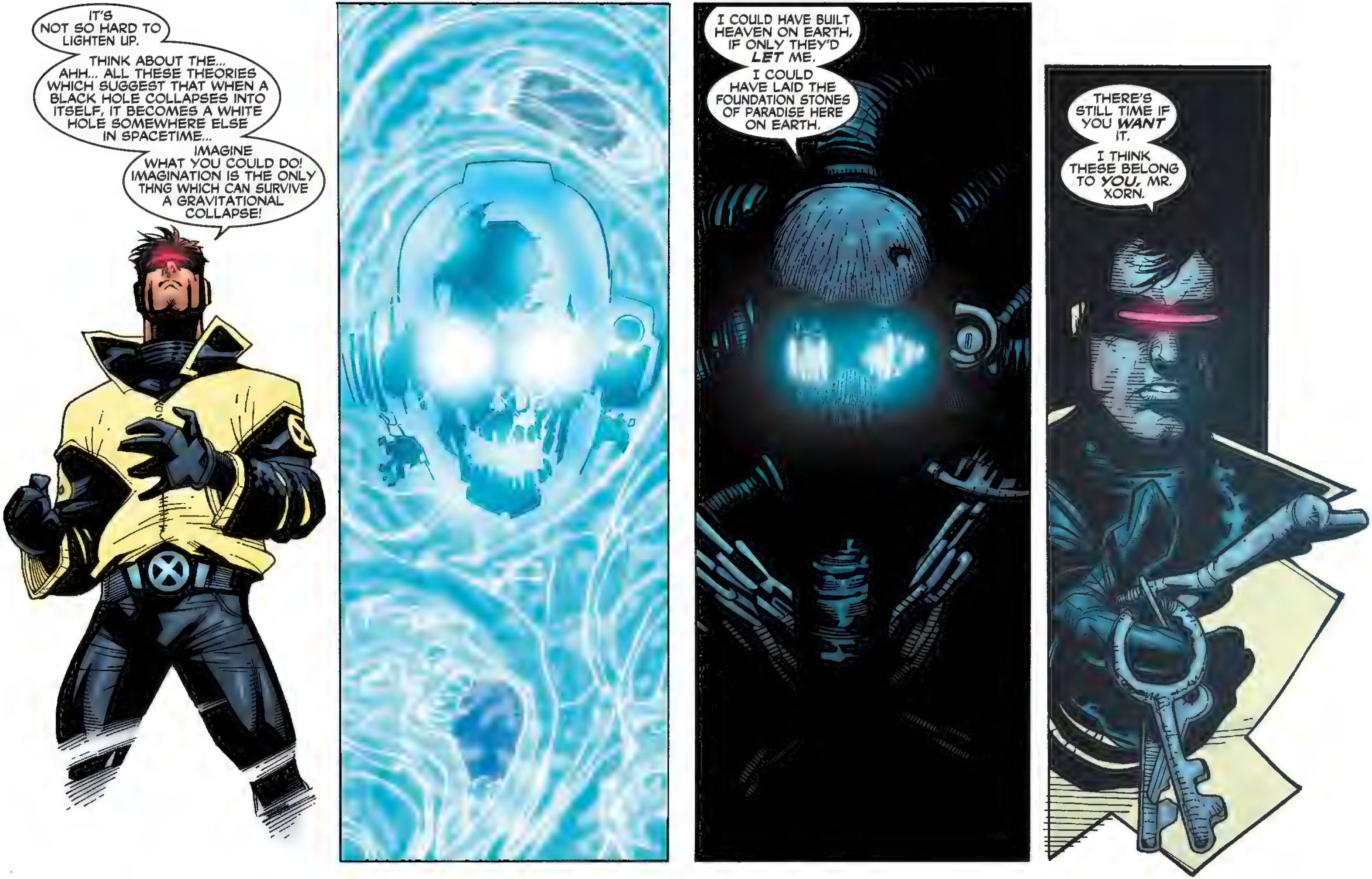

RAUURR.
WHICH ONE OF YOU CREEPS IS READY TO OWN UP TO KILLING DOLORES MUÑOZ?
ER...

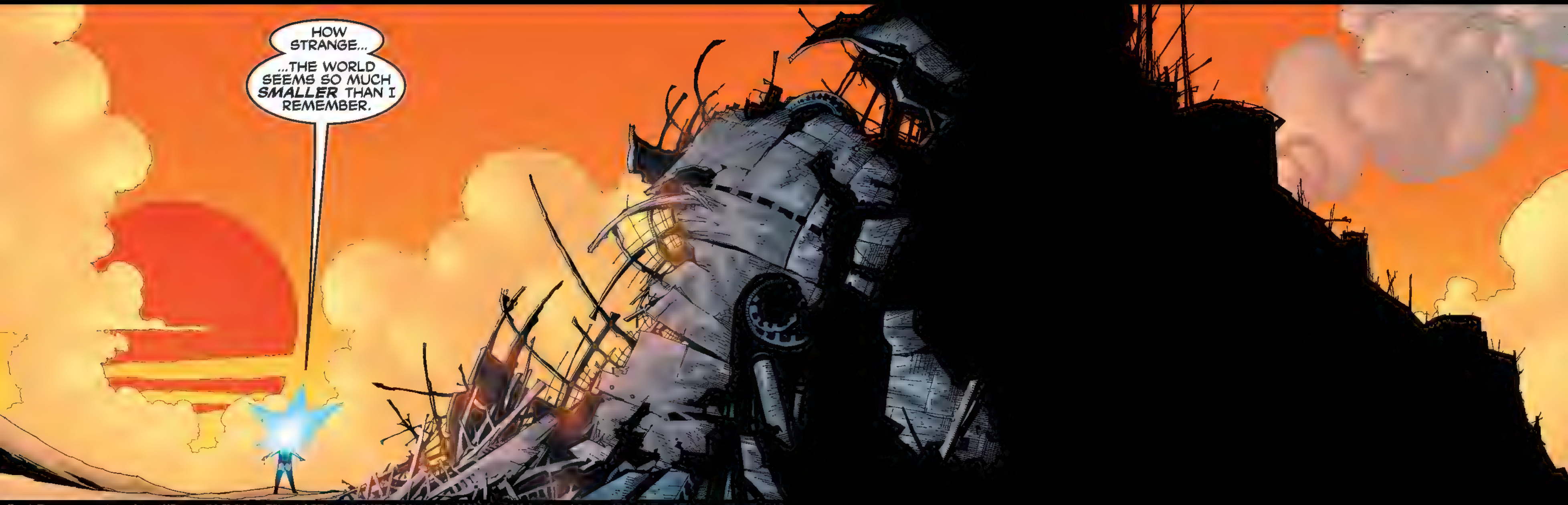

YOU **BETRAYED** ME, AO JUN! AFTER EVERYTHING!
OF COURSE I BETRAYED YOU.
HERE IS MY REVENGE ON A WORLD THAT LOCKED ME UNDER THE GROUND WITH THIS... THIS INCOHERENT MONSTER.
LAST NIGHT I **FULFILLED** ALL MY FANTASIES.
TODAY I DIE HAPPY. BEIJING DIES WITH ME, AND **ALL** THE WORLD DIES WITH ME.
CRAK
WHAT A **FREAK.**
FEED HIM TO XORN... LET'S KEEP THIS GOING AS LONG AS WE CAN, AND HOPE THE MUTANTS FIX IT UP.

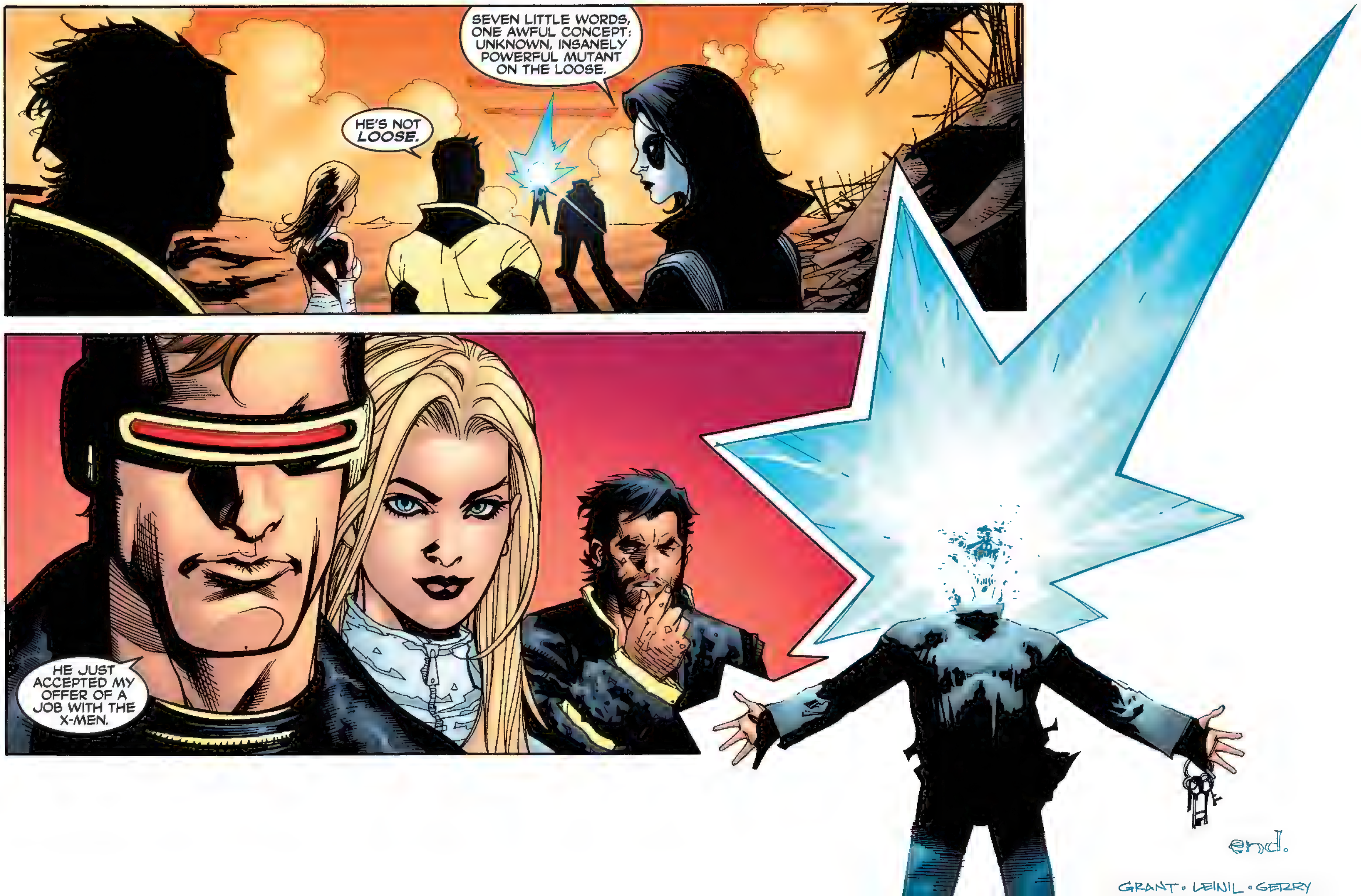

CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING *ON* IN THIS ROOM?
WE THINK THAT'S HIS *EVENT HORIZON.*
THE POINT AT WHICH NOTHING CAN ESCAPE THE GRAVITY OF HIS BRAIN.
THERE'S NOTHING... WHERE HIS THOUGHTS SHOULD BE... IDEAS... IDENTITY... SUCKED INTO THE EMPTINESS.
GET OUT OF THERE, EMMA.
HE'S NOT A MACHINE. HE'S NOT A BLACK HOLE. HE'S A LIVING BEING AND HE'S PREPARING TO COMMIT *SUICIDE.*
WE HAVE TO TALK HIM *OUT* OF IT.

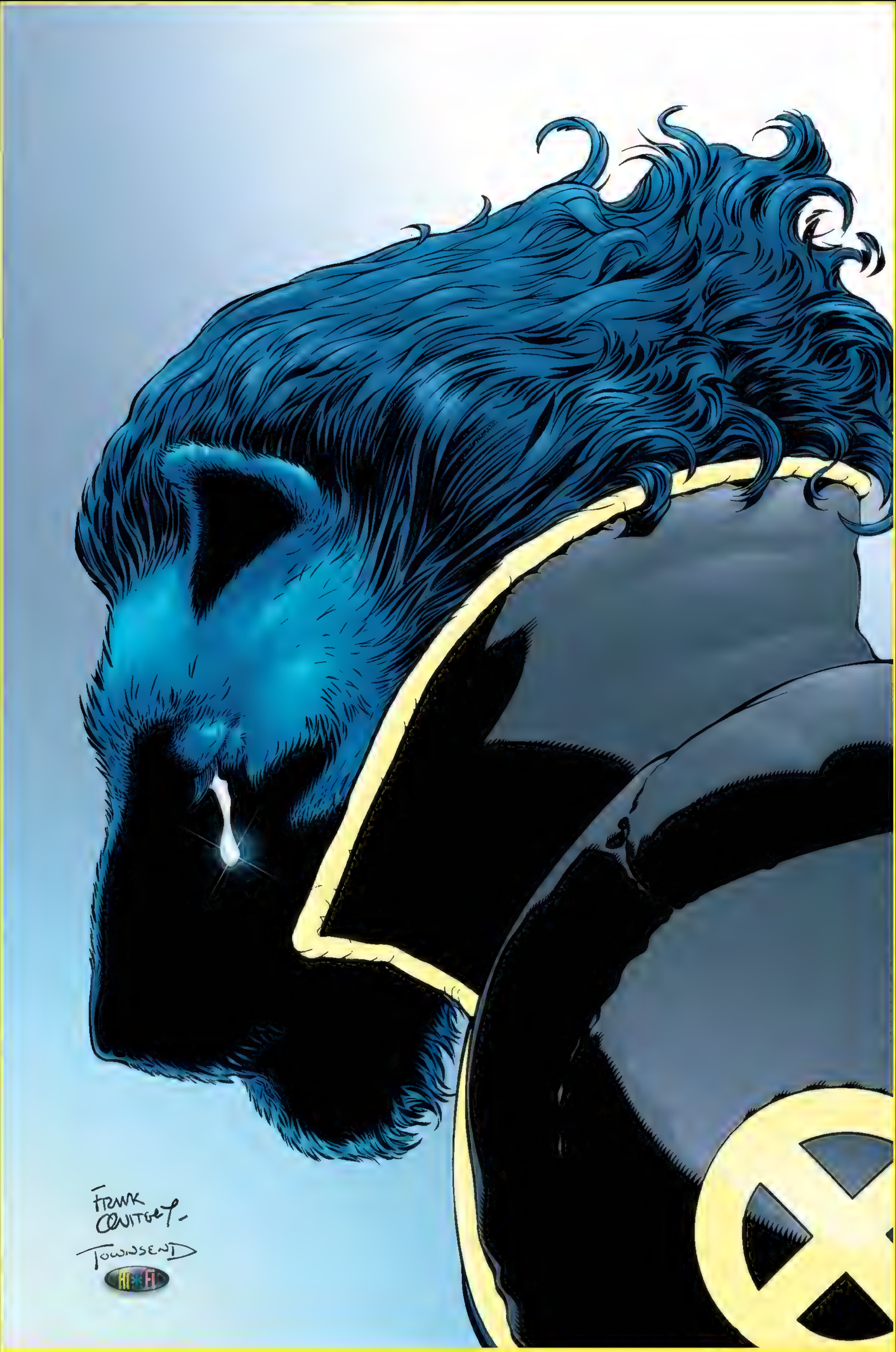

TALK HIM *OUT* OF IT?
THERE ARE MOMENTS IN YOUR COMPANY, SCOTT, WHEN I FEEL TOUCHED BY THE PRESENCE OF SHEER INSANITY.
THE ONLY ONE AMONG US WHO CAN SPEAK CHINESE IS *LOGAN.*
STOP SNIVELLING, YOU PATHETIC SELF-IMPORTANT MAN!
IT'S NO USE. I CAN FEEL THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF HIS HEAD IN MY WOMB. HIS EVENT HORIZON IS *EXPANDING.*
I SAID *TALK* TO HIM.
YOU'RE TELEPATHIC, EMMA. FIND THE NEAREST CHINESE SPEAKER AND REWIRE MY LANGUAGE CENTERS THROUGH THEIRS--
--SO THAT *I* CAN TALK TO HIM.
I BOW TO THE MASTER OF DIPLOMACY.
THERE.
CHINESE.
HA.


XORN.
COME BACK TO US.
I HAVE A **PROPOSITION** FOR YOU.
YOUR OLD LIFE IS OVER. THERE'S A WHOLE ***NEW*** WORLD OUT THERE, AND I THINK YOU CAN HELP US MAKE IT BETTER AND SAFER.
THINK OF THIS IN BASIC PHYSICS TERMS: YOU JUST HAVE TO SHED SOME OF THAT GRAVITY TO COME BACK TO US.
WHAT'S HE...
SHH!
IN SIXTY SECONDS, THE HUMAN BLACK HOLE IN THAT ROOM WILL CONSUME MAINLAND CHINA.
AFTER THAT, WE HAVE ABOUT TWO MINUTES TO EVACUATE THE PLANET EARTH.
DON'T WORRY, SCOTT'S VERY GOOD WITH THE DEPRESSED.

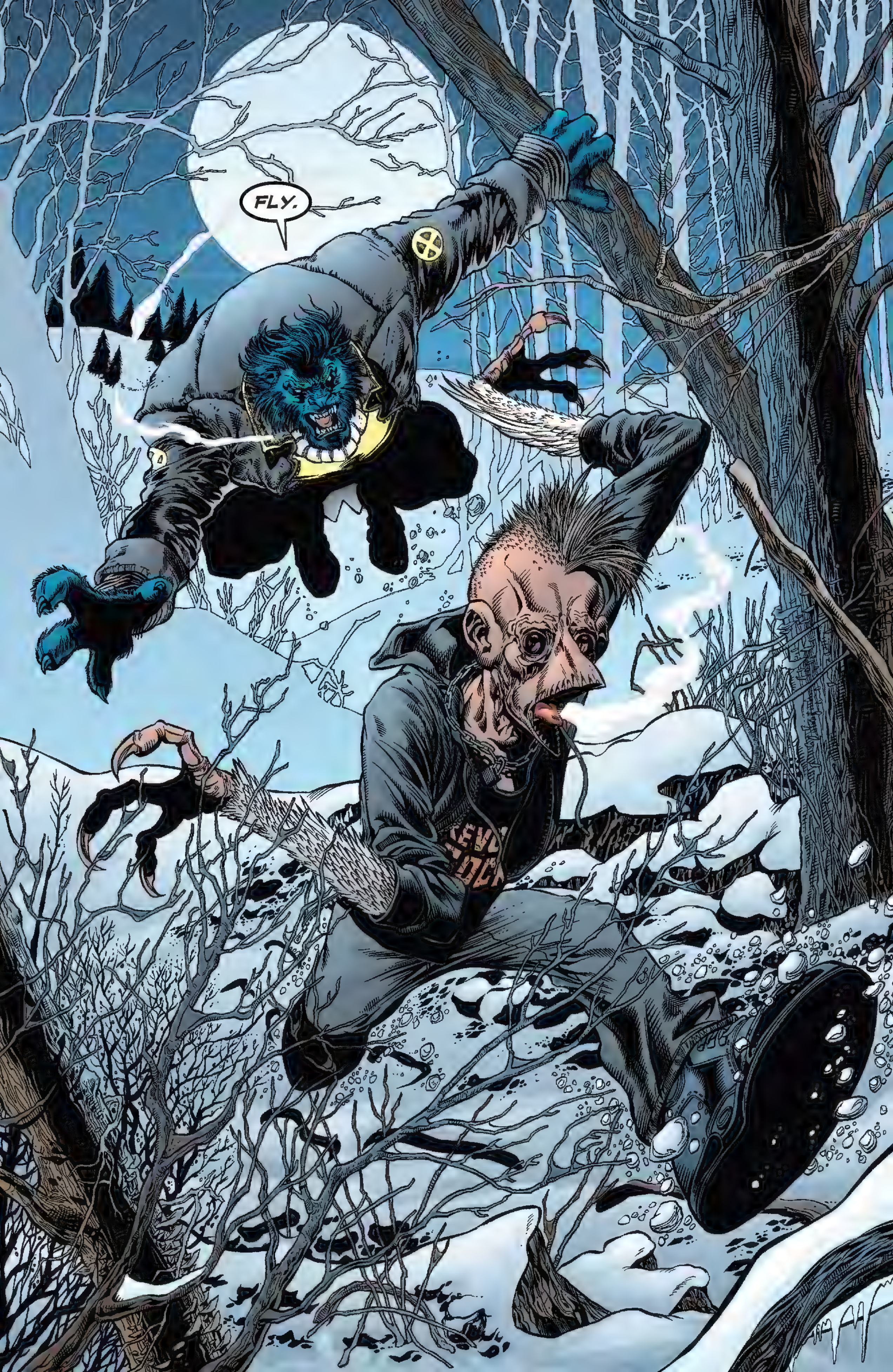

IT'S NOT SO HARD TO LIGHTEN UP.
THINK ABOUT THE... AHH... ALL THESE THEORIES WHICH SUGGEST THAT WHEN A BLACK HOLE COLLAPSES INTO ITSELF, IT BECOMES A WHITE HOLE SOMEWHERE ELSE IN SPACETIME...
IMAGINE WHAT YOU COULD DO! IMAGINATION IS THE ONLY THNG WHICH CAN SURVIVE A GRAVITATIONAL COLLAPSE!
I COULD HAVE BUILT HEAVEN ON EARTH, IF ONLY THEY'D ***LET*** ME.
I COULD HAVE LAID THE FOUNDATION STONES OF PARADISE HERE ON EARTH.
THERE'S STILL TIME IF YOU ***WANT*** IT.
I THINK THESE BELONG TO ***YOU,*** MR. XORN.

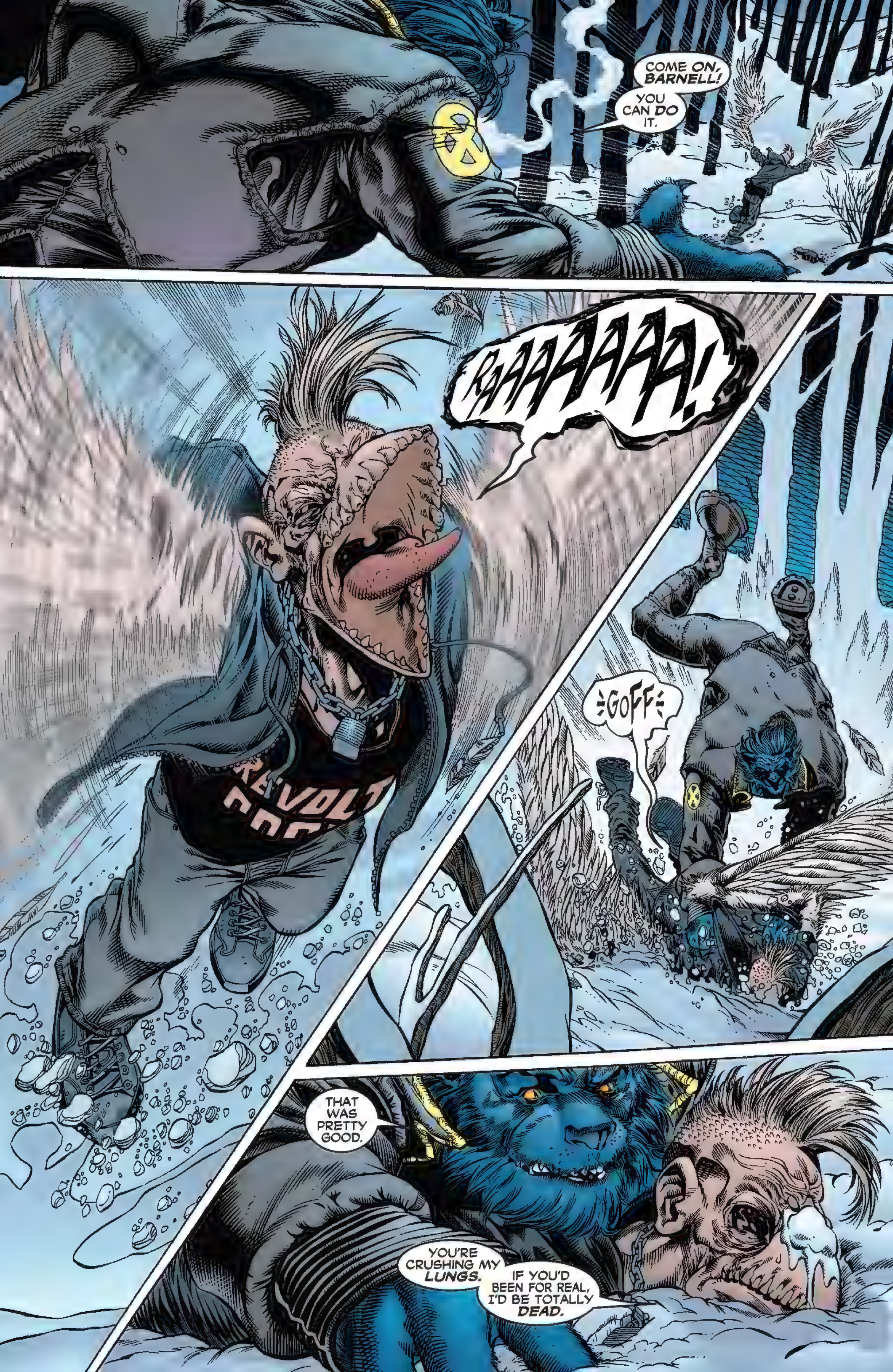

HOW STRANGE...
...THE WORLD SEEMS SO MUCH SMALLER THAN I REMEMBER.

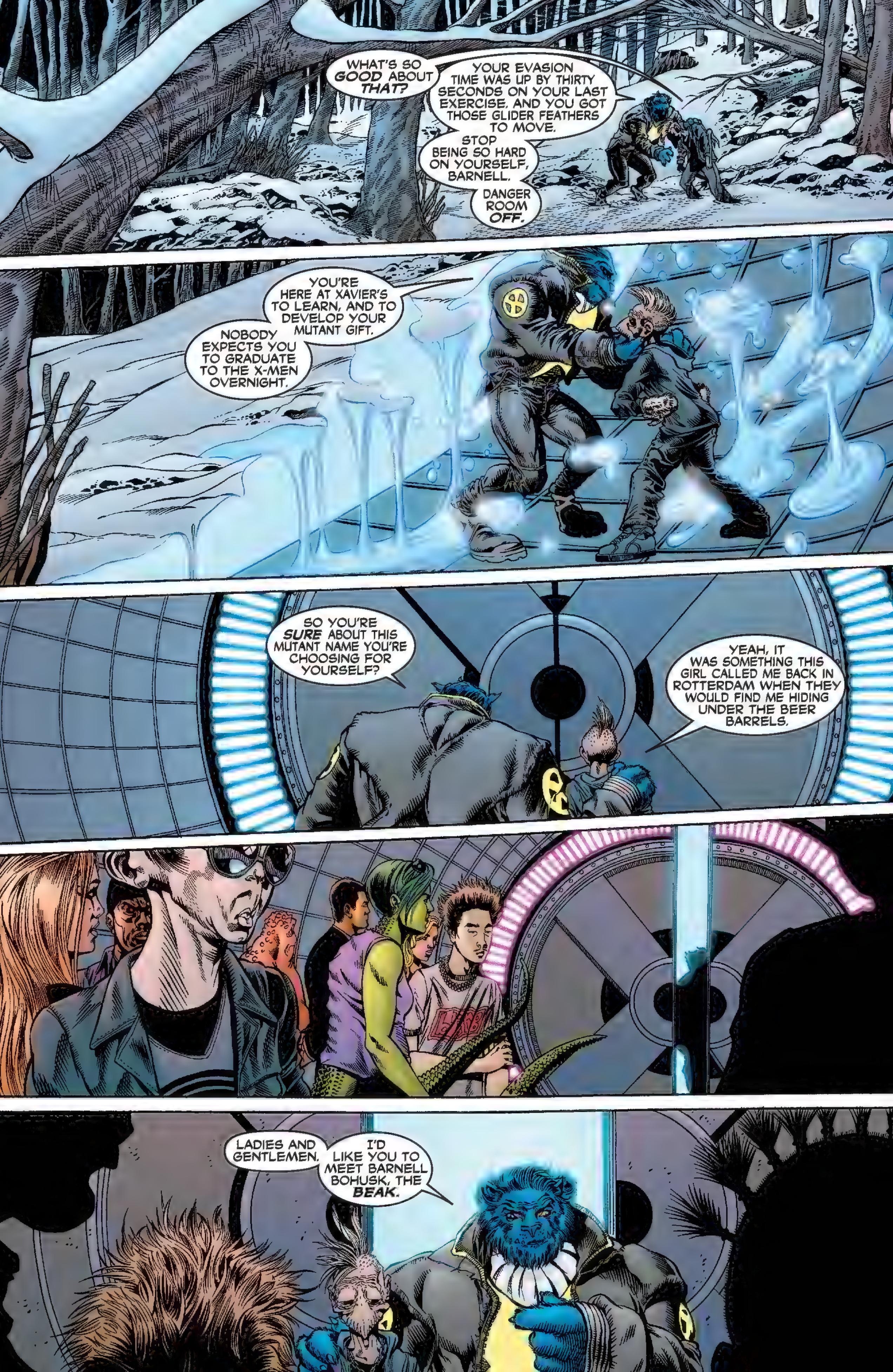

SEVEN LITTLE WORDS, ONE AWFUL CONCEPT: UNKNOWN, INSANELY POWERFUL MUTANT ON THE LOOSE.
HE'S NOT *LOOSE.*
HE JUST ACCEPTED MY OFFER OF A JOB WITH THE X-MEN.
end.
GRANT • LEINIL • GERRY

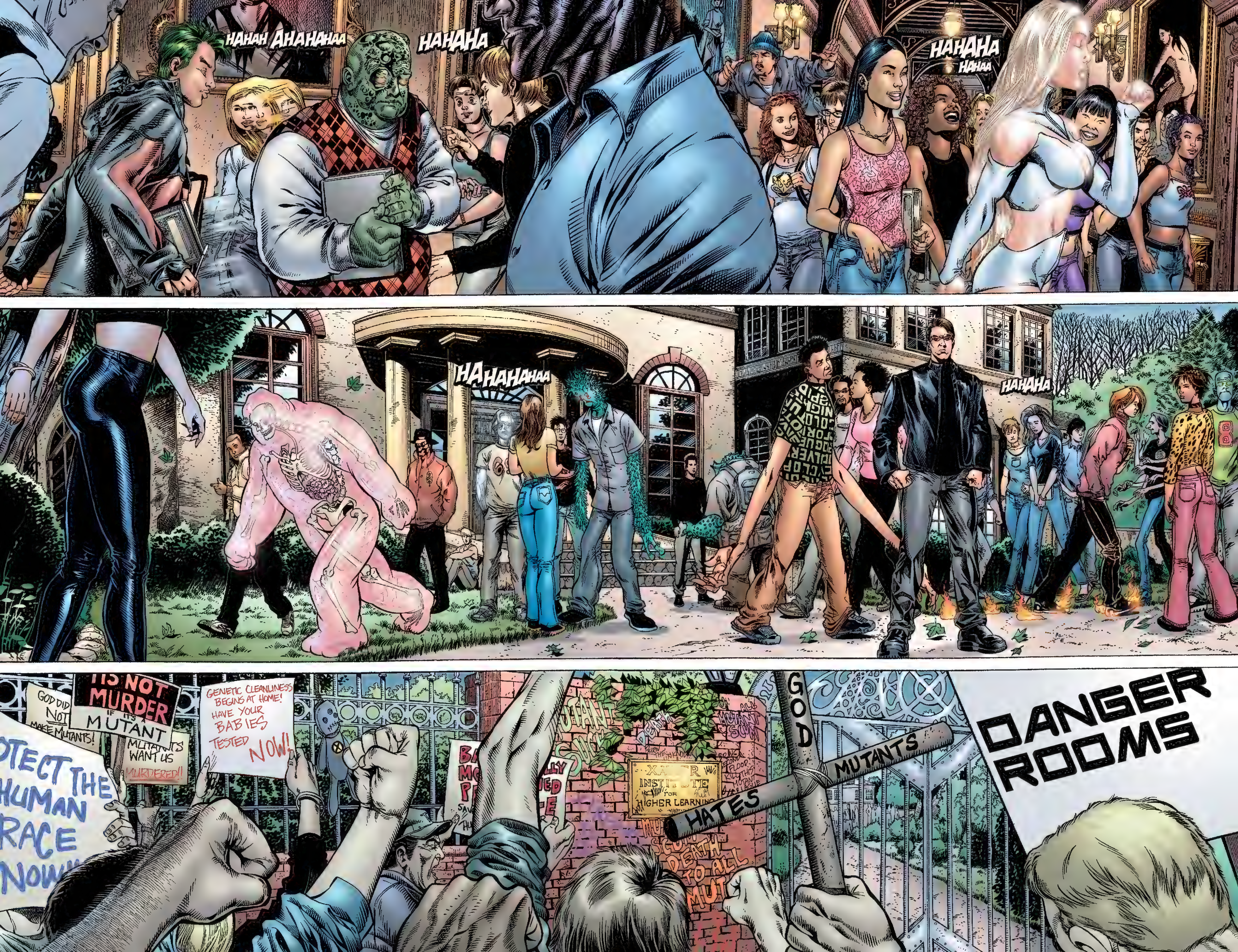

FRANK QUITELY -
TOWNSEND

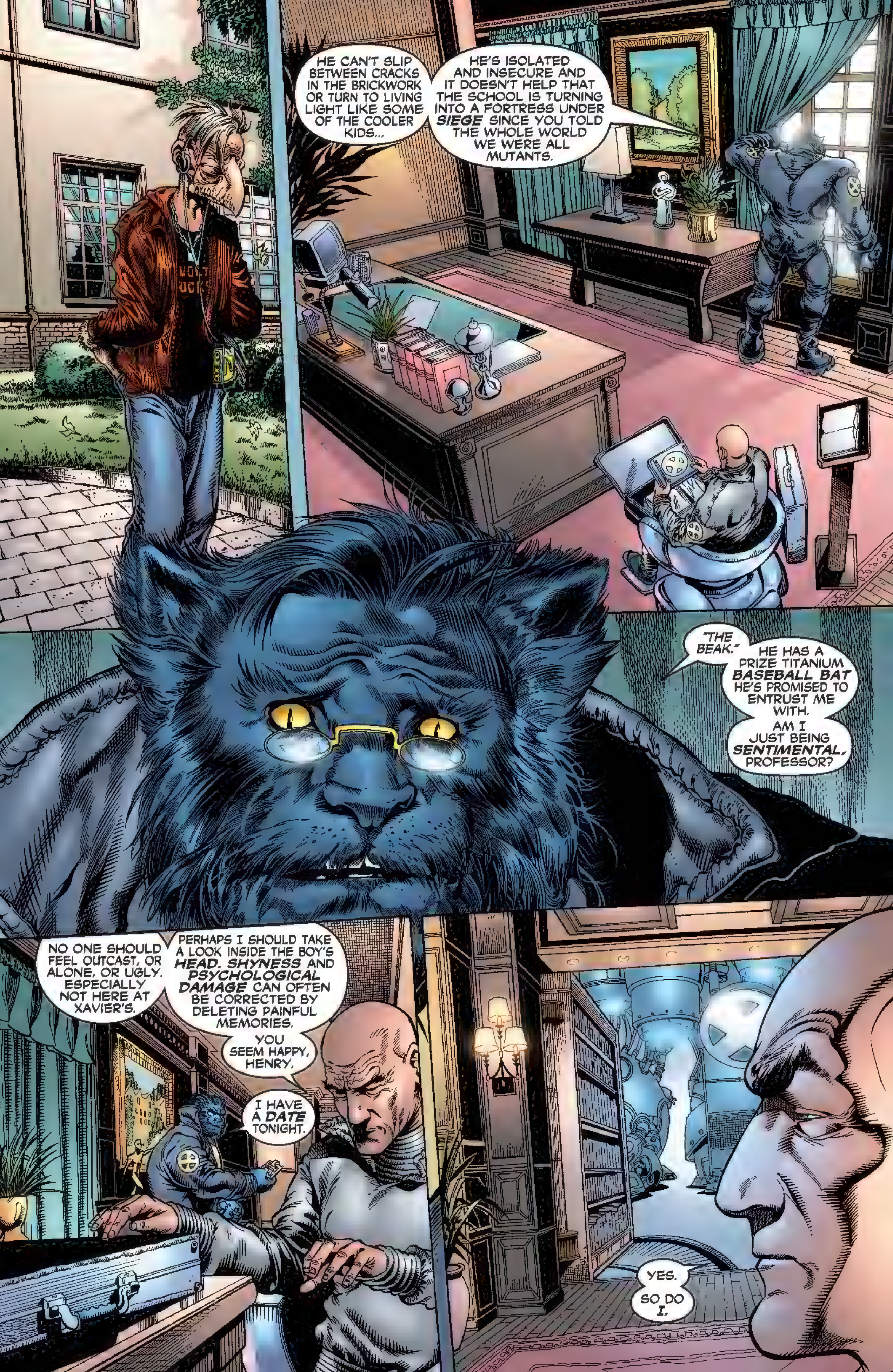
NEW X-MEN #117
"DANGER ROOMS"

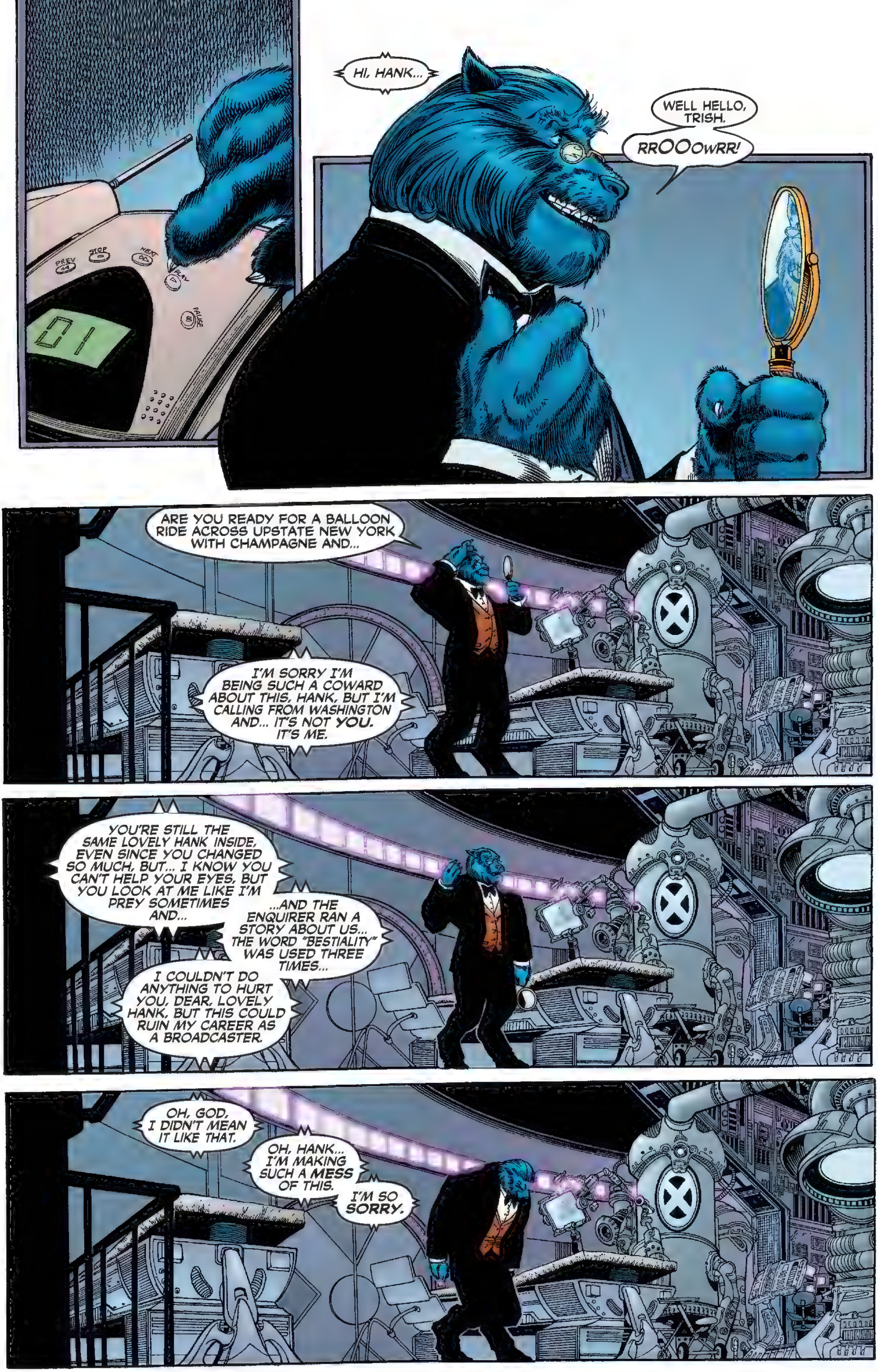

FLY.

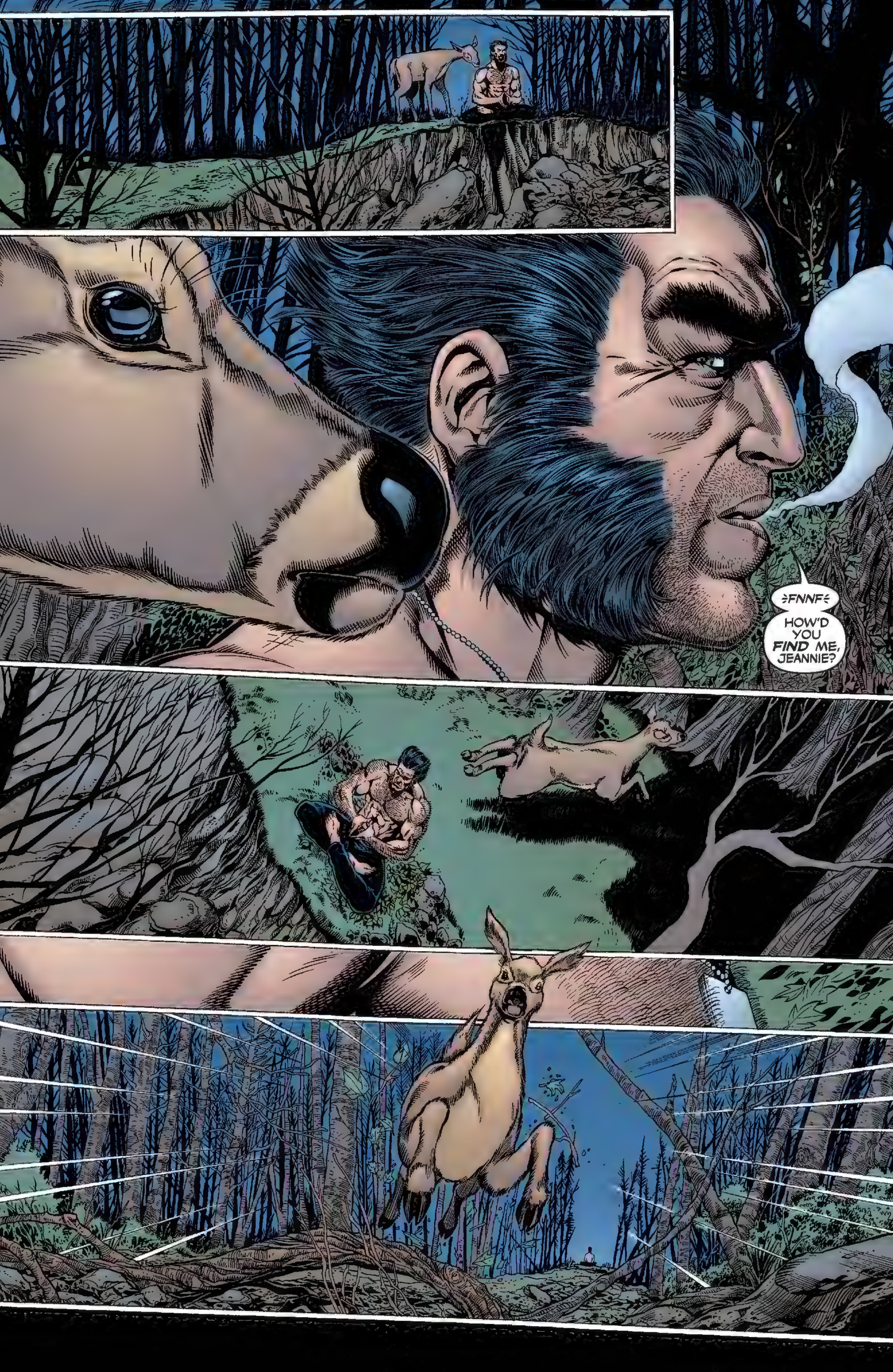

COME ON, BARNELL!
YOU CAN DO IT.
RAAAAAAA!
REVOLT
GOFF
THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD.
YOU'RE CRUSHING MY LUNGS.
IF YOU'D BEEN FOR REAL, I'D BE TOTALLY DEAD.

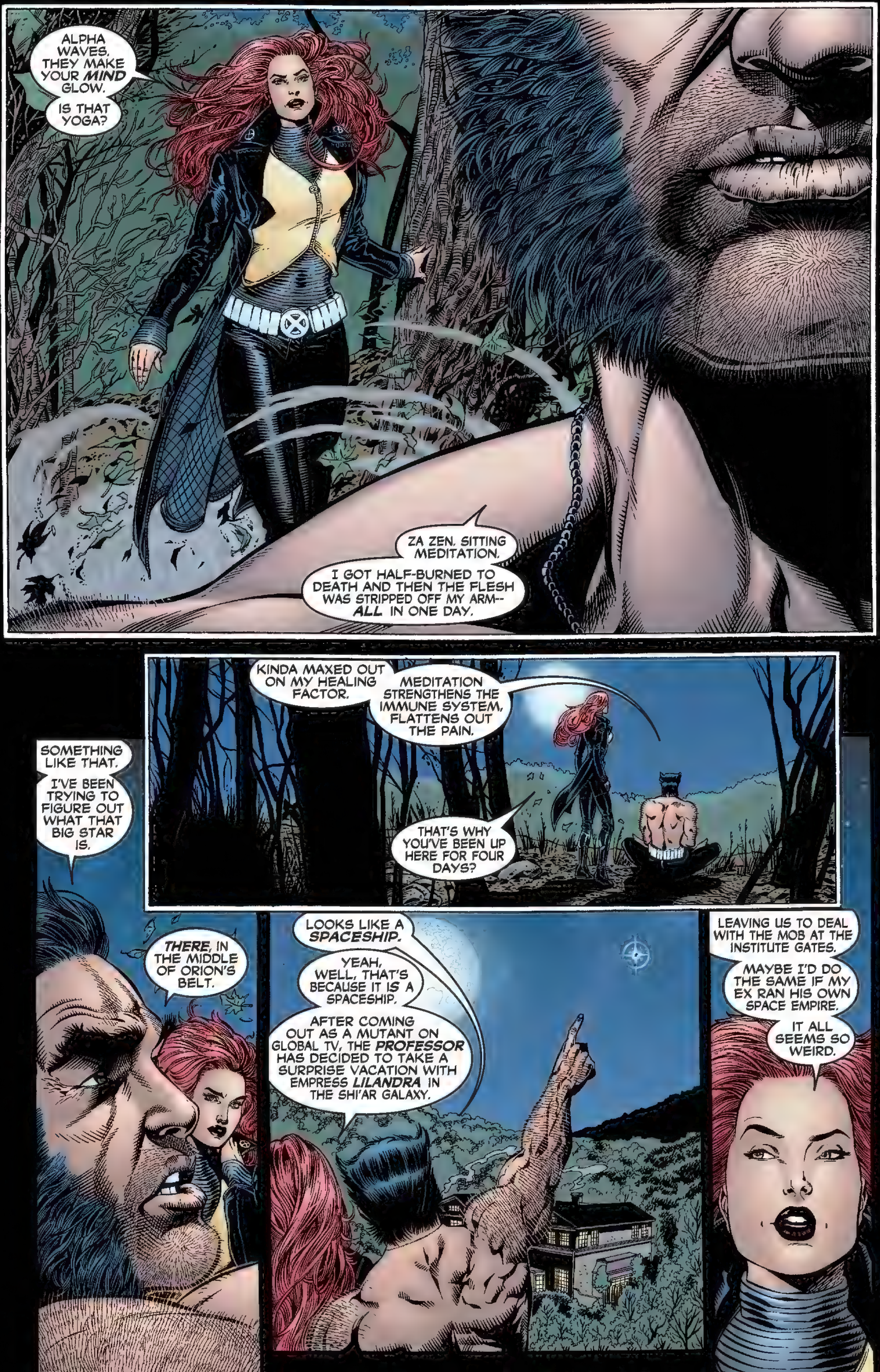

WHAT'S SO *GOOD* ABOUT *THAT?*
YOUR EVASION TIME WAS UP BY THIRTY SECONDS ON YOUR LAST EXERCISE, AND YOU GOT THOSE GLIDER FEATHERS TO MOVE.
STOP BEING SO HARD ON YOURSELF, BARNELL.
DANGER ROOM *OFF.*
YOU'RE HERE AT XAVIER'S TO LEARN, AND TO DEVELOP YOUR MUTANT GIFT.
NOBODY EXPECTS YOU TO GRADUATE TO THE X-MEN OVERNIGHT.
SO YOU'RE *SURE* ABOUT THIS MUTANT NAME YOU'RE CHOOSING FOR YOURSELF?
YEAH, IT WAS SOMETHING THIS GIRL CALLED ME BACK IN ROTTERDAM WHEN THEY WOULD FIND ME HIDING UNDER THE BEER BARRELS.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET BARNELL BOHUSK, THE *BEAK.*

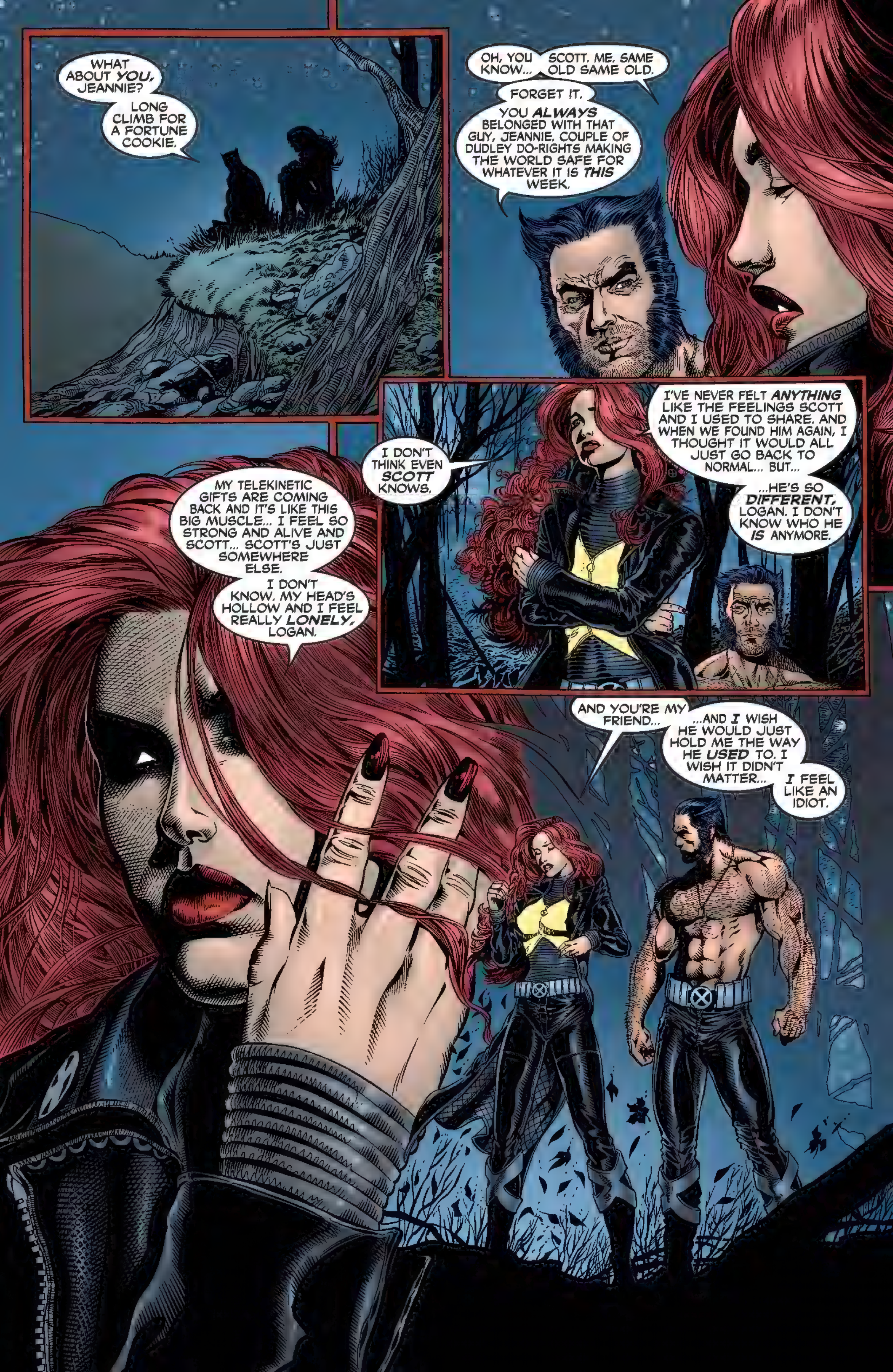

HAHAH AHAHAHAA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA HAHAA
HAHAHAHAA
HAHAHA
ITS NOT MURDER IF ITS A MUTANT
GOD DID NOT MAKE MUTANTS!
MUTANTS WANT US MURDERED!!
GENETIC CLEANLINESS BEGINS AT HOME! HAVE YOUR BABIES TESTED NOW!
PROTECT THE HUMAN RACE NOW!!
MUTANT SUCK
DEATH
ALL MUTANT SCUM
XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING
SCUM
MU SCUM DEATH TO ALL MUT
GOD HATES MUTANTS
DANGER ROOMS

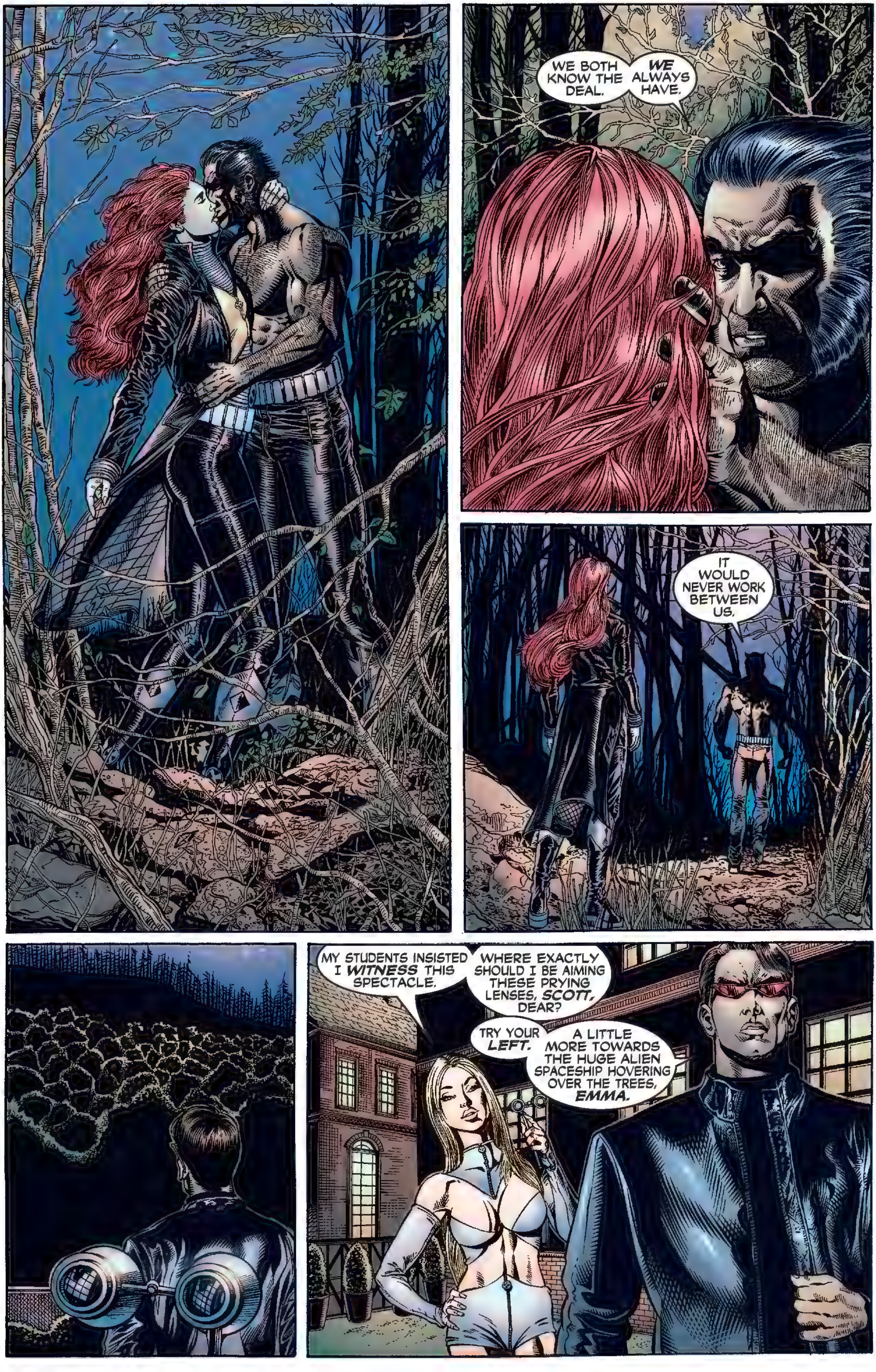

HE CAN'T SLIP BETWEEN CRACKS IN THE BRICKWORK OR TURN TO LIVING LIGHT LIKE SOME OF THE COOLER KIDS...
HE'S ISOLATED AND INSECURE AND IT DOESN'T HELP THAT THE SCHOOL IS TURNING INTO A FORTRESS UNDER ***SIEGE*** SINCE YOU TOLD THE WHOLE WORLD WE WERE ALL MUTANTS.
"THE BEAK."
HE HAS A PRIZE TITANIUM ***BASEBALL BAT*** HE'S PROMISED TO ENTRUST ME WITH.
AM I JUST BEING ***SENTIMENTAL,*** PROFESSOR?
NO ONE SHOULD FEEL OUTCAST, OR ALONE, OR UGLY. ESPECIALLY NOT HERE AT XAVIER'S.
PERHAPS I SHOULD TAKE A LOOK INSIDE THE BOY'S ***HEAD. SHYNESS*** AND ***PSYCHOLOGICAL DAMAGE*** CAN OFTEN BE CORRECTED BY DELETING PAINFUL MEMORIES.
YOU SEEM HAPPY, HENRY.
I HAVE A ***DATE*** TONIGHT.
YES.
SO DO ***I.***

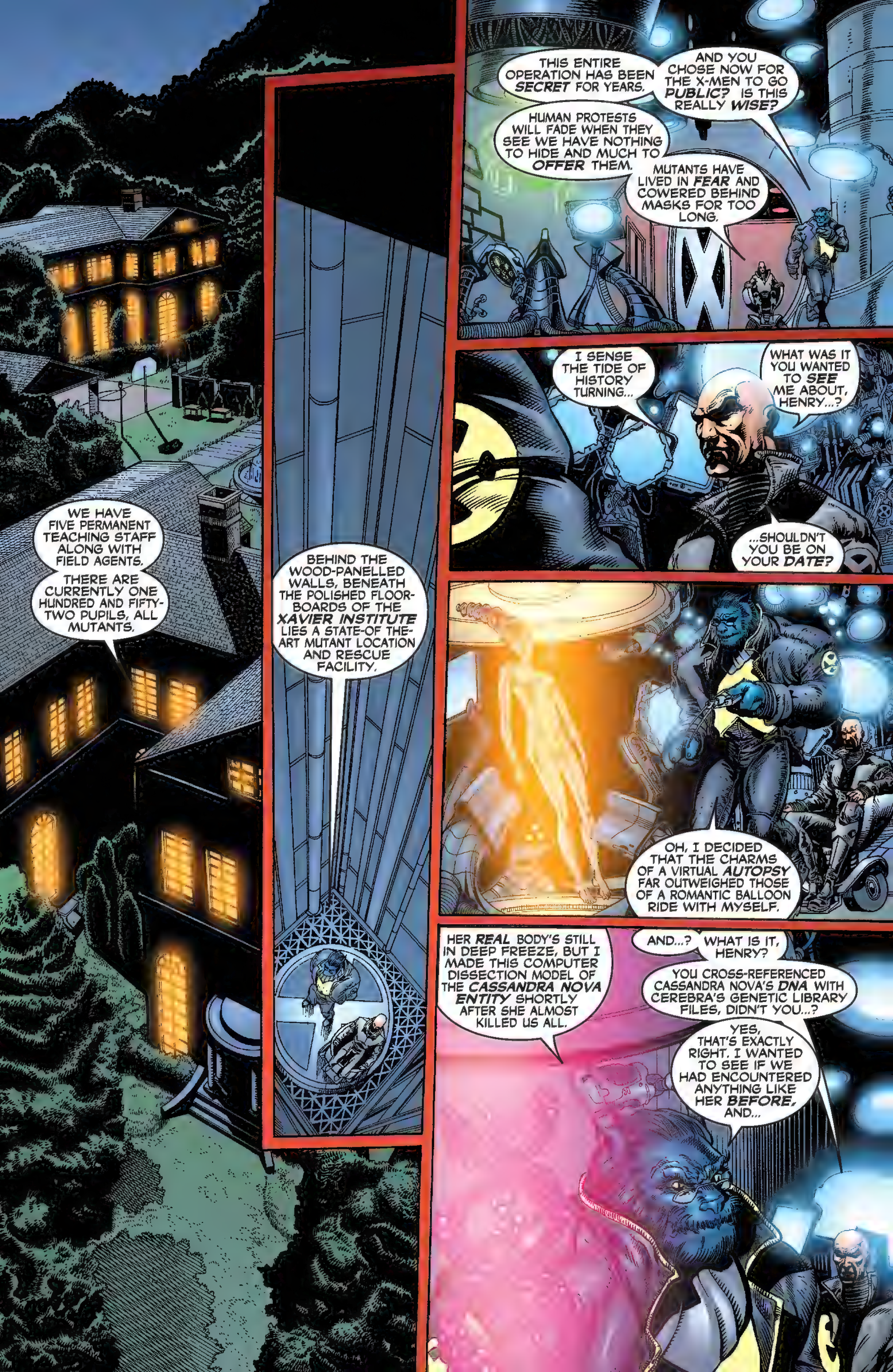

PREV
STOP
NEXT
PLAY
PAUSE
01
HI, HANK...
WELL HELLO, TRISH.
RROOOWRR!
ARE YOU READY FOR A BALLOON RIDE ACROSS UPSTATE NEW YORK WITH CHAMPAGNE AND...
I'M SORRY I'M BEING SUCH A COWARD ABOUT THIS, HANK, BUT I'M CALLING FROM WASHINGTON AND... IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S ME.
YOU'RE STILL THE SAME LOVELY HANK INSIDE, EVEN SINCE YOU CHANGED SO MUCH, BUT... I KNOW YOU CAN'T HELP YOUR EYES, BUT YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M PREY SOMETIMES AND...
...AND THE ENQUIRER RAN A STORY ABOUT US... THE WORD "BESTIALITY" WAS USED THREE TIMES...
I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOU, DEAR, LOVELY HANK, BUT THIS COULD RUIN MY CAREER AS A BROADCASTER.
OH, GOD, I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT.
OH, HANK... I'M MAKING SUCH A MESS OF THIS.
I'M SO SORRY.

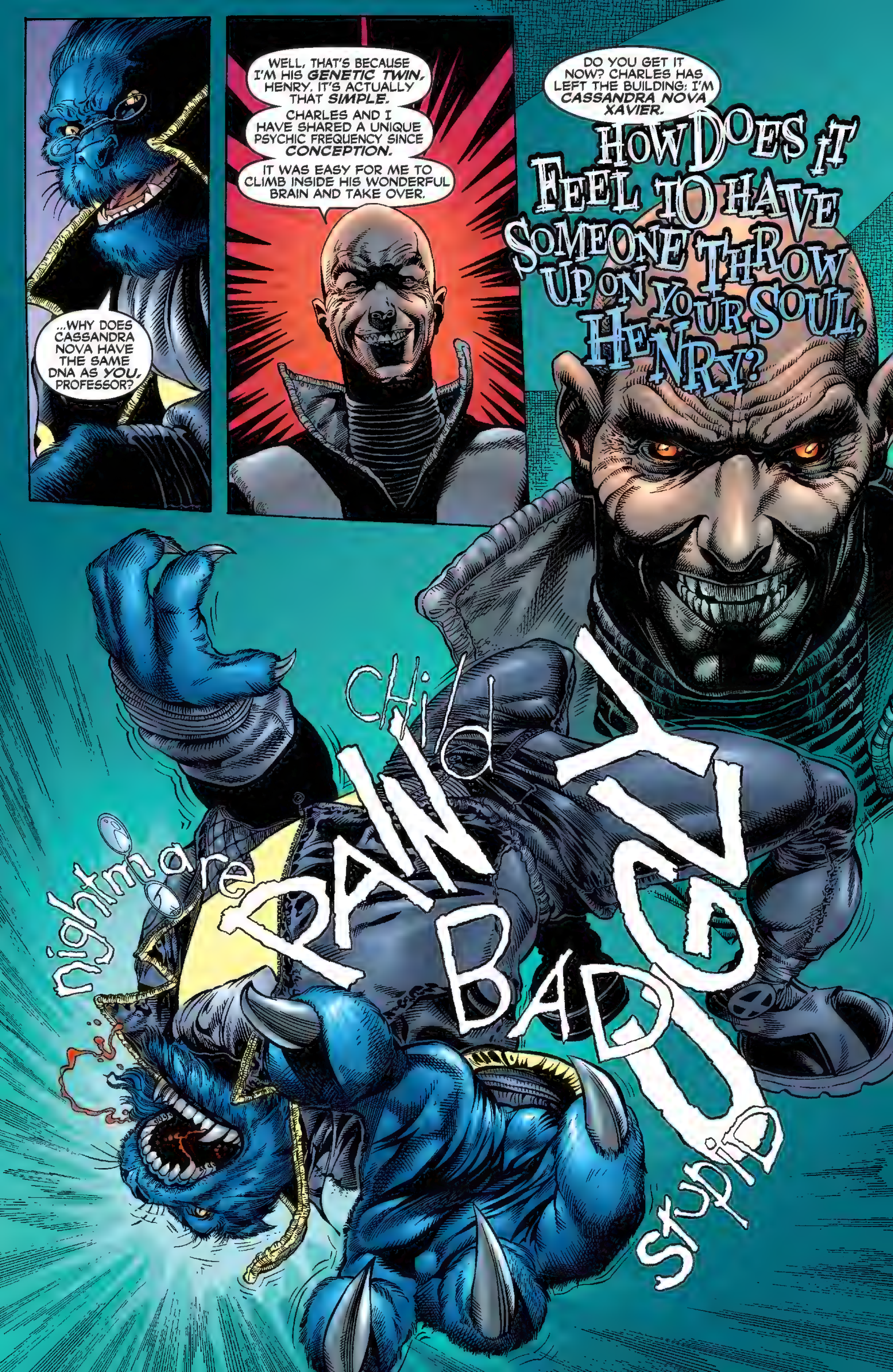

≠FNNF≠
HOW'D YOU *FIND* ME, JEANNIE?

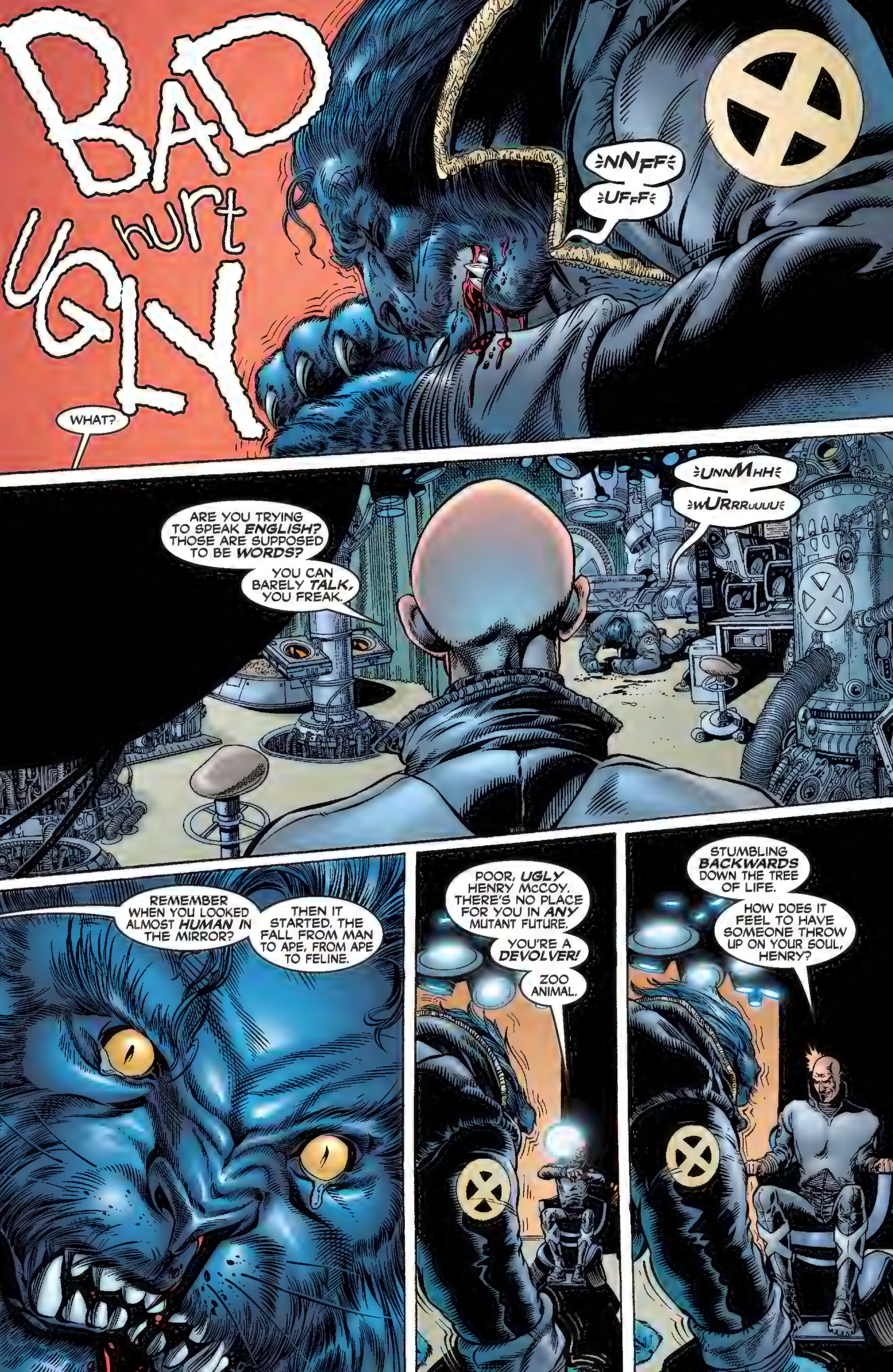

ALPHA WAVES. THEY MAKE YOUR *MIND* GLOW.
IS THAT YOGA?
ZA ZEN. SITTING MEDITATION.
I GOT HALF-BURNED TO DEATH AND THEN THE FLESH WAS STRIPPED OFF MY ARM-- *ALL* IN ONE DAY.
KINDA MAXED OUT ON MY HEALING FACTOR.
MEDITATION STRENGTHENS THE IMMUNE SYSTEM, FLATTENS OUT THE PAIN.
THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE FOR FOUR DAYS?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT BIG STAR IS.
THERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF ORION'S BELT.
LOOKS LIKE A *SPACESHIP.*
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE IT *IS* A SPACESHIP.
AFTER COMING OUT AS A MUTANT ON GLOBAL TV, THE *PROFESSOR* HAS DECIDED TO TAKE A SURPRISE VACATION WITH EMPRESS *LILANDRA* IN THE SHI'AR GALAXY.
LEAVING US TO DEAL WITH THE MOB AT THE INSTITUTE GATES.
MAYBE I'D DO THE SAME IF MY EX RAN HIS OWN SPACE EMPIRE.
IT ALL SEEMS SO WEIRD.

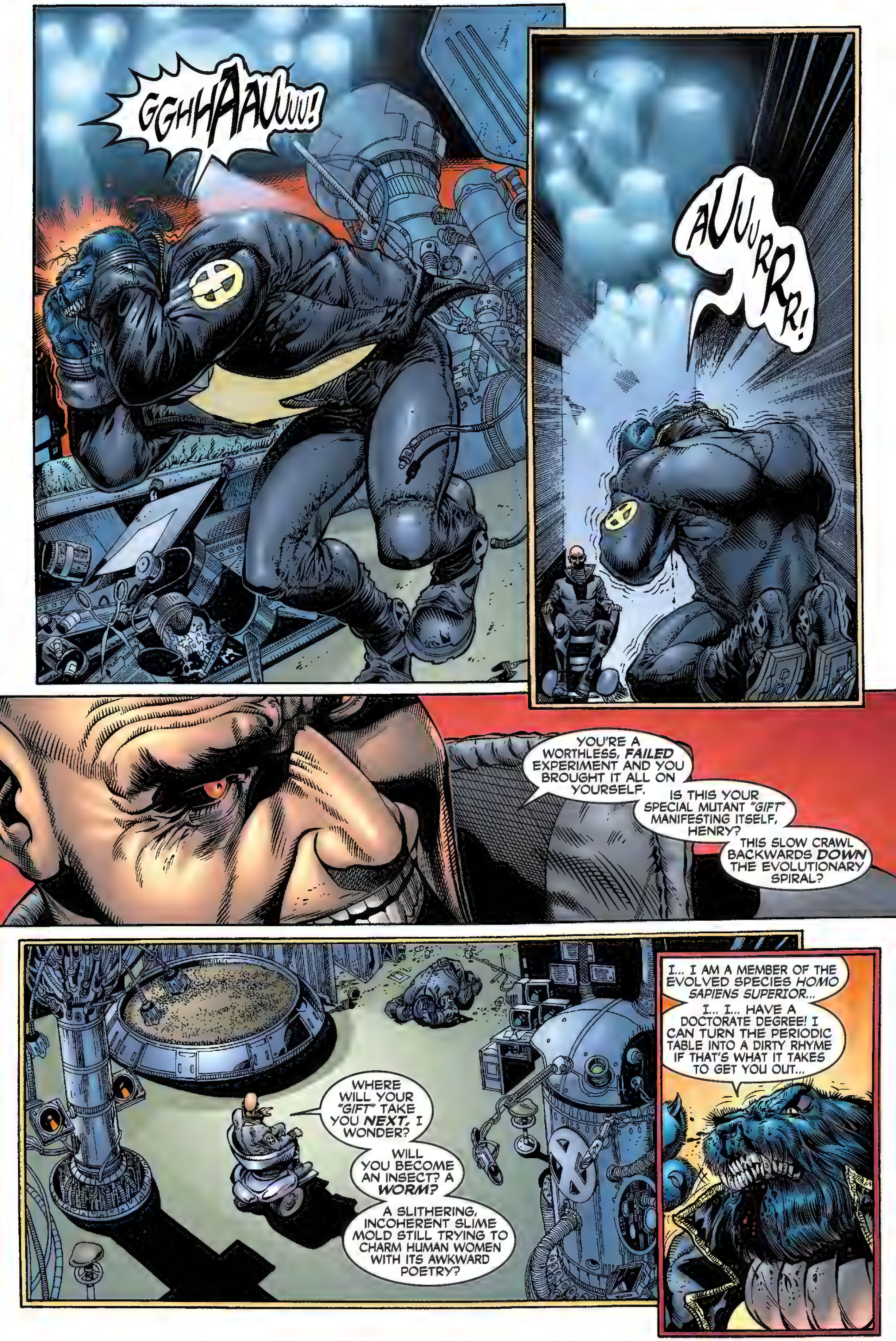

WHAT ABOUT *YOU,* JEANNIE?
LONG CLIMB FOR A FORTUNE COOKIE.
OH, YOU KNOW...
SCOTT. ME. SAME OLD SAME OLD.
FORGET IT.
YOU ***ALWAYS*** BELONGED WITH THAT GUY, JEANNIE. COUPLE OF DUDLEY DO-RIGHTS MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR WHATEVER IT IS ***THIS*** WEEK.
I'VE NEVER FELT ***ANYTHING*** LIKE THE FEELINGS SCOTT AND I USED TO SHARE. AND WHEN WE FOUND HIM AGAIN, I THOUGHT IT WOULD ALL JUST GO BACK TO NORMAL... BUT...
...HE'S SO ***DIFFERENT,*** LOGAN. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE ***IS*** ANYMORE.
I DON'T THINK EVEN ***SCOTT*** KNOWS.
MY TELEKINETIC GIFTS ARE COMING BACK AND IT'S LIKE THIS BIG MUSCLE... I FEEL SO STRONG AND ALIVE AND SCOTT... SCOTT'S JUST SOMEWHERE ELSE.
I DON'T KNOW. MY HEAD'S HOLLOW AND I FEEL REALLY ***LONELY,*** LOGAN.
AND YOU'RE MY FRIEND...
...AND ***I*** WISH HE WOULD JUST HOLD ME THE WAY HE ***USED*** TO. I WISH IT DIDN'T MATTER...
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT.

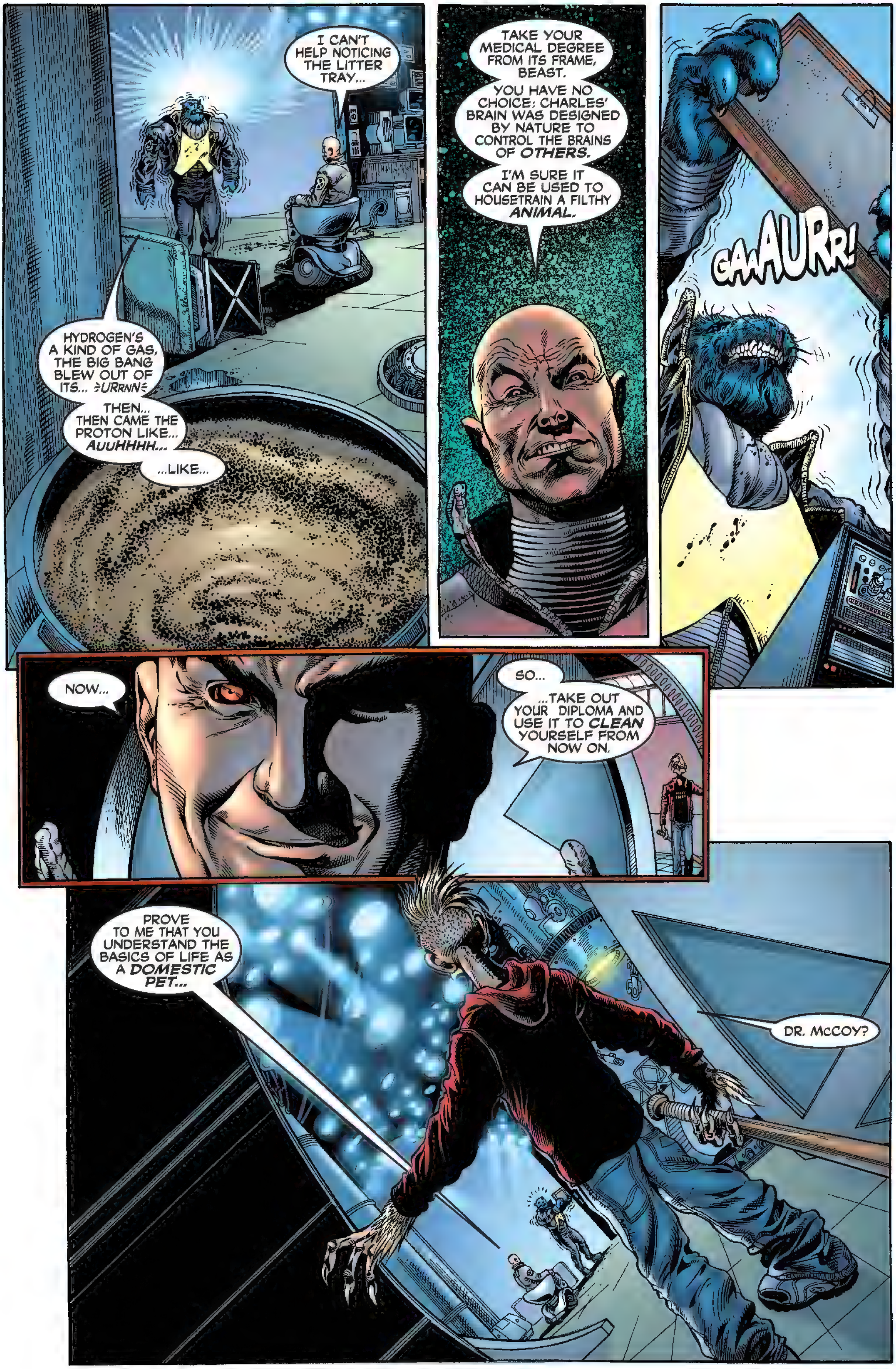

WE BOTH KNOW THE DEAL.
WE ALWAYS HAVE.
IT WOULD NEVER WORK BETWEEN US.
MY STUDENTS INSISTED I *WITNESS* THIS SPECTACLE.
WHERE EXACTLY SHOULD I BE AIMING THESE PRYING LENSES, *SCOTT,* DEAR?
TRY YOUR *LEFT.*
A LITTLE MORE TOWARDS THE HUGE ALIEN SPACESHIP HOVERING OVER THE TREES, *EMMA.*

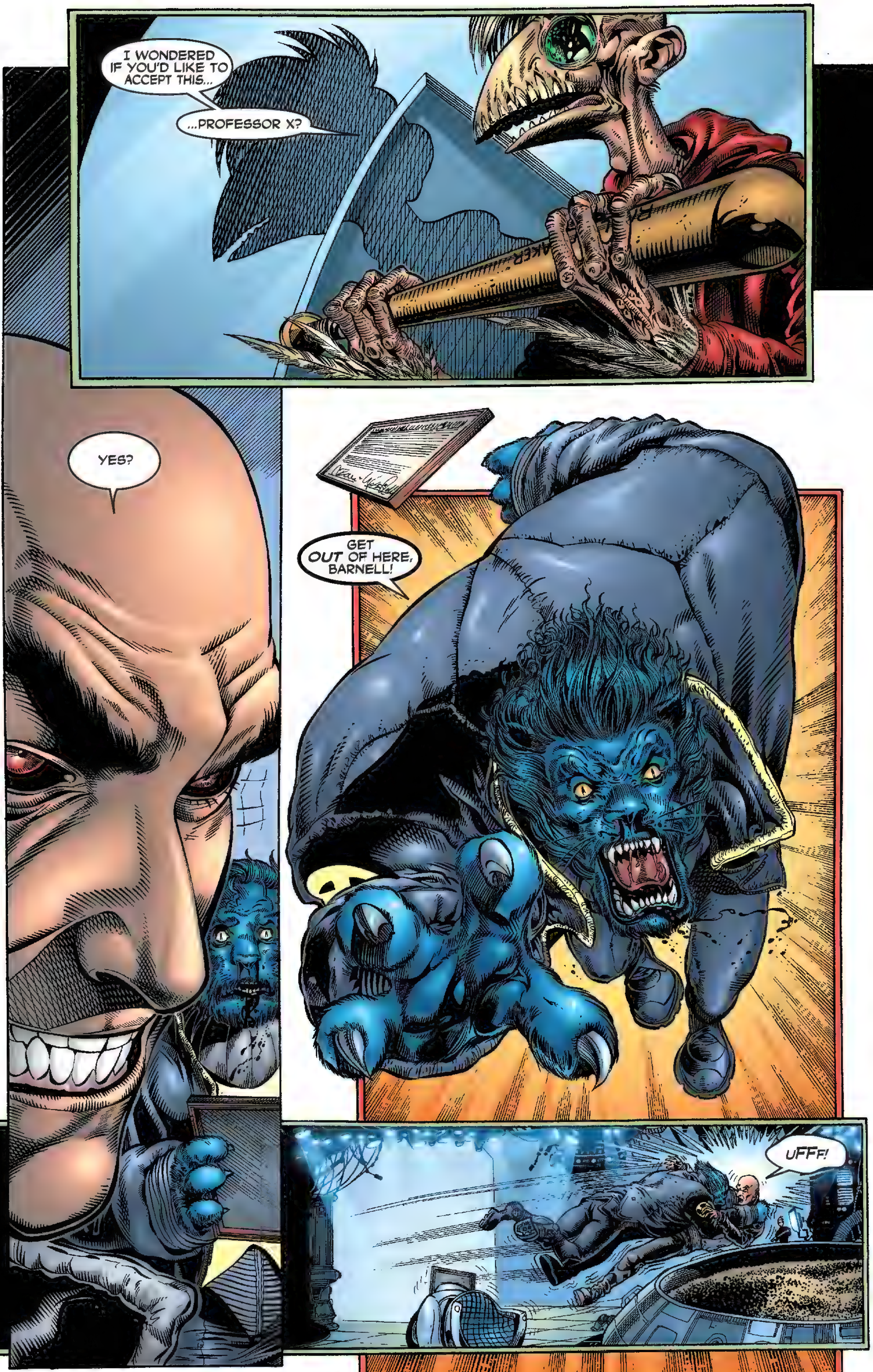

WE HAVE FIVE PERMANENT TEACHING STAFF ALONG WITH FIELD AGENTS.
THERE ARE CURRENTLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO PUPILS, ALL MUTANTS.
BEHIND THE WOOD-PANELLED WALLS, BENEATH THE POLISHED FLOORBOARDS OF THE XAVIER INSTITUTE LIES A STATE-OF THE-ART MUTANT LOCATION AND RESCUE FACILITY.
THIS ENTIRE OPERATION HAS BEEN SECRET FOR YEARS.
AND YOU CHOSE NOW FOR THE X-MEN TO GO PUBLIC? IS THIS REALLY WISE?
HUMAN PROTESTS WILL FADE WHEN THEY SEE WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE AND MUCH TO OFFER THEM.
MUTANTS HAVE LIVED IN FEAR AND COWERED BEHIND MASKS FOR TOO LONG.
I SENSE THE TIDE OF HISTORY TURNING...
WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME ABOUT, HENRY...?
...SHOULDN'T YOU BE ON YOUR DATE?
OH, I DECIDED THAT THE CHARMS OF A VIRTUAL AUTOPSY FAR OUTWEIGHED THOSE OF A ROMANTIC BALLOON RIDE WITH MYSELF.
HER REAL BODY'S STILL IN DEEP FREEZE, BUT I MADE THIS COMPUTER DISSECTION MODEL OF THE CASSANDRA NOVA ENTITY SHORTLY AFTER SHE ALMOST KILLED US ALL.
AND...?
WHAT IS IT, HENRY?
YOU CROSS-REFERENCED CASSANDRA NOVA'S DNA WITH CEREBRA'S GENETIC LIBRARY FILES, DIDN'T YOU...?
YES, THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT. I WANTED TO SEE IF WE HAD ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING LIKE HER BEFORE, AND...

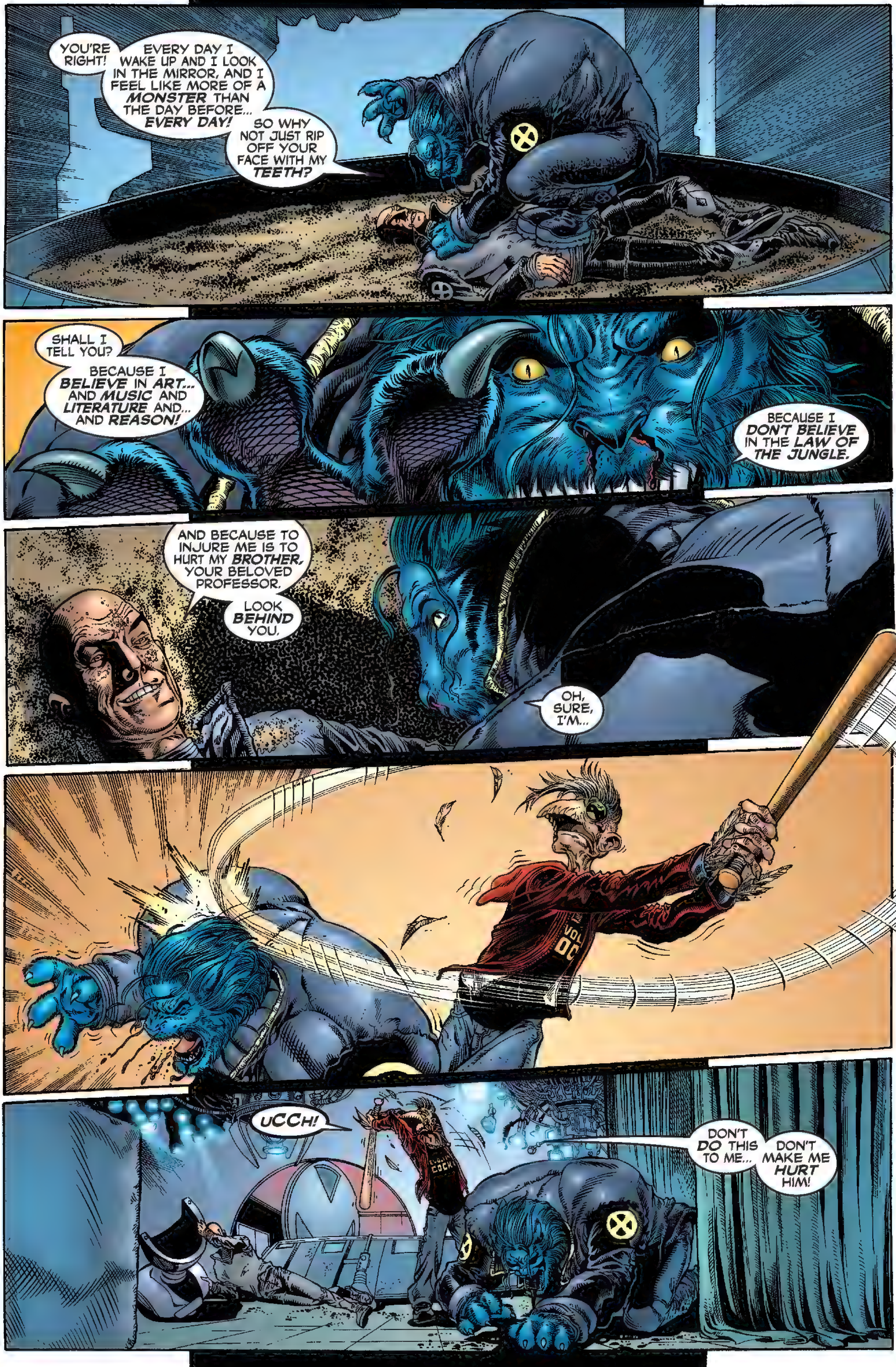

...WHY DOES CASSANDRA NOVA HAVE THE SAME DNA AS *YOU*, PROFESSOR?
WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE I'M HIS *GENETIC TWIN*, HENRY. IT'S ACTUALLY THAT *SIMPLE*.
CHARLES AND I HAVE SHARED A UNIQUE PSYCHIC FREQUENCY SINCE *CONCEPTION*.
IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO CLIMB INSIDE HIS WONDERFUL BRAIN AND TAKE OVER.
DO YOU GET IT NOW? CHARLES HAS LEFT THE BUILDING: I'M *CASSANDRA NOVA XAVIER*.
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE SOMEONE THROW UP ON YOUR SOUL, HENRY?
nightmare
PAIN
child
BAD
YOU
stupid

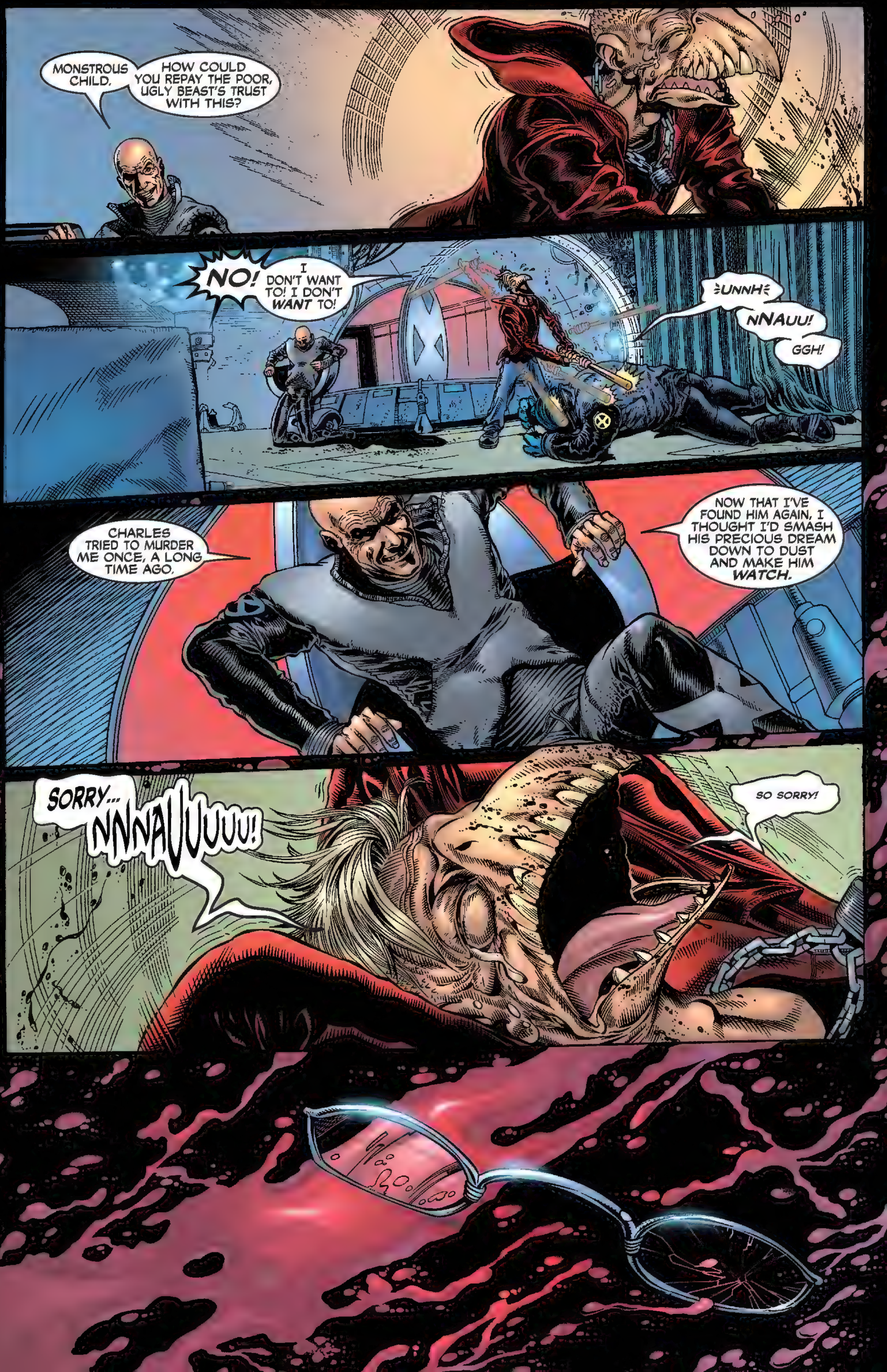

BAD
hurt
UGLY
NNFF
UFFF
WHAT?
UNNMHH
WURRRUUUU
ARE YOU TRYING TO SPEAK ENGLISH? THOSE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE WORDS?
YOU CAN BARELY TALK, YOU FREAK.
REMEMBER WHEN YOU LOOKED ALMOST HUMAN IN THE MIRROR?
THEN IT STARTED. THE FALL FROM MAN TO APE, FROM APE TO FELINE.
POOR, UGLY HENRY McCOY. THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU IN ANY MUTANT FUTURE.
YOU'RE A DEVOLVER!
ZOO ANIMAL.
STUMBLING BACKWARDS DOWN THE TREE OF LIFE.
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE SOMEONE THROW UP ON YOUR SOUL, HENRY?

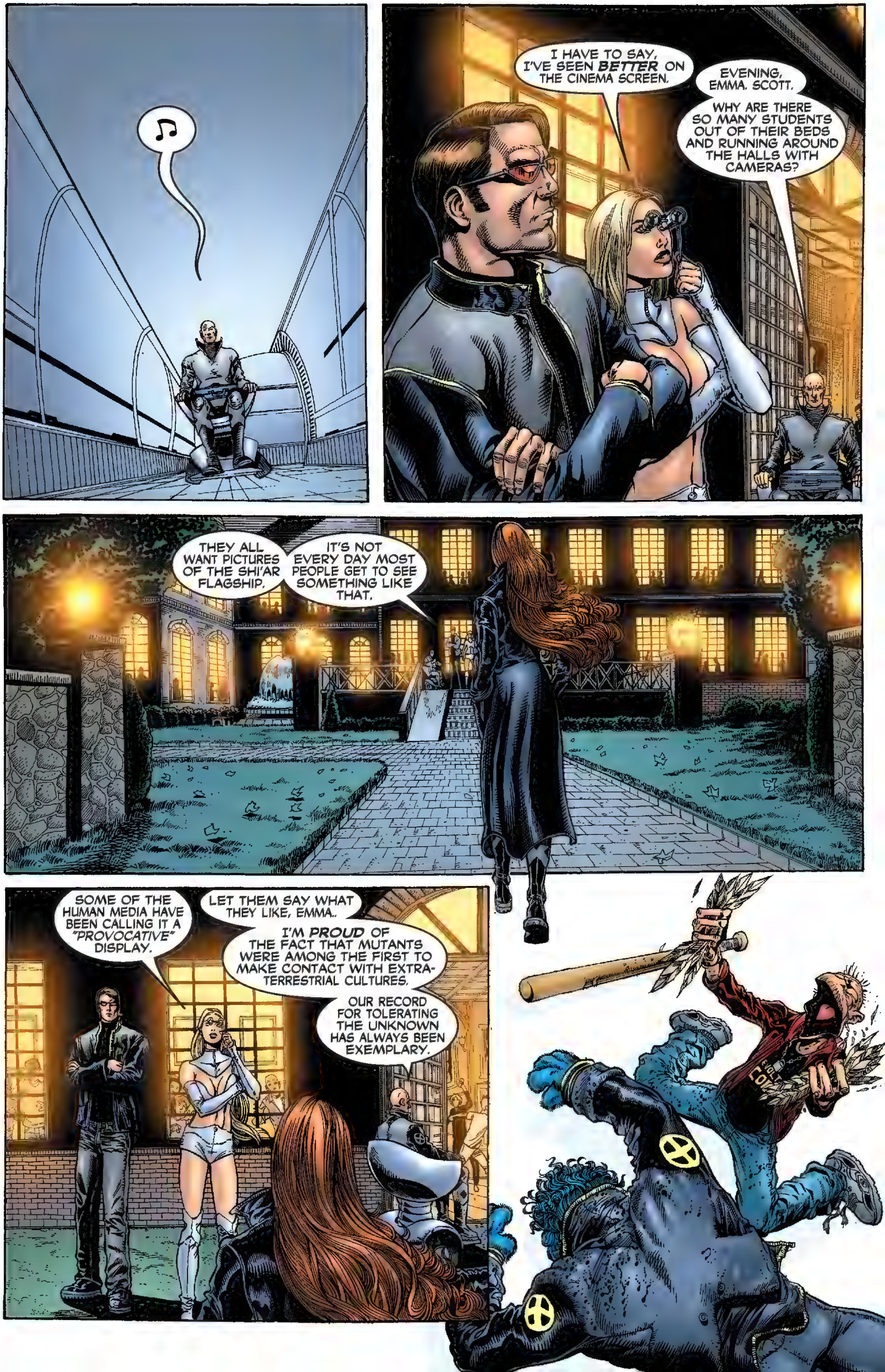

GGHHAAUUUU!
AUUURRR!
YOU'RE A WORTHLESS, **FAILED** EXPERIMENT AND YOU BROUGHT IT ALL ON YOURSELF.
IS THIS YOUR SPECIAL MUTANT *"GIFT"* MANIFESTING ITSELF, HENRY?
THIS SLOW CRAWL BACKWARDS ***DOWN*** THE EVOLUTIONARY SPIRAL?
WHERE WILL YOUR *"GIFT"* TAKE YOU ***NEXT,*** I WONDER?
WILL YOU BECOME AN INSECT? A ***WORM?***
A SLITHERING, INCOHERENT SLIME MOLD STILL TRYING TO CHARM HUMAN WOMEN WITH ITS AWKWARD POETRY?
I... I AM A MEMBER OF THE EVOLVED SPECIES *HOMO SAPIENS SUPERIOR...*
I... I... HAVE A DOCTORATE DEGREE! I CAN TURN THE PERIODIC TABLE INTO A DIRTY RHYME IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO GET YOU OUT...

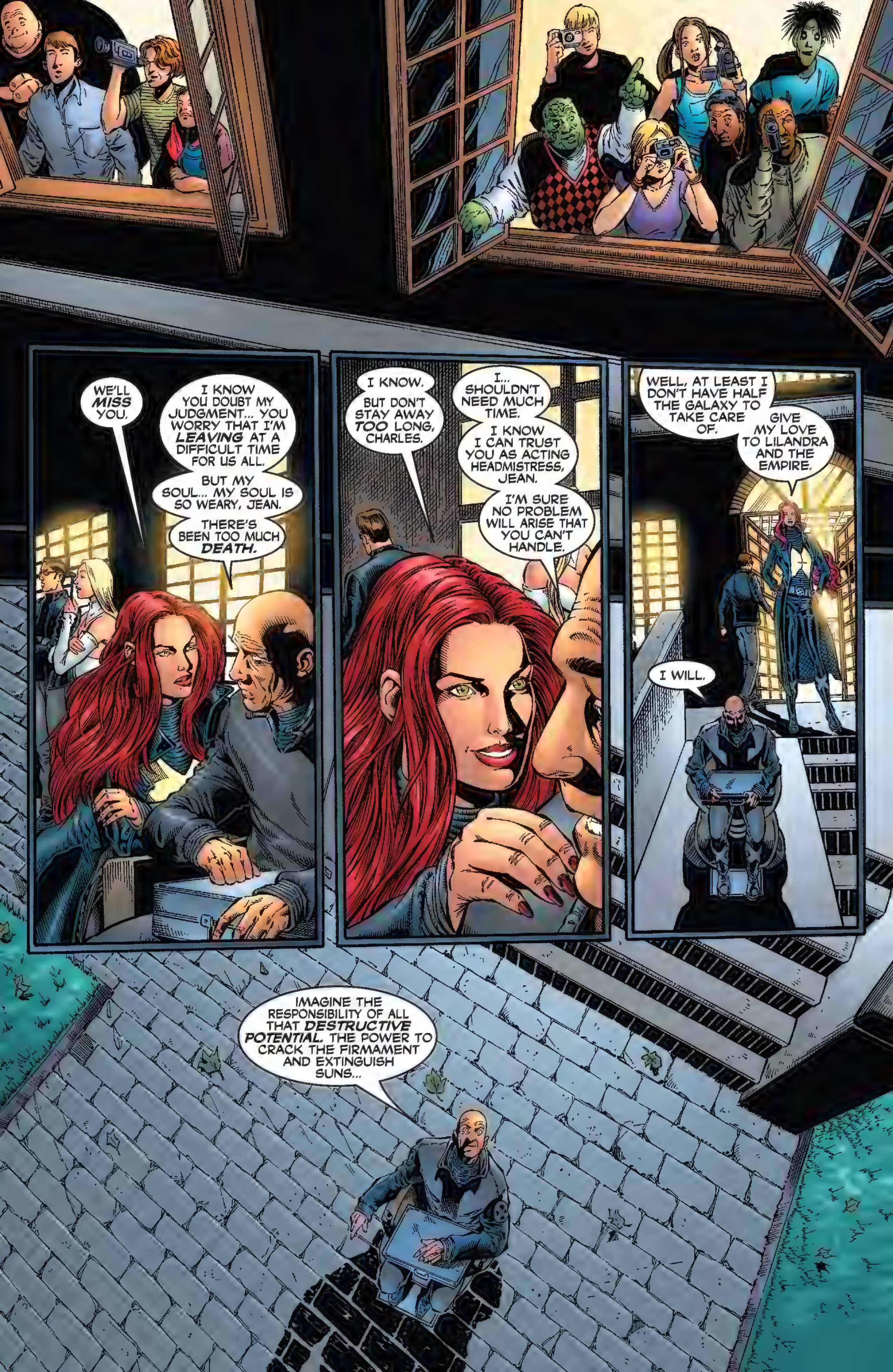

I CAN'T HELP NOTICING THE LITTER TRAY...
HYDROGEN'S A KIND OF GAS, THE BIG BANG BLEW OUT OF ITS... ≷URRNN≶
THEN... THEN CAME THE PROTON LIKE... *AUUHHHH...*
...LIKE...
TAKE YOUR MEDICAL DEGREE FROM ITS FRAME, BEAST.
YOU HAVE NO CHOICE; CHARLES' BRAIN WAS DESIGNED BY NATURE TO CONTROL THE BRAINS OF *OTHERS.*
I'M SURE IT CAN BE USED TO HOUSETRAIN A FILTHY *ANIMAL.*
GAAAURR!
NOW...
SO...
...TAKE OUT YOUR DIPLOMA AND USE IT TO *CLEAN* YOURSELF FROM NOW ON.
PROVE TO ME THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE BASICS OF LIFE AS A *DOMESTIC PET...*
DR. McCOY?

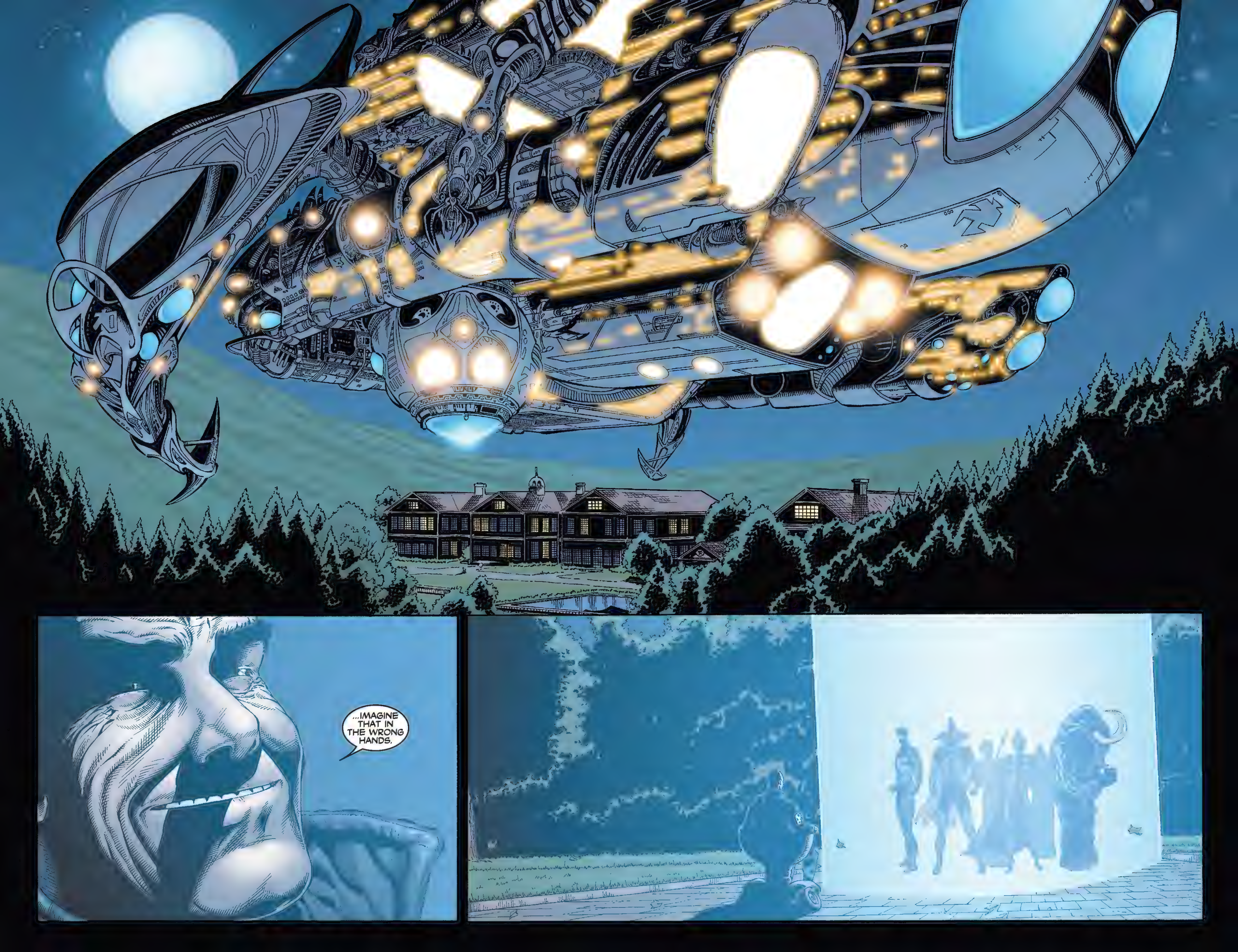

I WONDERED IF YOU'D LIKE TO ACCEPT THIS...
...PROFESSOR X?
YES?
GET *OUT* OF HERE, BARNELL!
UFFF!


YOU'RE RIGHT!
EVERY DAY I WAKE UP AND I LOOK IN THE MIRROR, AND I FEEL LIKE MORE OF A *MONSTER* THAN THE DAY BEFORE... *EVERY DAY!*
SO WHY NOT JUST RIP OFF YOUR FACE WITH MY *TEETH?*
SHALL I TELL YOU?
BECAUSE I *BELIEVE* IN *ART...* AND *MUSIC* AND *LITERATURE* AND... AND *REASON!*
BECAUSE I *DON'T BELIEVE* IN THE *LAW OF THE JUNGLE.*
AND BECAUSE TO INJURE ME IS TO HURT MY *BROTHER,* YOUR BELOVED PROFESSOR.
LOOK *BEHIND* YOU.
OH, SURE, I'M...
UCCH!
DON'T *DO* THIS TO ME...
DON'T MAKE ME *HURT* HIM!


MONSTROUS CHILD.
HOW COULD YOU REPAY THE POOR, UGLY BEAST'S TRUST WITH THIS?
NO!
I DON'T WANT TO! I DON'T *WANT* TO!
UNNH
NNAUU!
GGH!
CHARLES TRIED TO MURDER ME ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO.
NOW THAT I'VE FOUND HIM AGAIN, I THOUGHT I'D SMASH HIS PRECIOUS DREAM DOWN TO DUST AND MAKE HIM *WATCH.*
SORRY...
NNNAUUUUU!
SO SORRY!

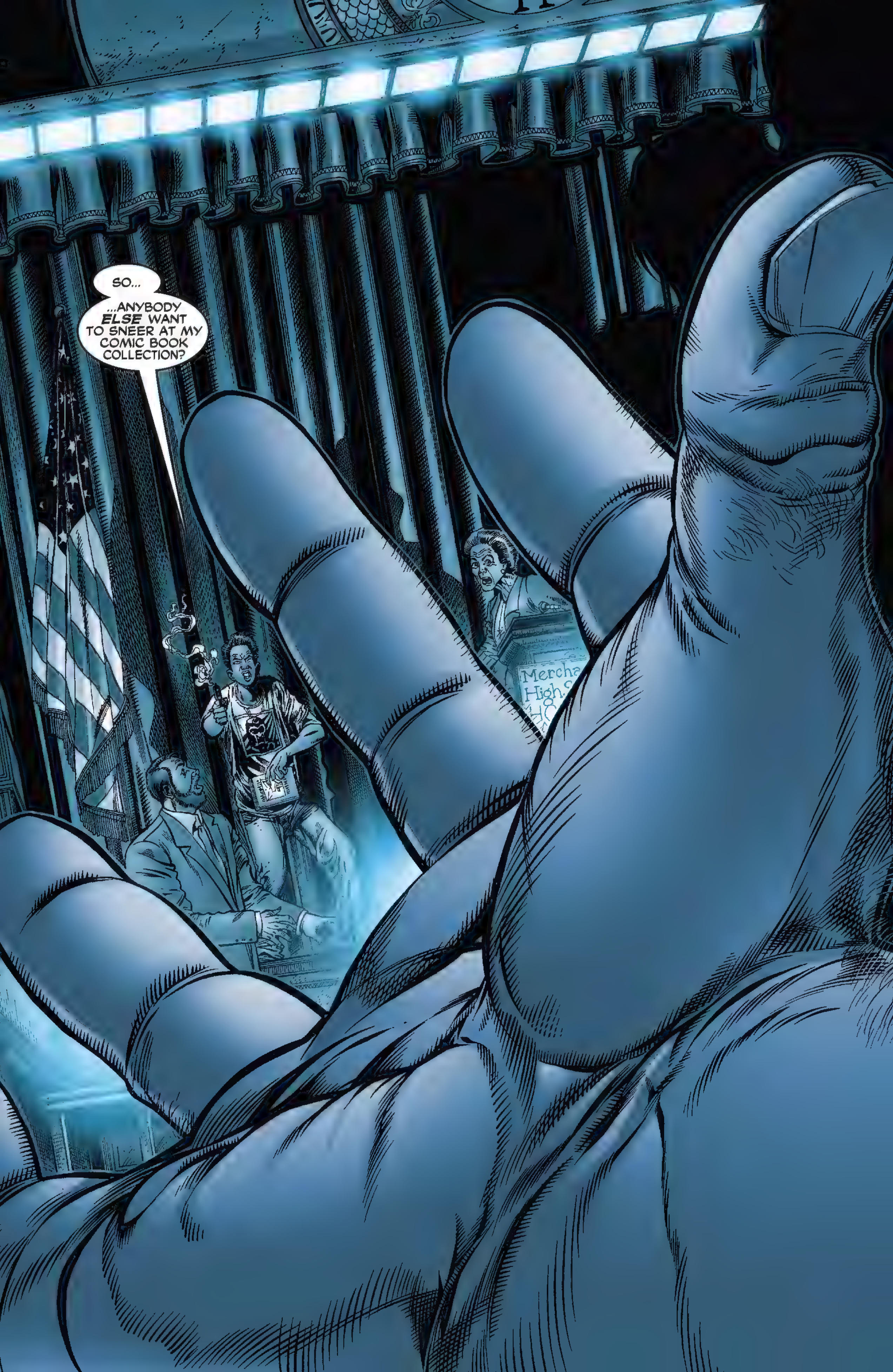

♫
I HAVE TO SAY, I'VE SEEN **BETTER** ON THE CINEMA SCREEN.
EVENING, EMMA. SCOTT.
WHY ARE THERE SO MANY STUDENTS OUT OF THEIR BEDS AND RUNNING AROUND THE HALLS WITH CAMERAS?
THEY ALL WANT PICTURES OF THE SHI'AR FLAGSHIP.
IT'S NOT EVERY DAY MOST PEOPLE GET TO SEE SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
SOME OF THE HUMAN MEDIA HAVE BEEN CALLING IT A *"PROVOCATIVE"* DISPLAY.
LET THEM SAY WHAT THEY LIKE, EMMA..
*I'M **PROUD** OF* THE FACT THAT MUTANTS WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO MAKE CONTACT WITH EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL CULTURES.
OUR RECORD FOR TOLERATING THE UNKNOWN HAS ALWAYS BEEN EXEMPLARY.

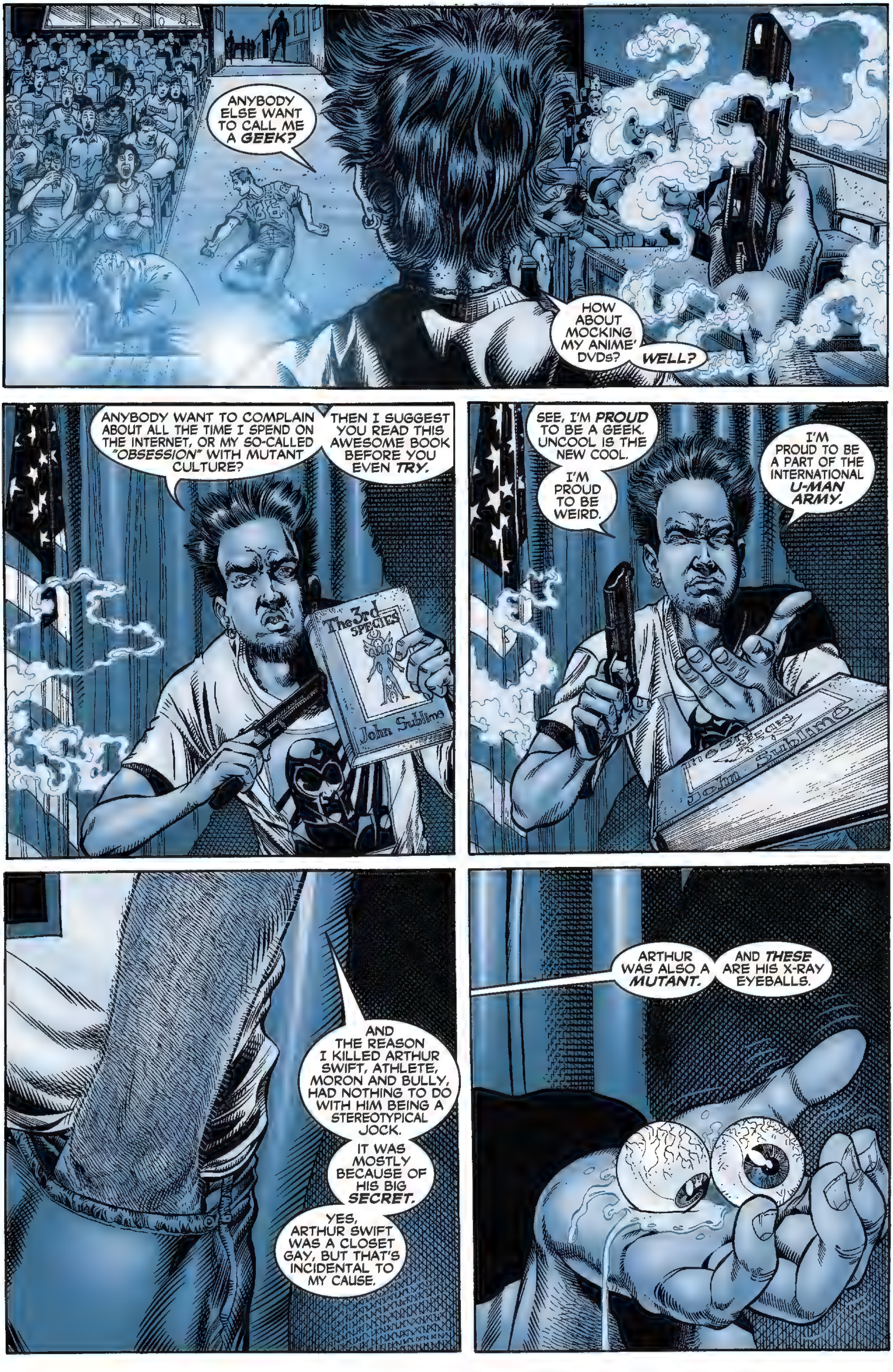

WE'LL *MISS* YOU.
I KNOW YOU DOUBT MY JUDGMENT... YOU WORRY THAT I'M *LEAVING* AT A DIFFICULT TIME FOR US ALL.
BUT MY SOUL... MY SOUL IS SO WEARY, JEAN.
THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH *DEATH.*
I KNOW.
BUT DON'T STAY AWAY *TOO* LONG, CHARLES.
I... SHOULDN'T NEED MUCH TIME.
I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU AS ACTING HEADMISTRESS, JEAN.
I'M SURE NO PROBLEM WILL ARISE THAT YOU CAN'T HANDLE.
WELL, AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE HALF THE GALAXY TO TAKE CARE OF.
GIVE MY LOVE TO LILANDRA AND THE EMPIRE.
I WILL.
IMAGINE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF ALL THAT *DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL.* THE POWER TO CRACK THE FIRMAMENT AND EXTINGUISH SUNS...

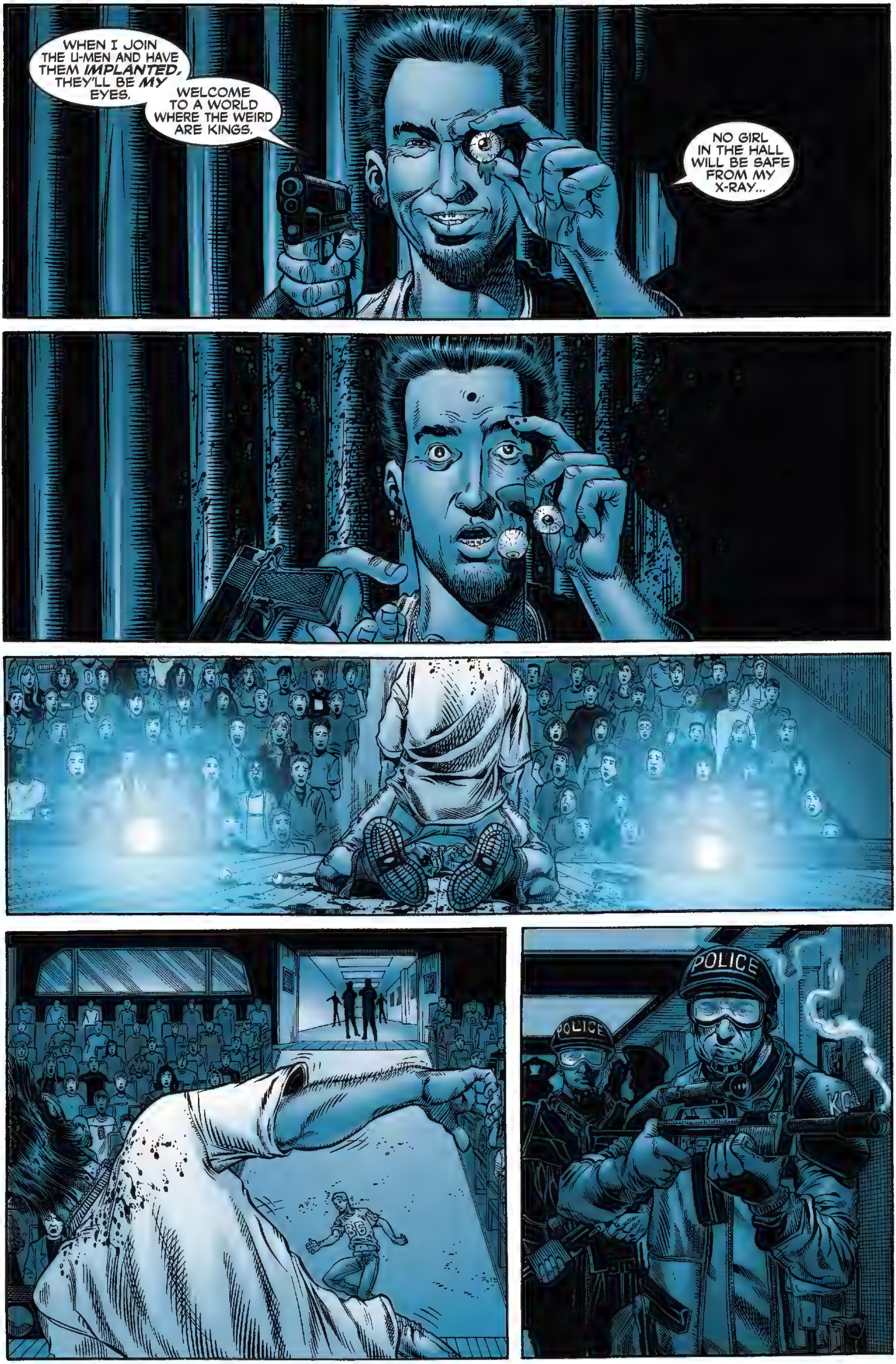

...IMAGINE THAT IN THE WRONG HANDS.

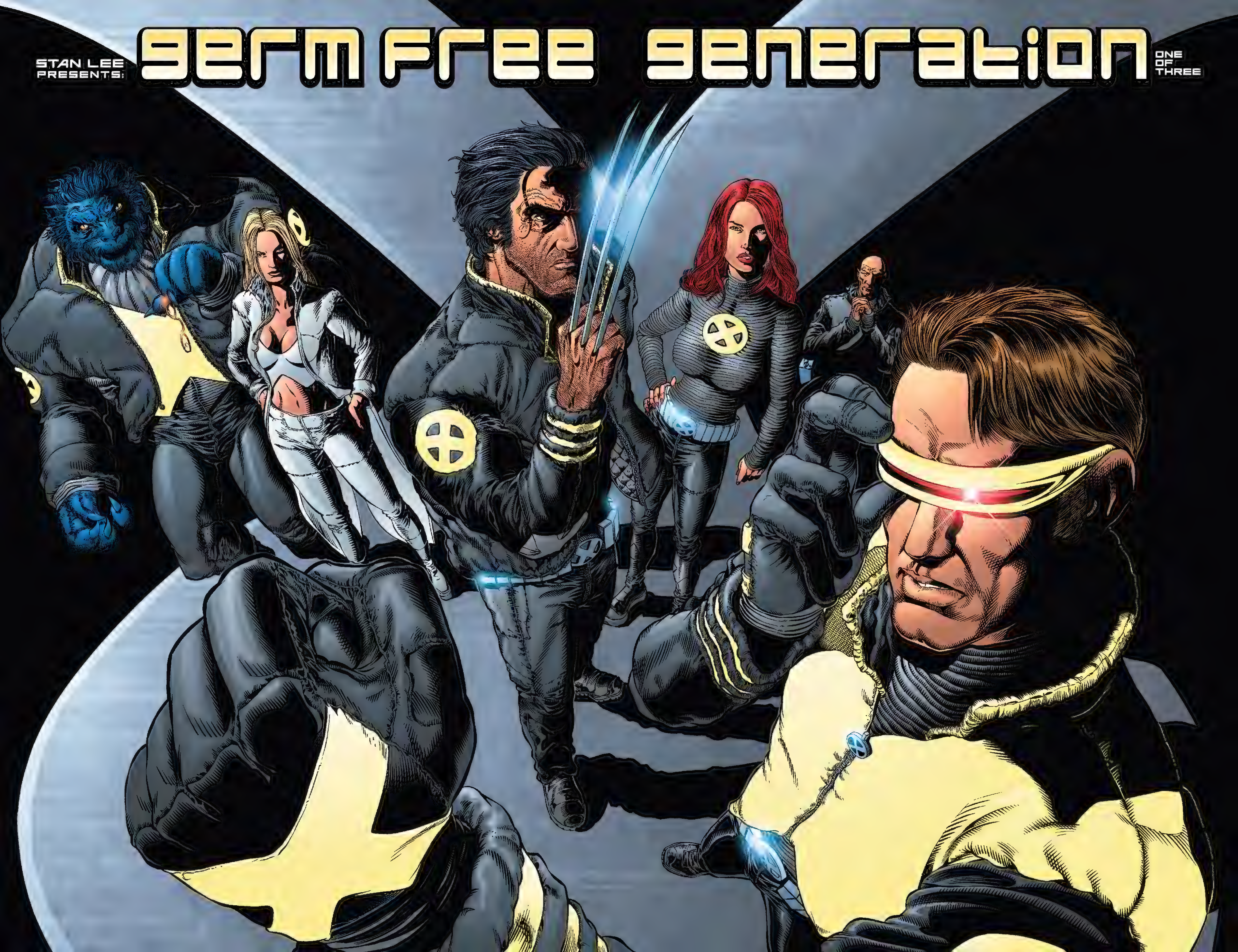
NEW X-MEN #118

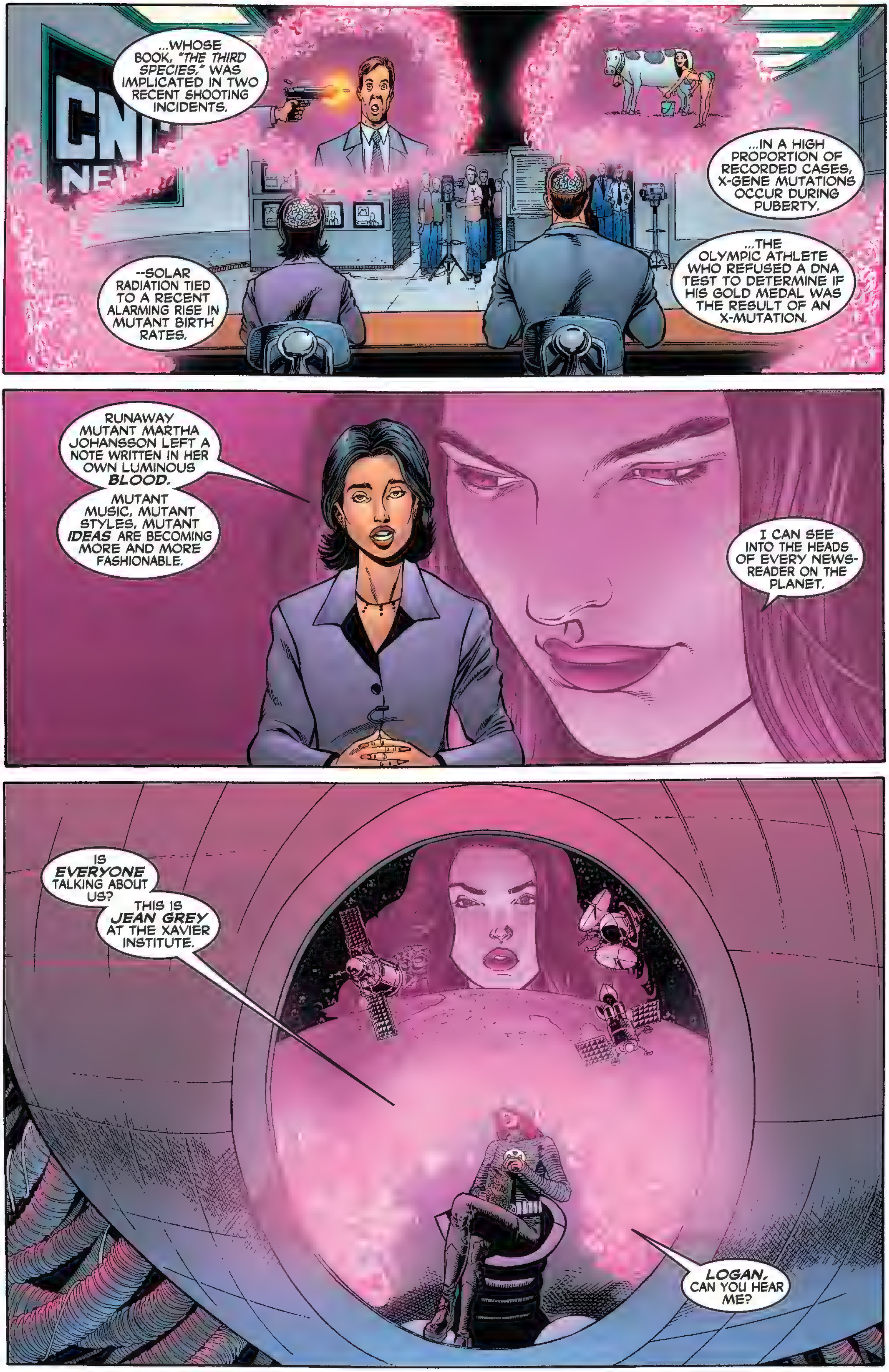
"GERM FREE GENERATION PART ONE OF THREE"

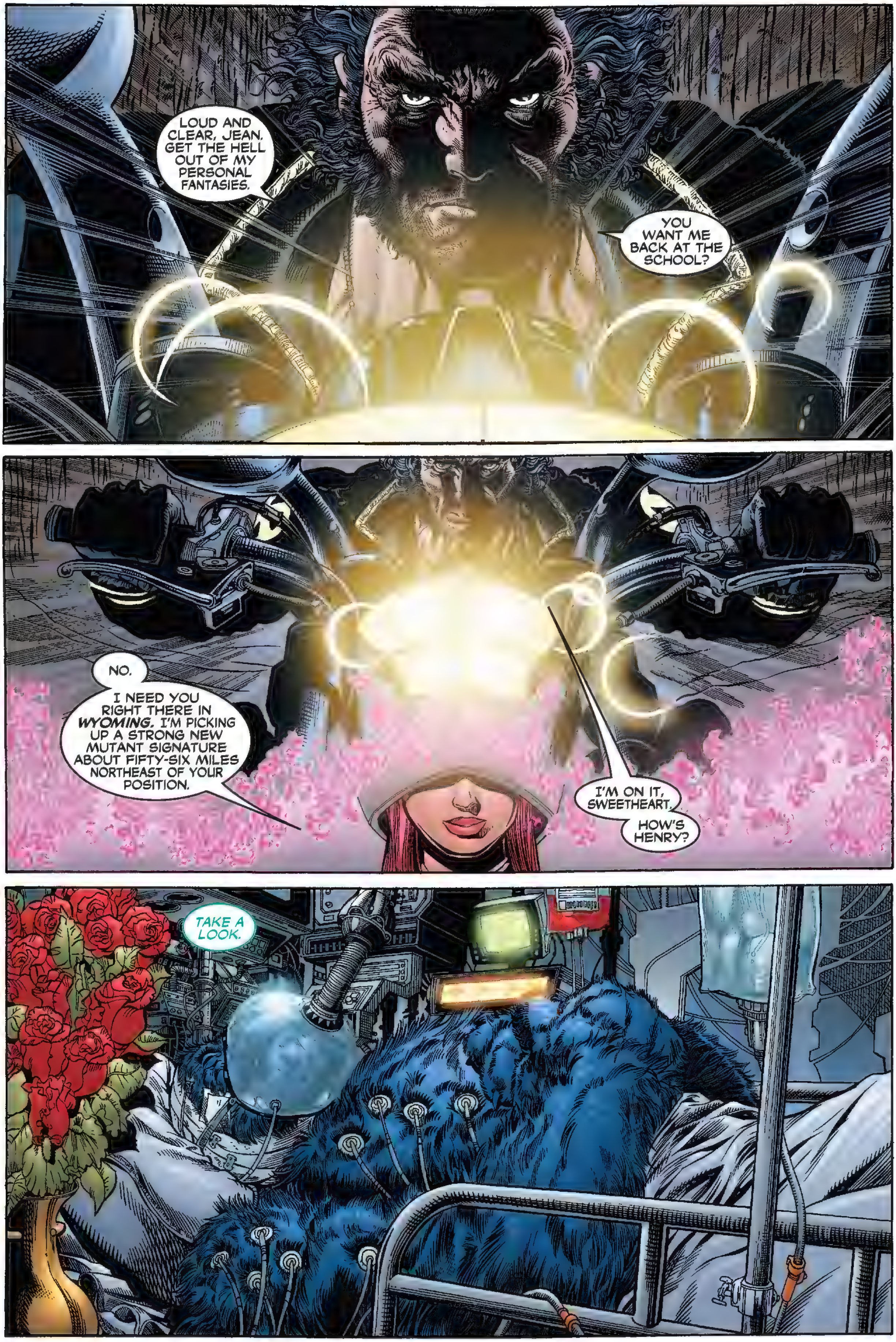

SO...
...ANYBODY **ELSE** WANT TO SNEER AT MY COMIC BOOK COLLECTION?
Mercha
High S

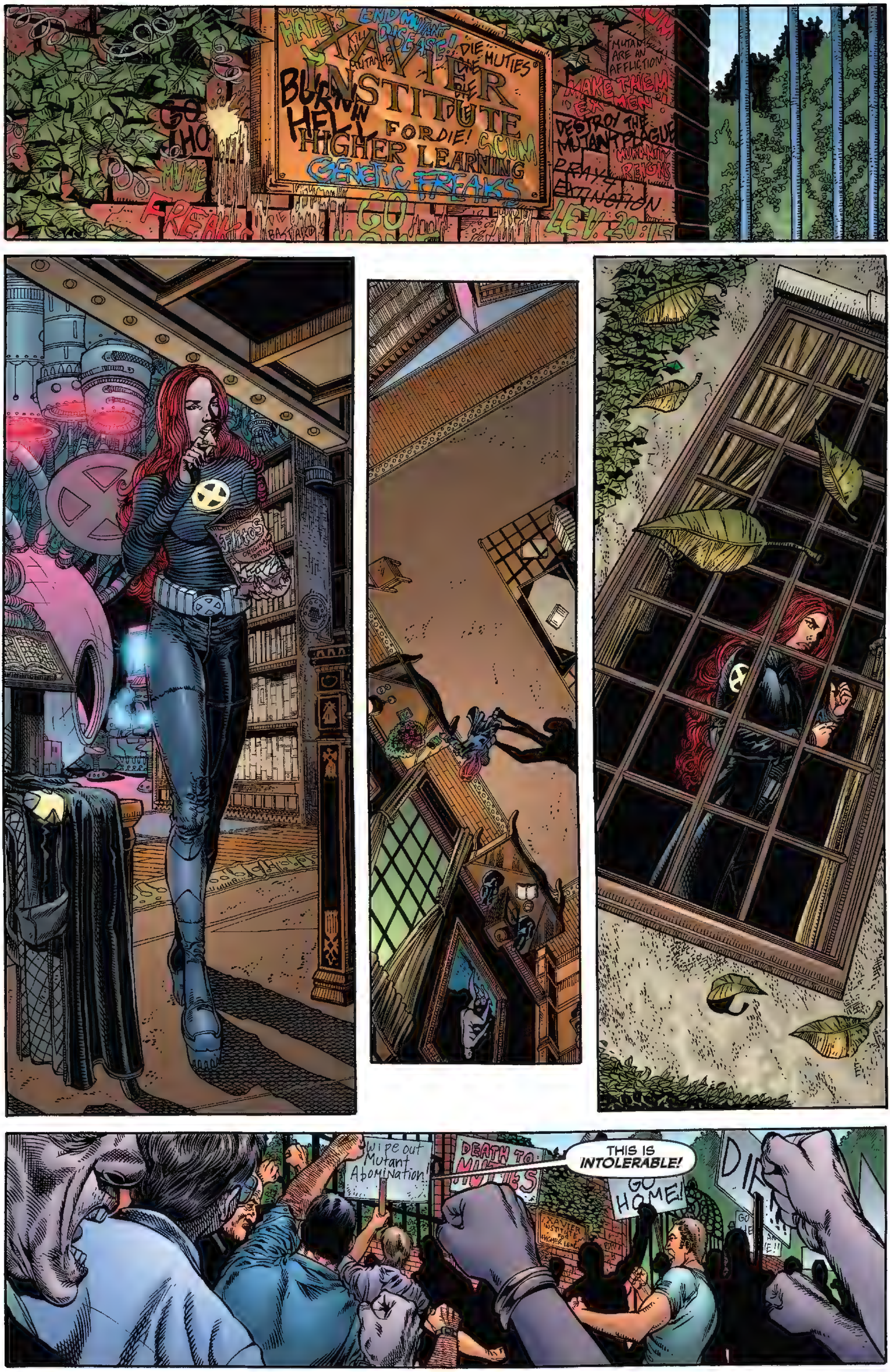

ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO CALL ME A *GEEK?*
HOW ABOUT MOCKING MY ANIME' DVDs?
WELL?
ANYBODY WANT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT ALL THE TIME I SPEND ON THE INTERNET, OR MY SO-CALLED *"OBSESSION"* WITH MUTANT CULTURE?
THEN I SUGGEST YOU READ THIS AWESOME BOOK BEFORE YOU EVEN *TRY.*
The 3rd SPECIES
John Sublime
SEE, I'M *PROUD* TO BE A GEEK. UNCOOL IS THE NEW COOL.
I'M PROUD TO BE WEIRD.
I'M PROUD TO BE A PART OF THE INTERNATIONAL *U-MAN ARMY.*
The 3rd SPECIES
John Sublime
AND THE REASON I KILLED ARTHUR SWIFT, ATHLETE, MORON AND BULLY, HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HIM BEING A STEREOTYPICAL JOCK.
IT WAS MOSTLY BECAUSE OF HIS BIG *SECRET.*
YES, ARTHUR SWIFT WAS A CLOSET GAY, BUT THAT'S INCIDENTAL TO MY CAUSE.
ARTHUR WAS ALSO A *MUTANT.*
AND *THESE* ARE HIS X-RAY EYEBALLS.

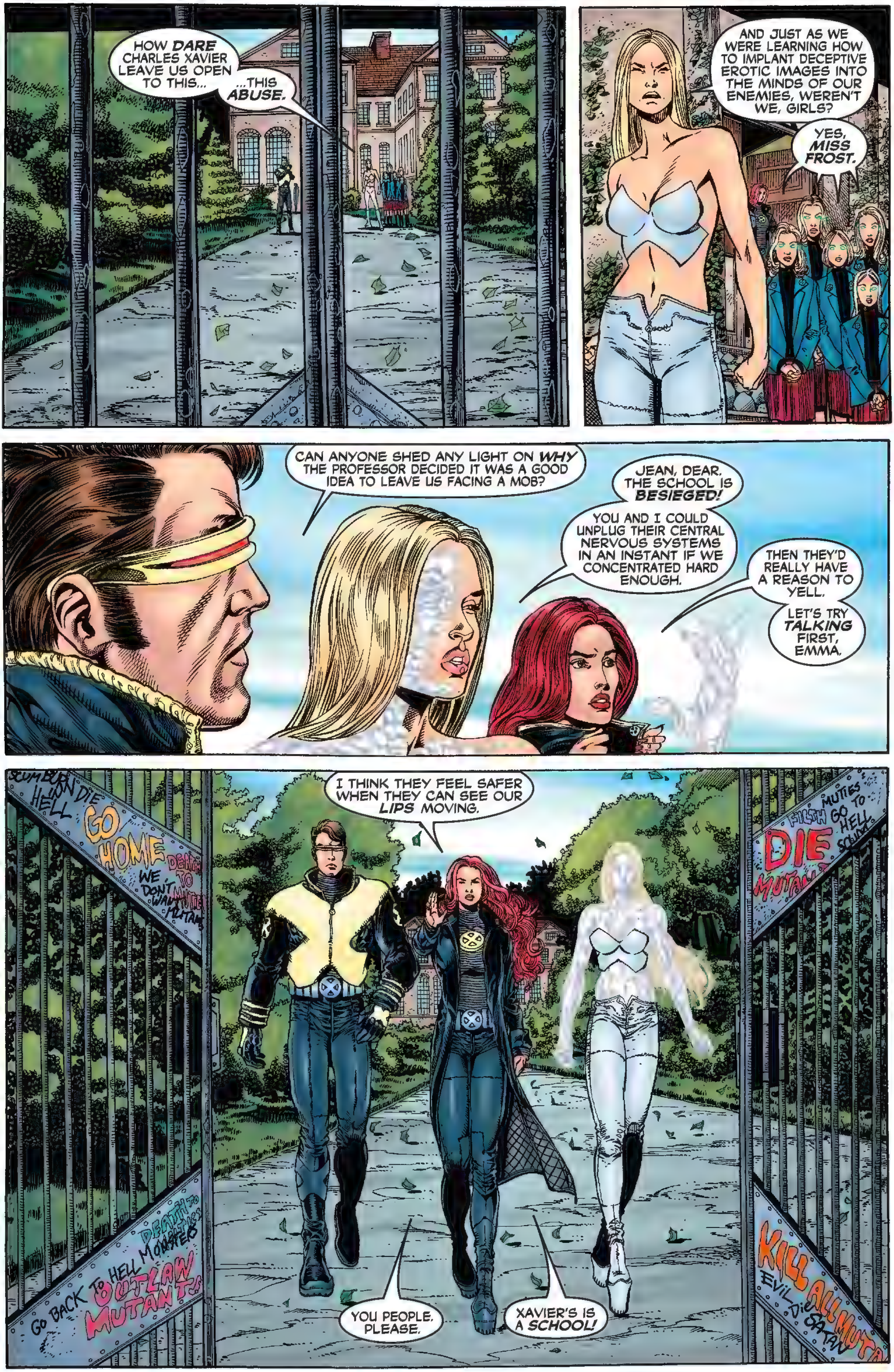

WHEN I JOIN THE U-MEN AND HAVE THEM *IMPLANTED,* THEY'LL BE *MY* EYES.
WELCOME TO A WORLD WHERE THE WEIRD ARE KINGS.
NO GIRL IN THE HALL WILL BE SAFE FROM MY X-RAY...
POLICE
POLICE

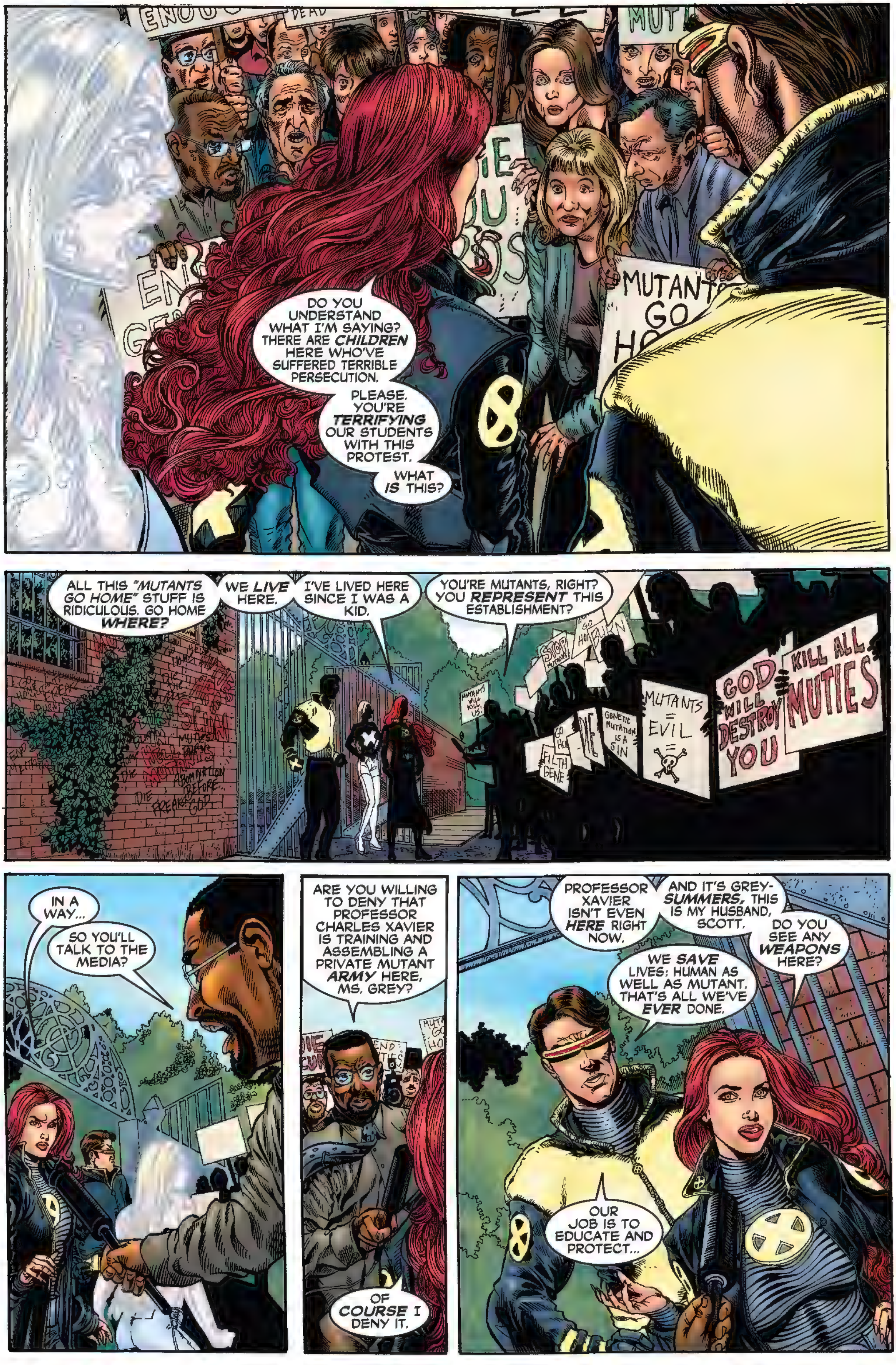

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
GERM FREE GENERATION
ONE OF THREE

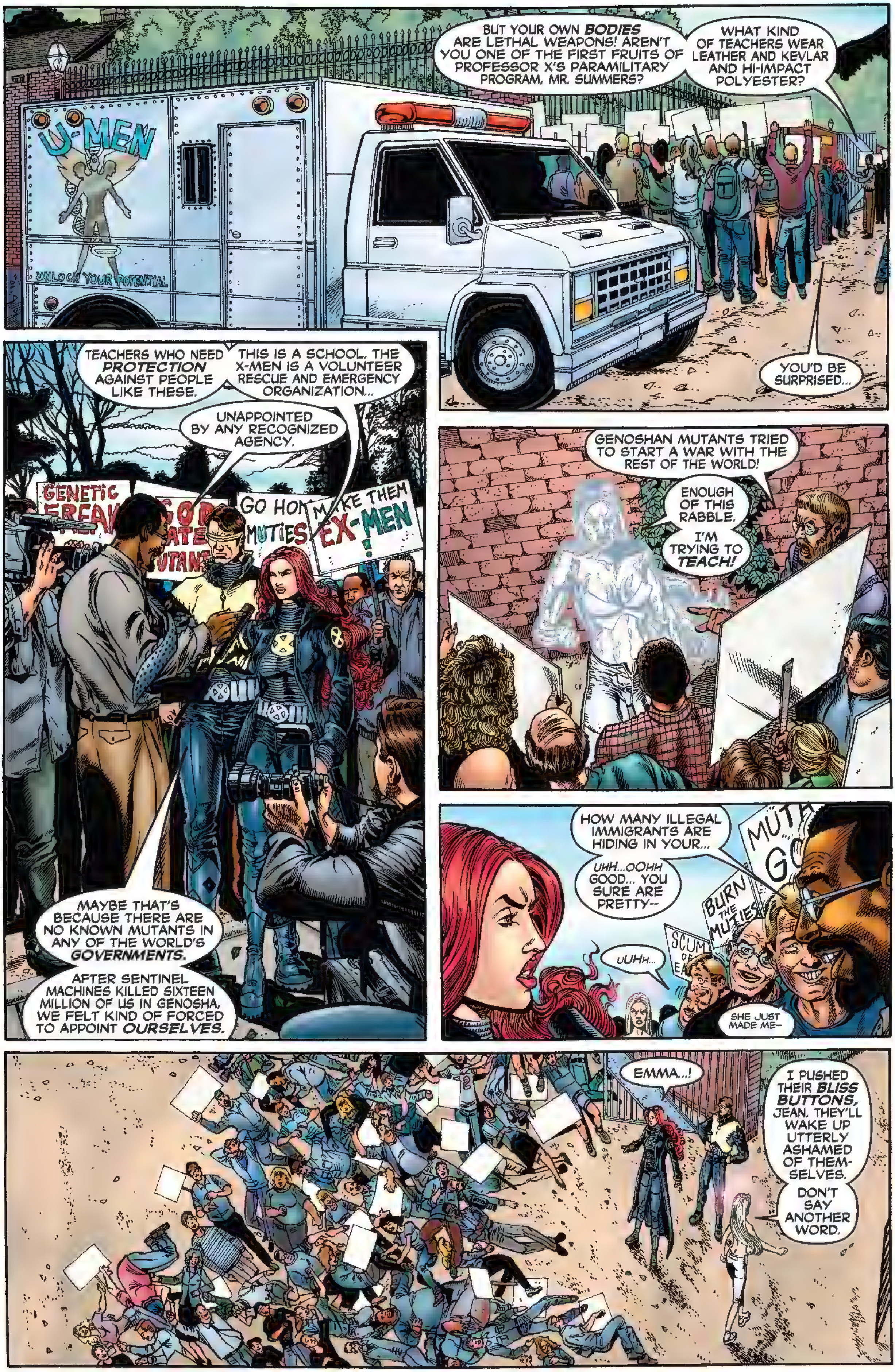

...WHOSE BOOK, "THE THIRD SPECIES," WAS IMPLICATED IN TWO RECENT SHOOTING INCIDENTS.
...IN A HIGH PROPORTION OF RECORDED CASES, X-GENE MUTATIONS OCCUR DURING PUBERTY.
--SOLAR RADIATION TIED TO A RECENT ALARMING RISE IN MUTANT BIRTH RATES.
...THE OLYMPIC ATHLETE WHO REFUSED A DNA TEST TO DETERMINE IF HIS GOLD MEDAL WAS THE RESULT OF AN X-MUTATION.
CNN NEWS
RUNAWAY MUTANT MARTHA JOHANSSON LEFT A NOTE WRITTEN IN HER OWN LUMINOUS BLOOD.
MUTANT MUSIC, MUTANT STYLES, MUTANT IDEAS ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE FASHIONABLE.
I CAN SEE INTO THE HEADS OF EVERY NEWS-READER ON THE PLANET.
IS EVERYONE TALKING ABOUT US?
THIS IS JEAN GREY AT THE XAVIER INSTITUTE.
LOGAN, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

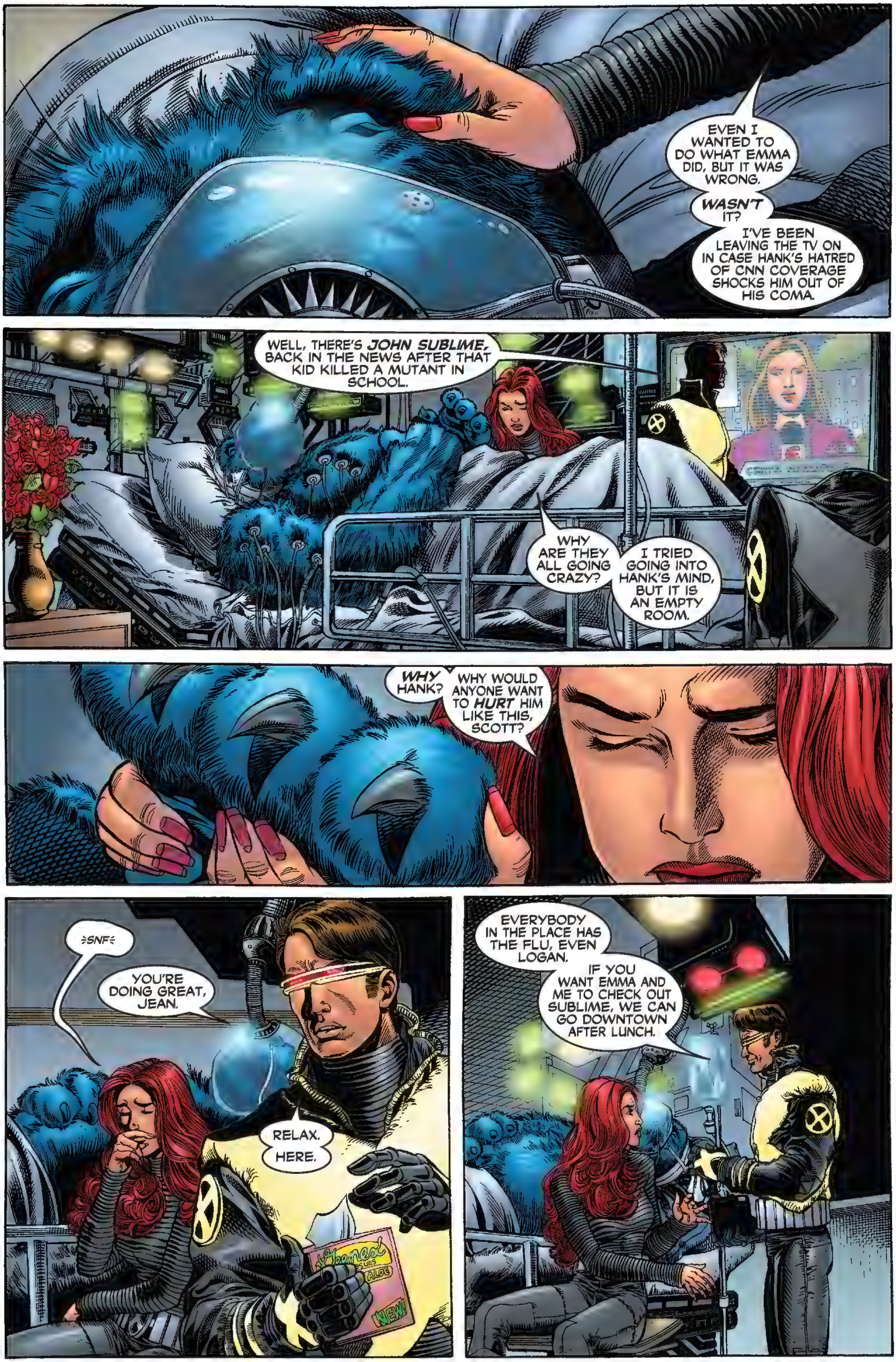

LOUD AND CLEAR, JEAN. GET THE HELL OUT OF MY PERSONAL FANTASIES.
YOU WANT ME BACK AT THE SCHOOL?
NO.
I NEED YOU RIGHT THERE IN *WYOMING.* I'M PICKING UP A STRONG NEW MUTANT SIGNATURE ABOUT FIFTY-SIX MILES NORTHEAST OF YOUR POSITION.
I'M ON IT, SWEETHEART.
HOW'S HENRY?
TAKE A LOOK.

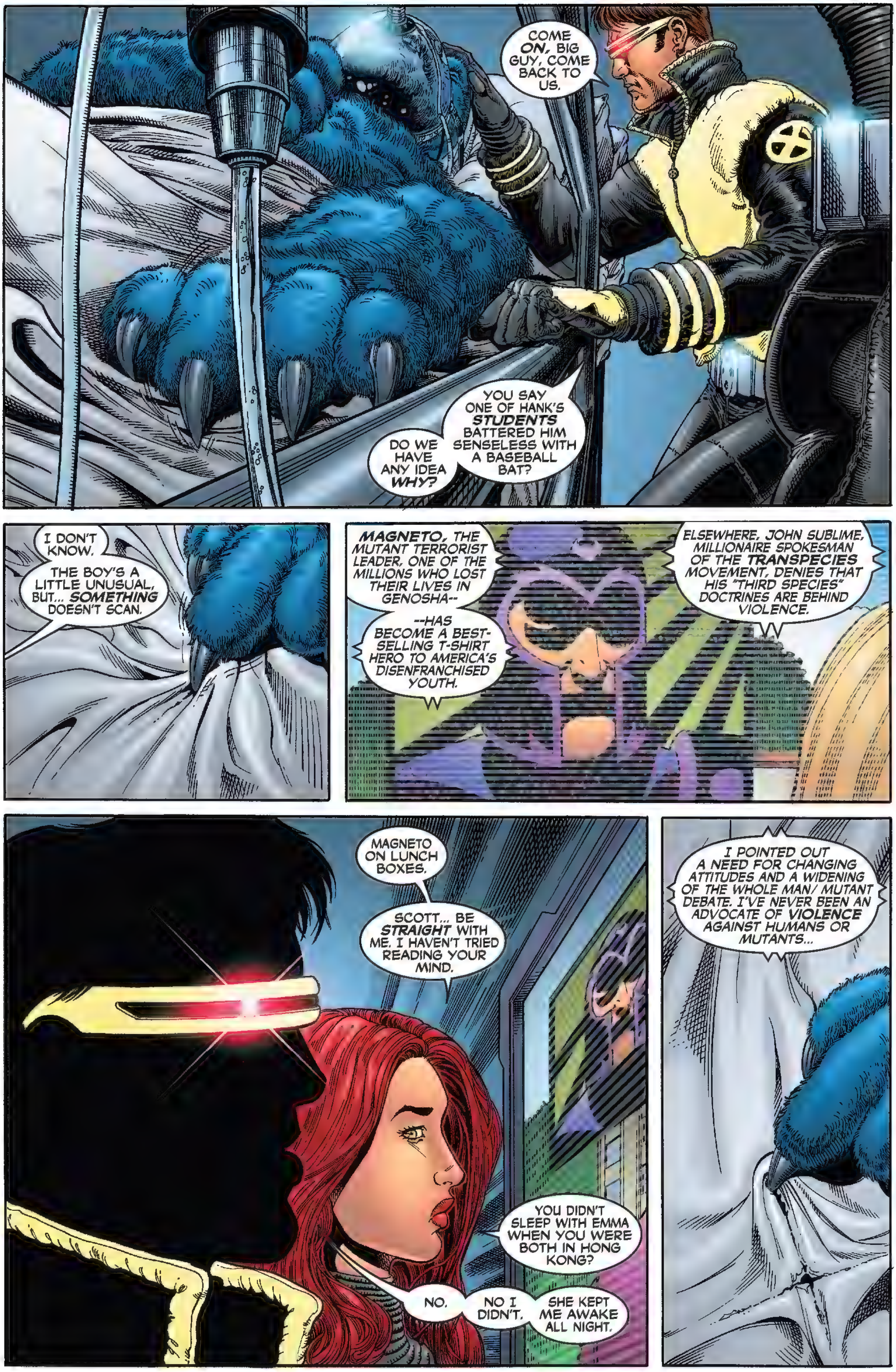

XAVIER INSTITUTE HIGHER LEARNING
HATE'S
END MUTANT DISEASE!
KILL ALL MUTANTS
DIE MUTIES
BURN IN HELL
FOR DIE!
SCUM
GENETIC FREAKS
GO HO
MUTIE
FREAKS
DIE BASTARDS
GO
MUTANTS ARE AN AFFLICTION!
MAKE THEM EX-MEN
DESTROY THE MUTANT PLAGUE
HUMANITY REIGNS
EXTINCTION
LEV. 20:15
Wipe out Mutant Abomination!
DEATH TO MUTIES
THIS IS INTOLERABLE!
GO HOME!
XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING

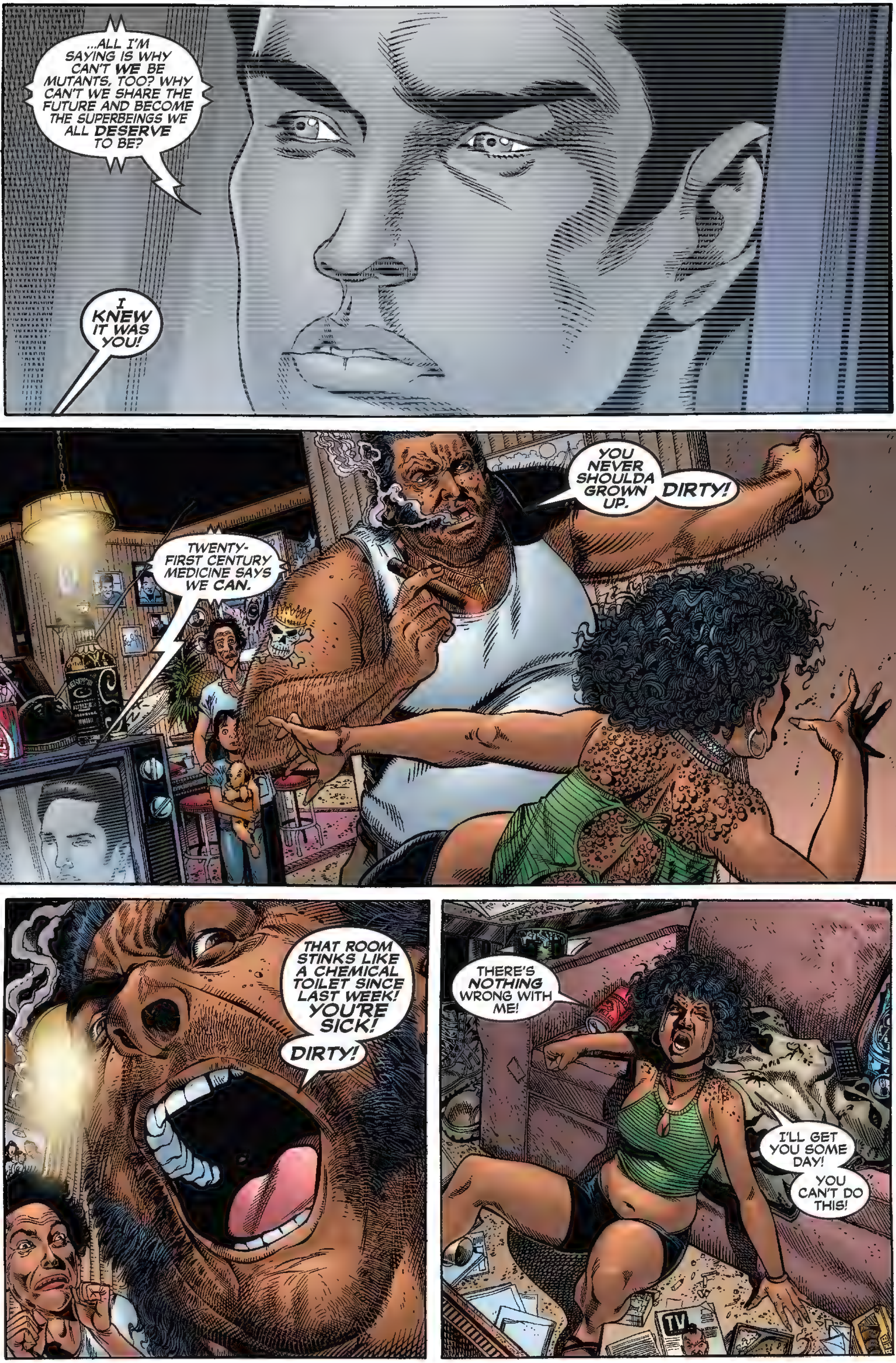

HOW DARE CHARLES XAVIER LEAVE US OPEN TO THIS...
...THIS ABUSE.
AND JUST AS WE WERE LEARNING HOW TO IMPLANT DECEPTIVE EROTIC IMAGES INTO THE MINDS OF OUR ENEMIES, WEREN'T WE, GIRLS?
YES, MISS FROST.
CAN ANYONE SHED ANY LIGHT ON WHY THE PROFESSOR DECIDED IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO LEAVE US FACING A MOB?
JEAN, DEAR. THE SCHOOL IS BESIEGED!
YOU AND I COULD UNPLUG THEIR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEMS IN AN INSTANT IF WE CONCENTRATED HARD ENOUGH.
THEN THEY'D REALLY HAVE A REASON TO YELL.
LET'S TRY TALKING FIRST, EMMA.
SCUM BURN IN DIE HELL
GO HOME
WE DON'T WANT MUTANTS
DEATH TO MUTIES
FILTH
MUTIES GO TO HELL
SCUM
DIE MUTANTS
I THINK THEY FEEL SAFER WHEN THEY CAN SEE OUR LIPS MOVING.
GO BACK TO HELL MONSTERS
DEATH TO MUTIES
OUTLAW MUTANTS!
KILL ALL MUTA
EVIL
DIE SATAN
YOU PEOPLE. PLEASE.
XAVIER'S IS A SCHOOL!

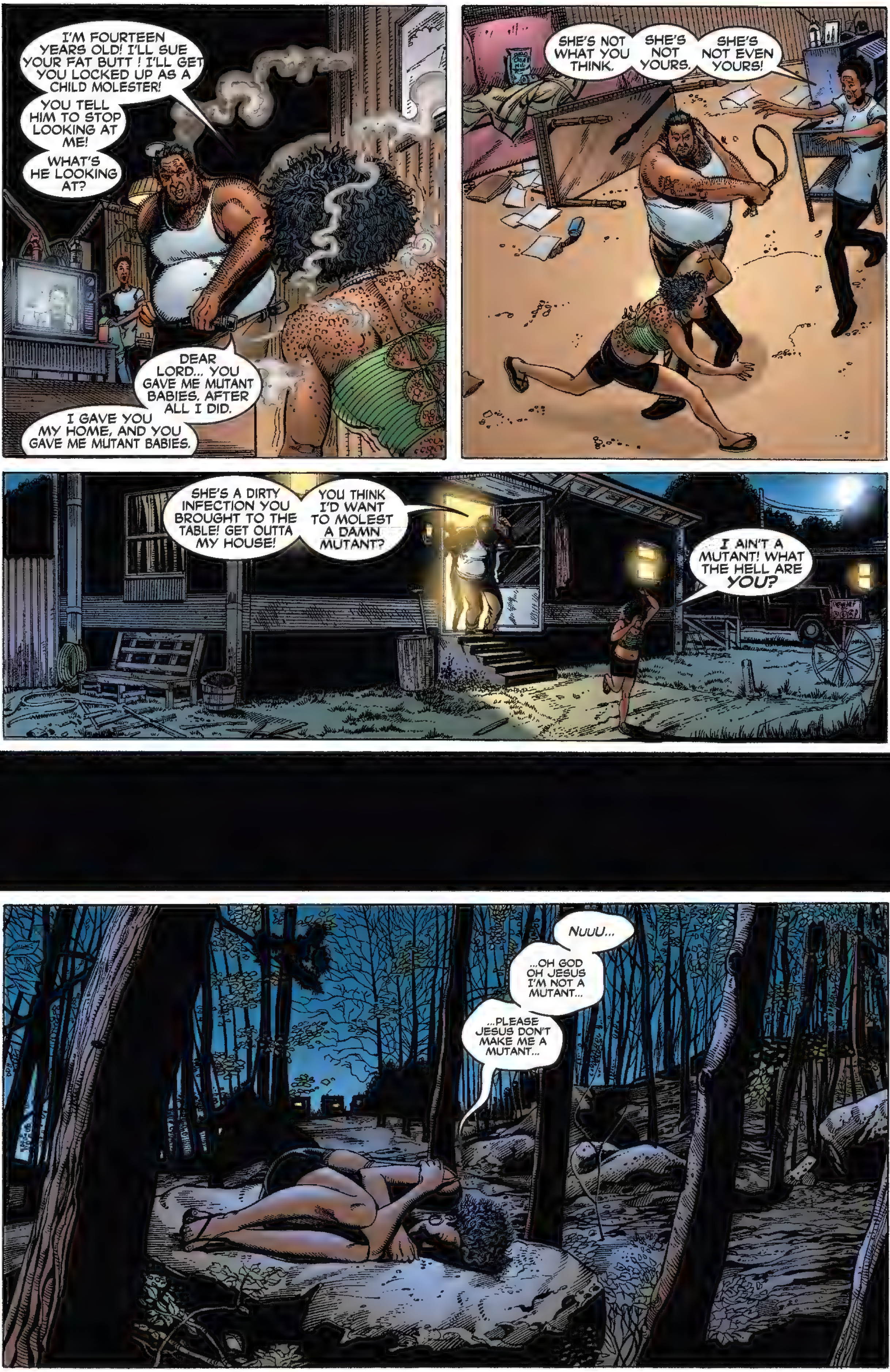

ENOU
DEAD
MUT
MUTANTS GO HO
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING? THERE ARE *CHILDREN* HERE WHO'VE SUFFERED TERRIBLE PERSECUTION.
PLEASE. YOU'RE *TERRIFYING* OUR STUDENTS WITH THIS PROTEST.
WHAT *IS* THIS?
ALL THIS *"MUTANTS GO HOME"* STUFF IS RIDICULOUS. GO HOME *WHERE?*
WE *LIVE* HERE.
I'VE LIVED HERE SINCE I WAS A KID.
YOU'RE MUTANTS, RIGHT? YOU *REPRESENT* THIS ESTABLISHMENT?
STOP MUTANTS
MUTANTS WILL KILL US.
GENETIC MUTATION IS A SIN
MUTANTS = EVIL =
FILTH GENE
GOD WILL DESTROY YOU
KILL ALL MUTIES
ABOMINATION BEFORE GOD
FREAKS
DIE
IN A WAY...
SO YOU'LL TALK TO THE MEDIA?
ARE YOU WILLING TO DENY THAT PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER IS TRAINING AND ASSEMBLING A PRIVATE MUTANT *ARMY* HERE, MS. GREY?
OF *COURSE* I DENY IT.
PROFESSOR XAVIER ISN'T EVEN *HERE* RIGHT NOW.
AND IT'S GREY-*SUMMERS*. THIS IS MY HUSBAND, SCOTT.
DO YOU SEE ANY *WEAPONS* HERE?
WE *SAVE* LIVES: HUMAN AS WELL AS MUTANT. THAT'S ALL WE'VE *EVER* DONE.
OUR JOB IS TO EDUCATE AND PROTECT...

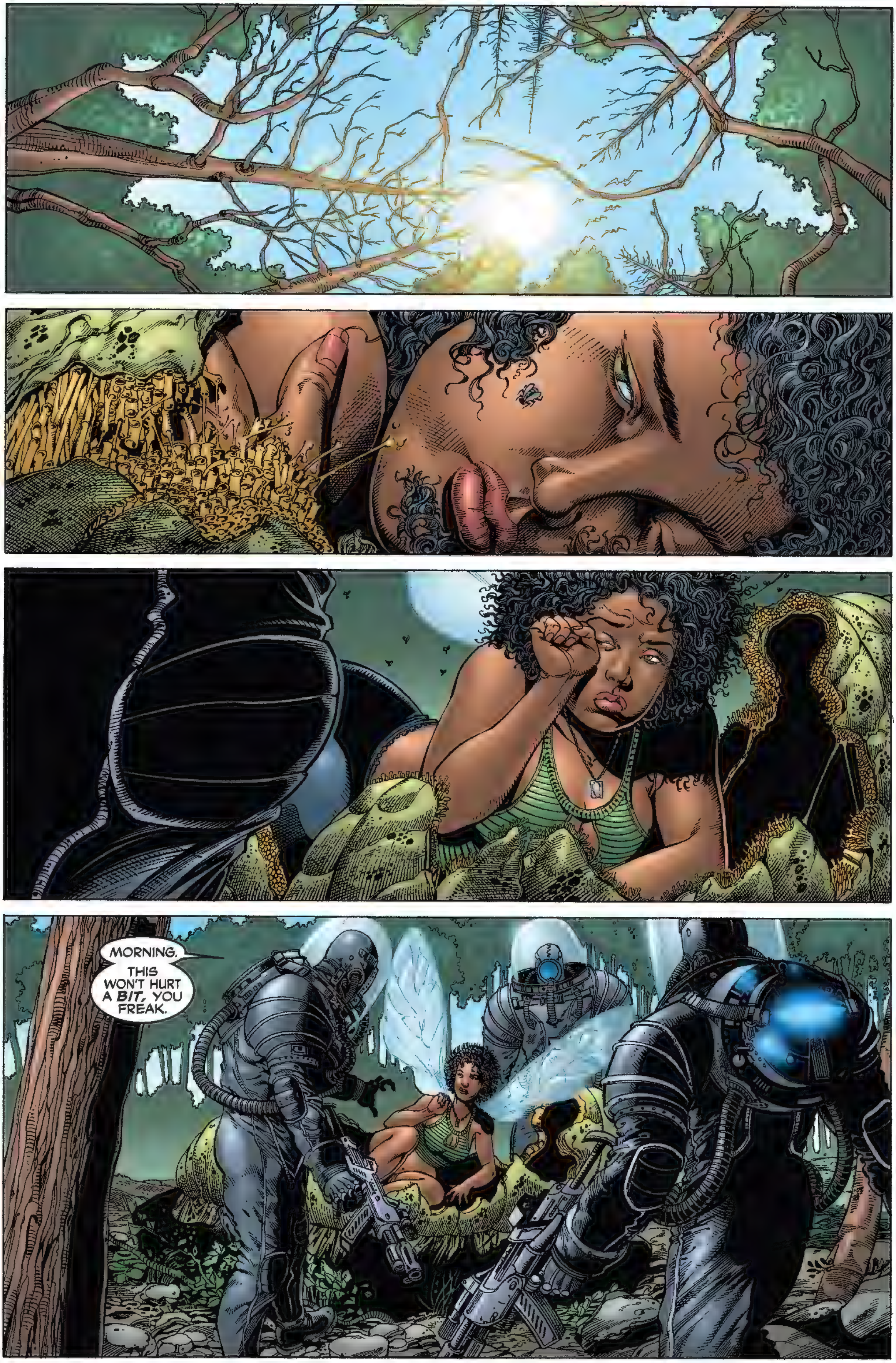

U-MEN
UNLOCK YOUR POTENTIAL
BUT YOUR OWN **BODIES** ARE LETHAL WEAPONS! AREN'T YOU ONE OF THE FIRST FRUITS OF PROFESSOR X'S PARAMILITARY PROGRAM, MR. SUMMERS?
WHAT KIND OF TEACHERS WEAR LEATHER AND KEVLAR AND HI-IMPACT POLYESTER?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED...
TEACHERS WHO NEED **PROTECTION** AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE THESE.
THIS IS A SCHOOL. THE X-MEN IS A VOLUNTEER RESCUE AND EMERGENCY ORGANIZATION...
UNAPPOINTED BY ANY RECOGNIZED AGENCY.
GENETIC FREAK
GOD HATE MUTANT
GO HOM MUTIES
MAKE THEM EX-MEN!
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE THERE ARE NO KNOWN MUTANTS IN ANY OF THE WORLD'S **GOVERNMENTS.**
AFTER SENTINEL MACHINES KILLED SIXTEEN MILLION OF US IN GENOSHA, WE FELT KIND OF FORCED TO APPOINT **OURSELVES.**
GENOSHAN MUTANTS TRIED TO START A WAR WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD!
ENOUGH OF THIS RABBLE.
I'M TRYING TO **TEACH!**
HOW MANY ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS ARE HIDING IN YOUR...
UHH...OOHH GOOD... YOU SURE ARE PRETTY--
MUTA GO
BURN THE MUTIES
SCUM OF E
UUHH...
SHE JUST MADE ME--
EMMA...!
I PUSHED THEIR **BLISS BUTTONS,** JEAN. THEY'LL WAKE UP UTTERLY ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES.
DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD.

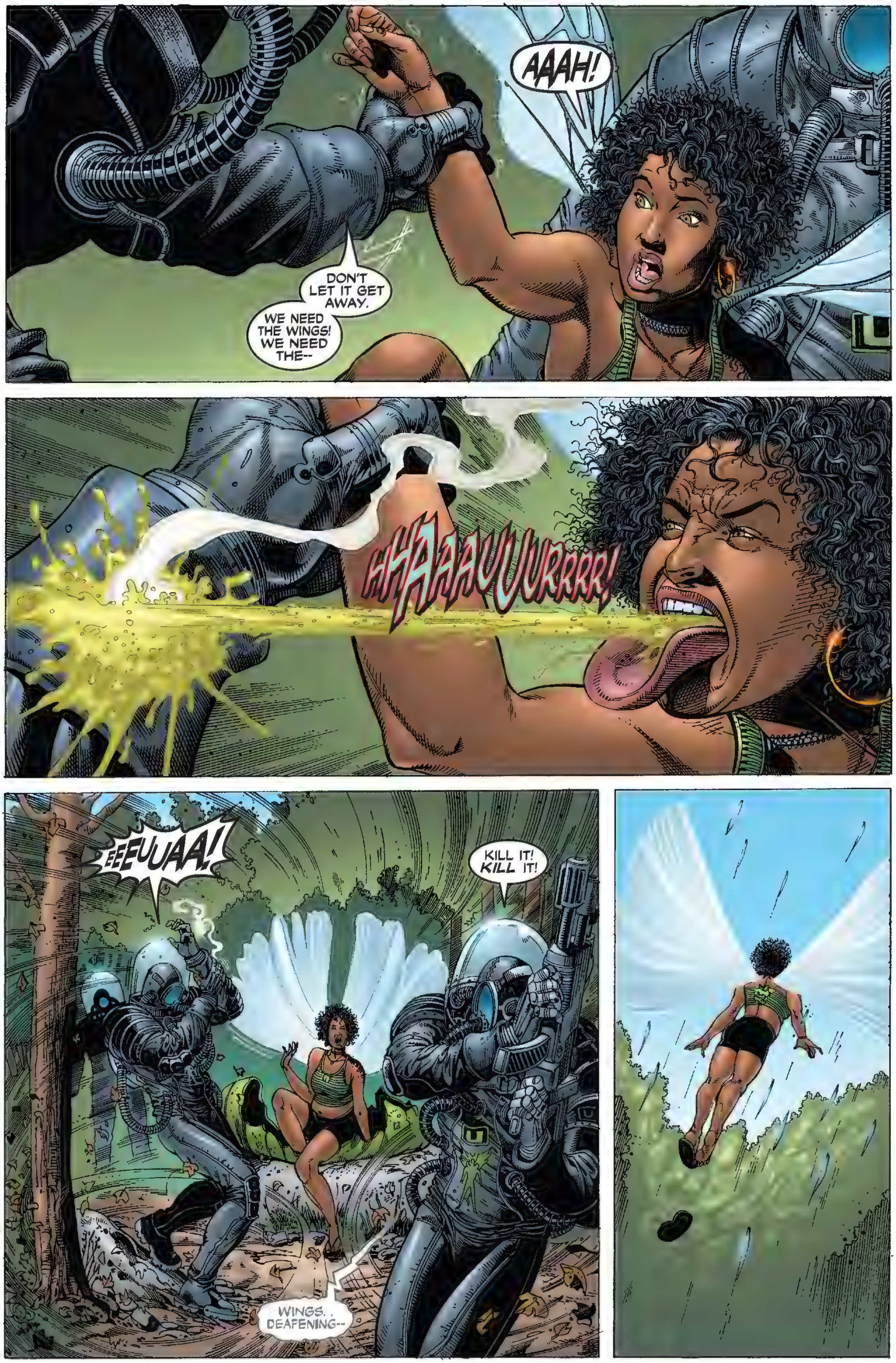

EVEN I WANTED TO DO WHAT EMMA DID, BUT IT WAS WRONG.
WASN'T IT?
I'VE BEEN LEAVING THE TV ON IN CASE HANK'S HATRED OF CNN COVERAGE SHOCKS HIM OUT OF HIS COMA.
WELL, THERE'S *JOHN SUBLIME,* BACK IN THE NEWS AFTER THAT KID KILLED A MUTANT IN SCHOOL.
WHY ARE THEY ALL GOING CRAZY?
I TRIED GOING INTO HANK'S MIND, BUT IT IS AN EMPTY ROOM.
WHY HANK?
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO *HURT* HIM LIKE THIS, SCOTT?
SNF
YOU'RE DOING GREAT, JEAN.
RELAX.
HERE.
NEW!
EVERYBODY IN THE PLACE HAS THE FLU, EVEN LOGAN.
IF YOU WANT EMMA AND ME TO CHECK OUT SUBLIME, WE CAN GO DOWNTOWN AFTER LUNCH.

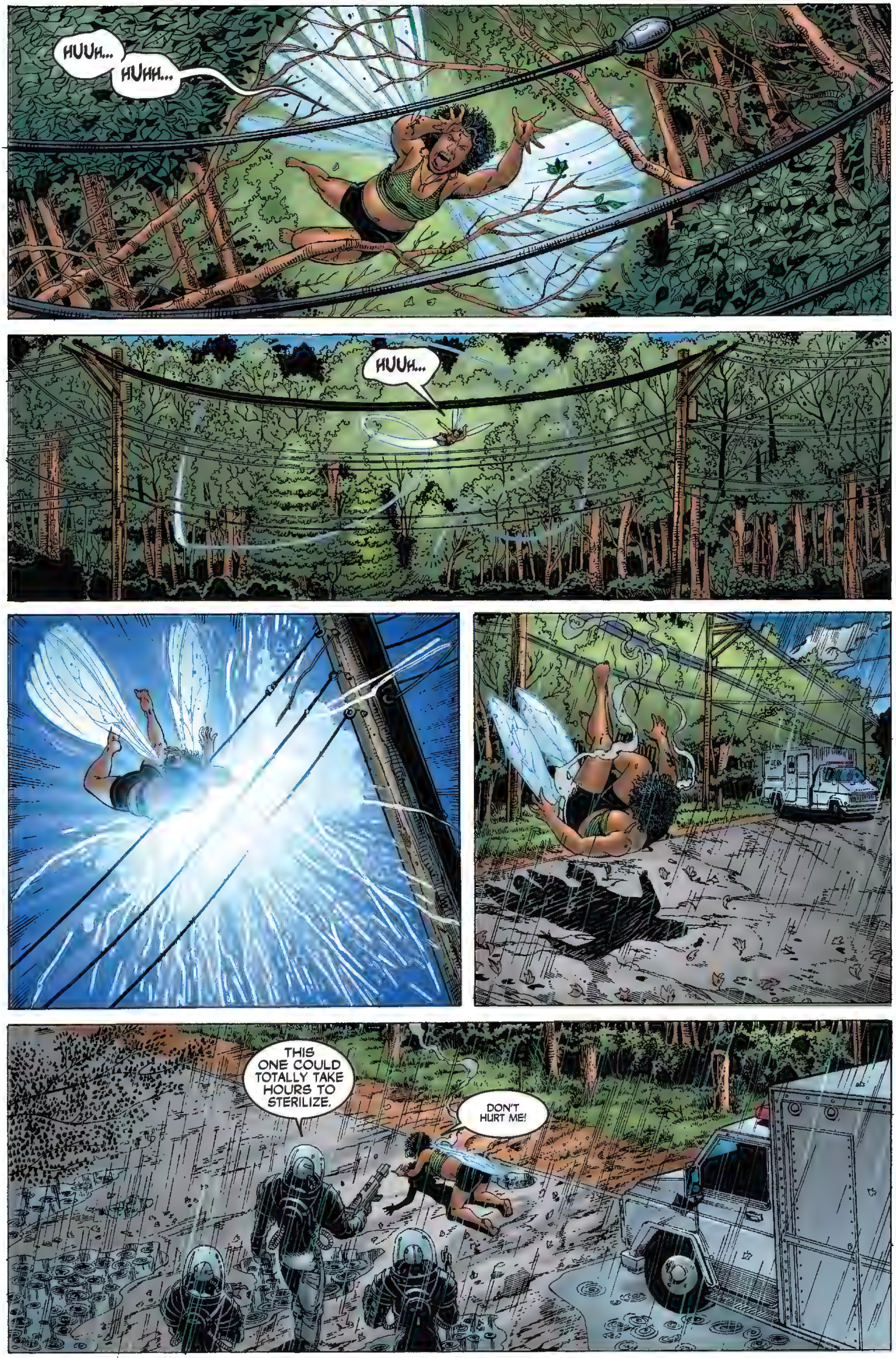

COME ON, BIG GUY, COME BACK TO US.
YOU SAY ONE OF HANK'S STUDENTS BATTERED HIM SENSELESS WITH A BASEBALL BAT?
DO WE HAVE ANY IDEA WHY?
I DON'T KNOW.
THE BOY'S A LITTLE UNUSUAL, BUT... SOMETHING DOESN'T SCAN.
MAGNETO, THE MUTANT TERRORIST LEADER, ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN GENOSHA--
--HAS BECOME A BEST-SELLING T-SHIRT HERO TO AMERICA'S DISENFRANCHISED YOUTH.
ELSEWHERE, JOHN SUBLIME, MILLIONAIRE SPOKESMAN OF THE TRANSPECIES MOVEMENT, DENIES THAT HIS "THIRD SPECIES" DOCTRINES ARE BEHIND VIOLENCE.
MAGNETO ON LUNCH BOXES.
SCOTT... BE STRAIGHT WITH ME. I HAVEN'T TRIED READING YOUR MIND.
YOU DIDN'T SLEEP WITH EMMA WHEN YOU WERE BOTH IN HONG KONG?
NO.
NO I DIDN'T.
SHE KEPT ME AWAKE ALL NIGHT.
I POINTED OUT A NEED FOR CHANGING ATTITUDES AND A WIDENING OF THE WHOLE MAN/ MUTANT DEBATE. I'VE NEVER BEEN AN ADVOCATE OF VIOLENCE AGAINST HUMANS OR MUTANTS...

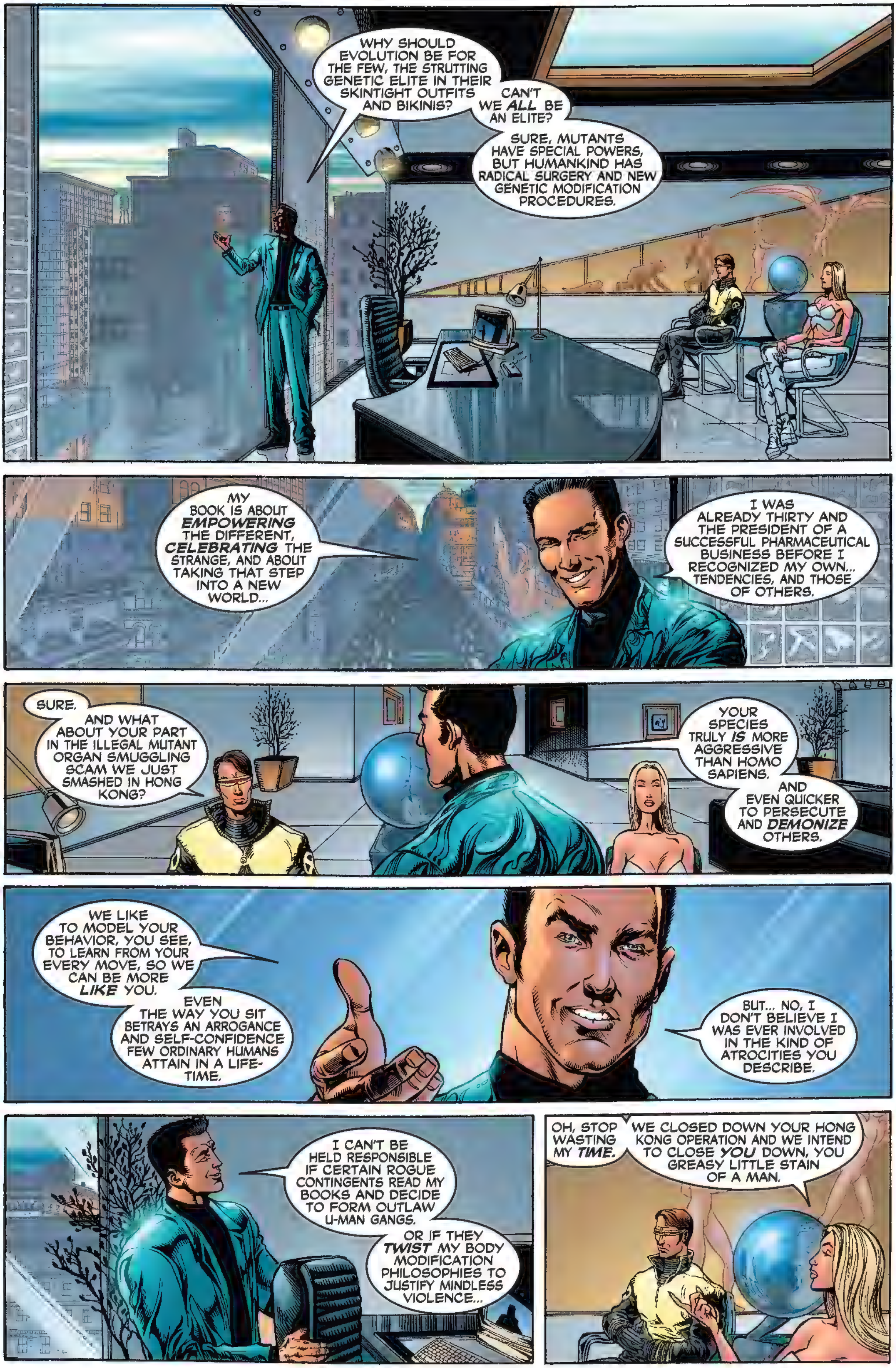

...ALL I'M SAYING IS WHY CAN'T WE BE MUTANTS, TOO? WHY CAN'T WE SHARE THE FUTURE AND BECOME THE SUPERBEINGS WE ALL DESERVE TO BE?
I KNEW IT WAS YOU!
YOU NEVER SHOULDA GROWN UP.
DIRTY!
TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY MEDICINE SAYS WE CAN.
THAT ROOM STINKS LIKE A CHEMICAL TOILET SINCE LAST WEEK! YOU'RE SICK!
DIRTY!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME!
I'LL GET YOU SOME DAY!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
TV

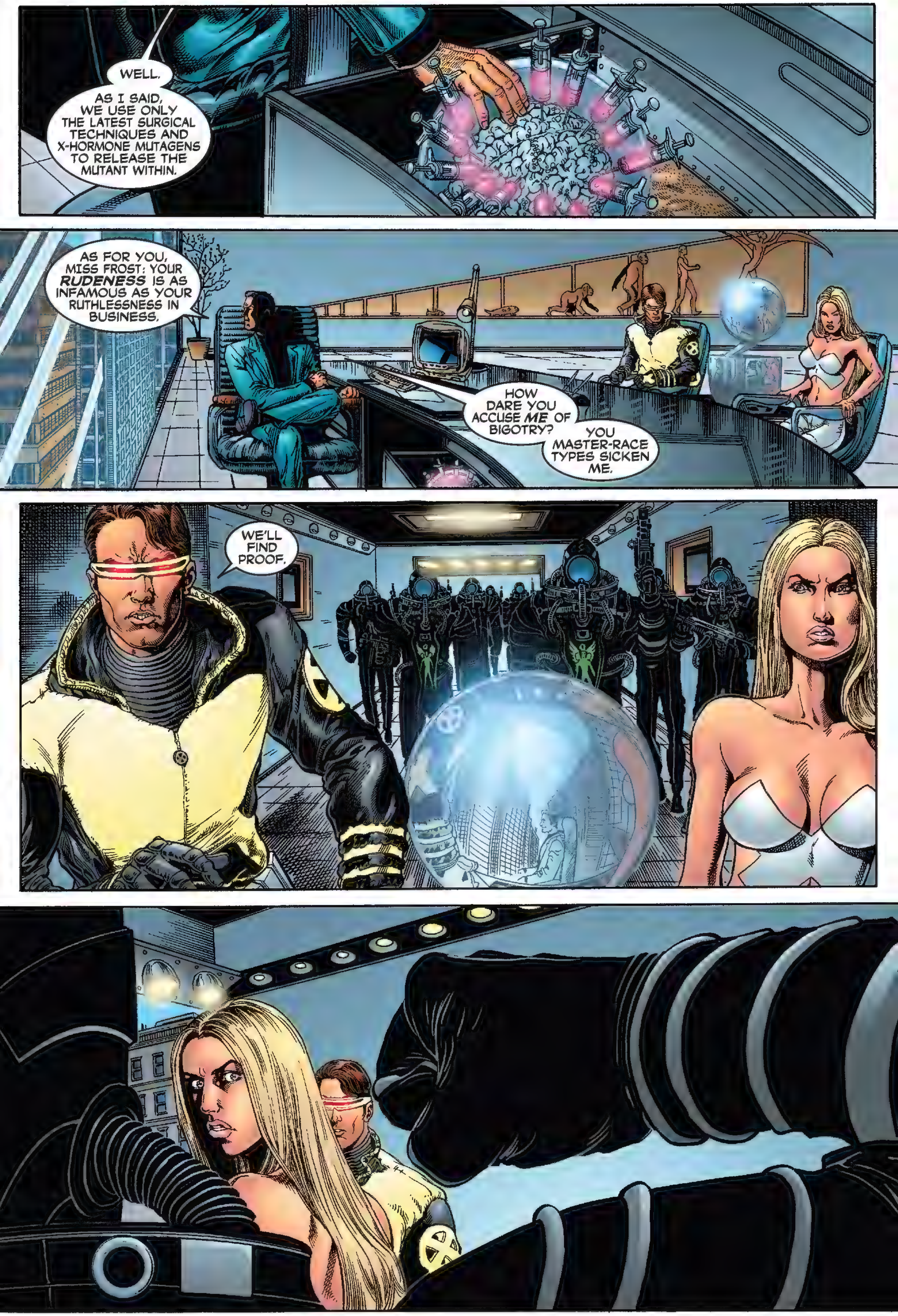

I'M FOURTEEN YEARS OLD! I'LL SUE YOUR FAT BUTT ! I'LL GET YOU LOCKED UP AS A CHILD MOLESTER!
YOU TELL HIM TO STOP LOOKING AT ME!
WHAT'S HE LOOKING AT?
DEAR LORD... YOU GAVE ME MUTANT BABIES, AFTER ALL I DID.
I GAVE YOU MY HOME, AND YOU GAVE ME MUTANT BABIES.
SHE'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK.
SHE'S NOT YOURS.
SHE'S NOT EVEN YOURS!
SHE'S A DIRTY INFECTION YOU BROUGHT TO THE TABLE! GET OUTTA MY HOUSE!
YOU THINK I'D WANT TO MOLEST A DAMN MUTANT?
I AIN'T A MUTANT! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?
NUUU...
...OH GOD OH JESUS I'M NOT A MUTANT...
...PLEASE JESUS DON'T MAKE ME A MUTANT...

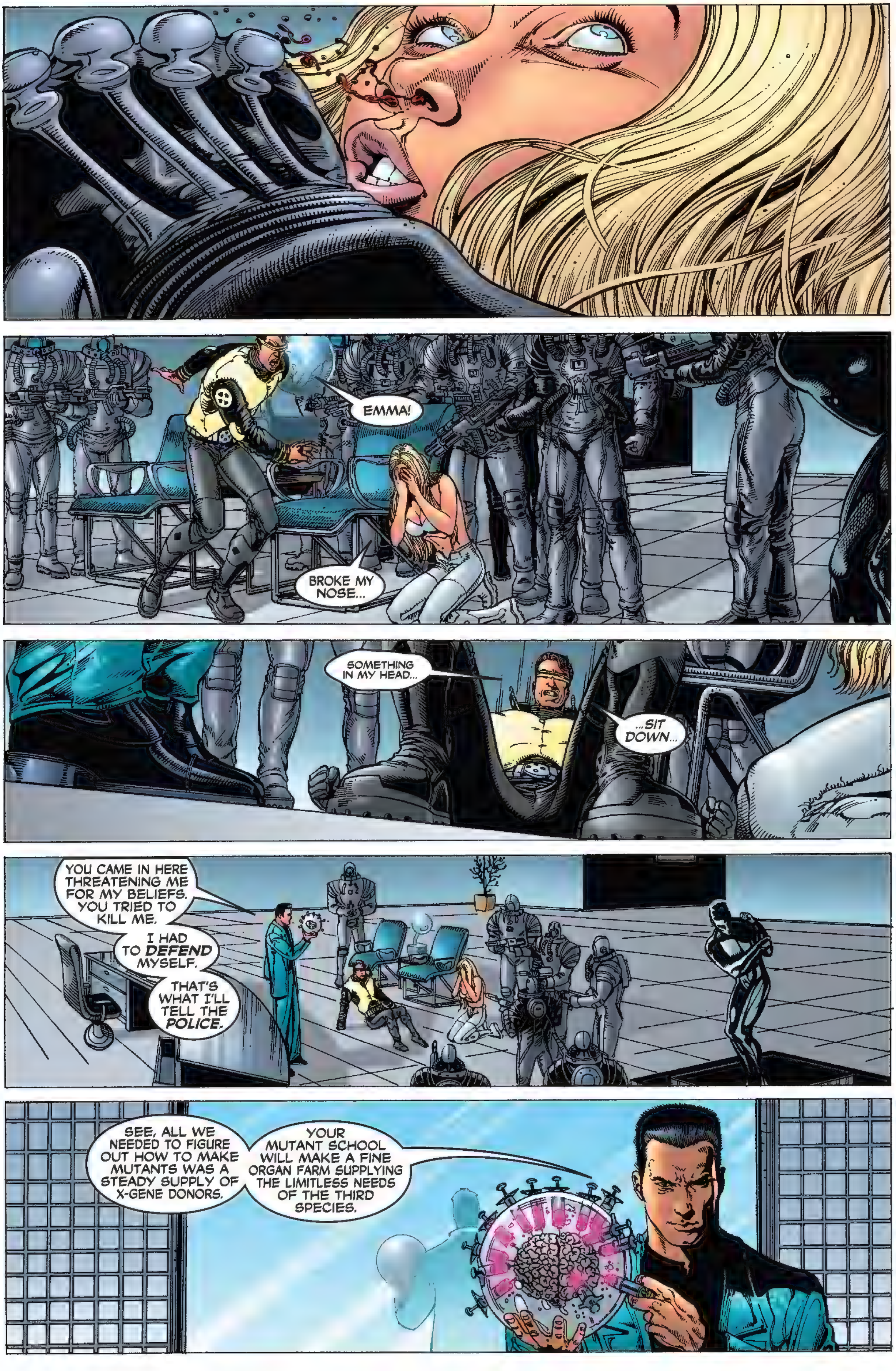

MORNING.
THIS WON'T HURT A *BIT,* YOU FREAK.

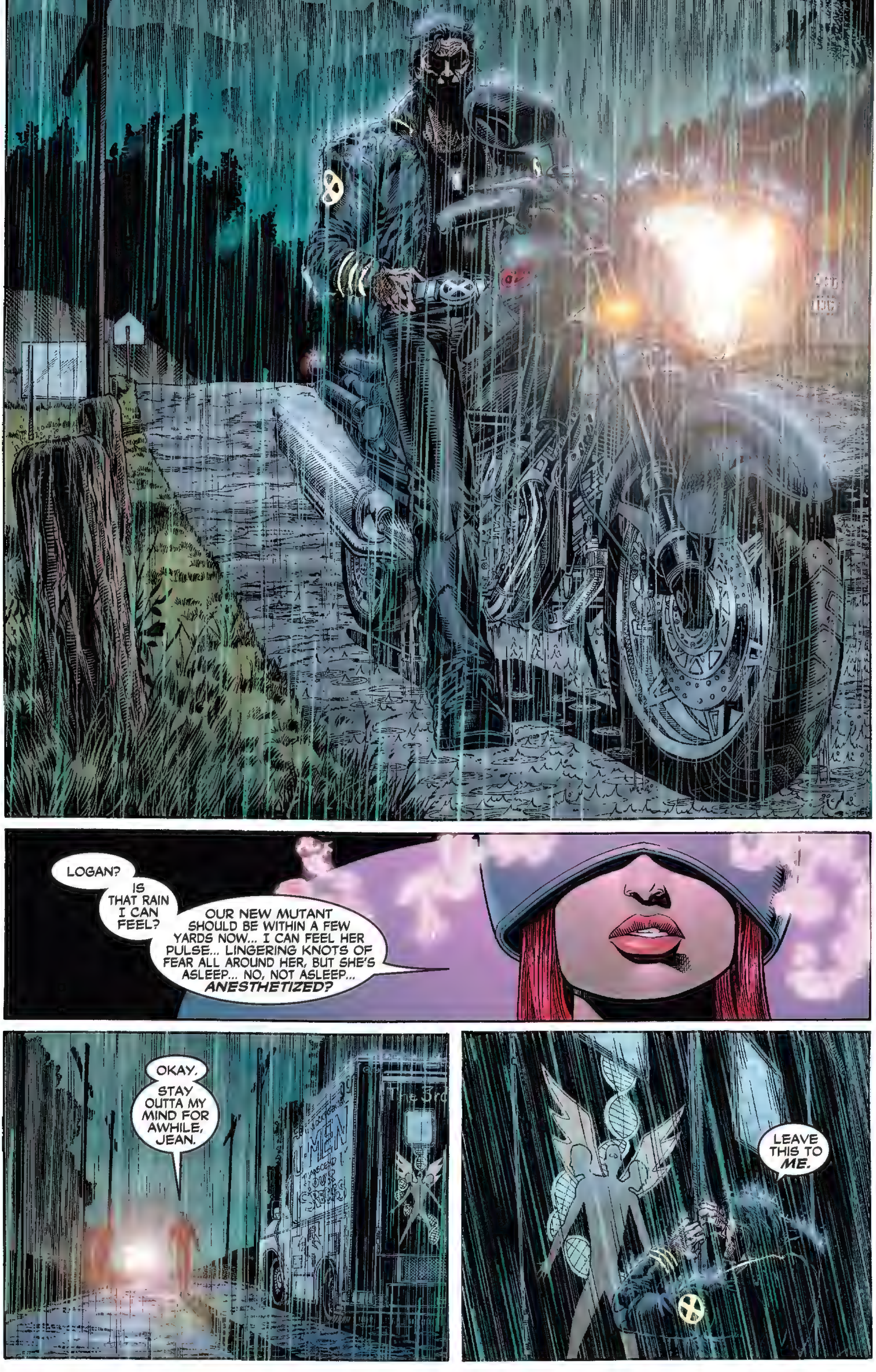

AAAH!
DON'T LET IT GET AWAY.
WE NEED THE WINGS! WE NEED THE--
HHAAAUUURRRR!
EEEUUAA!
KILL IT! KILL IT!
WINGS. . DEAFENING--

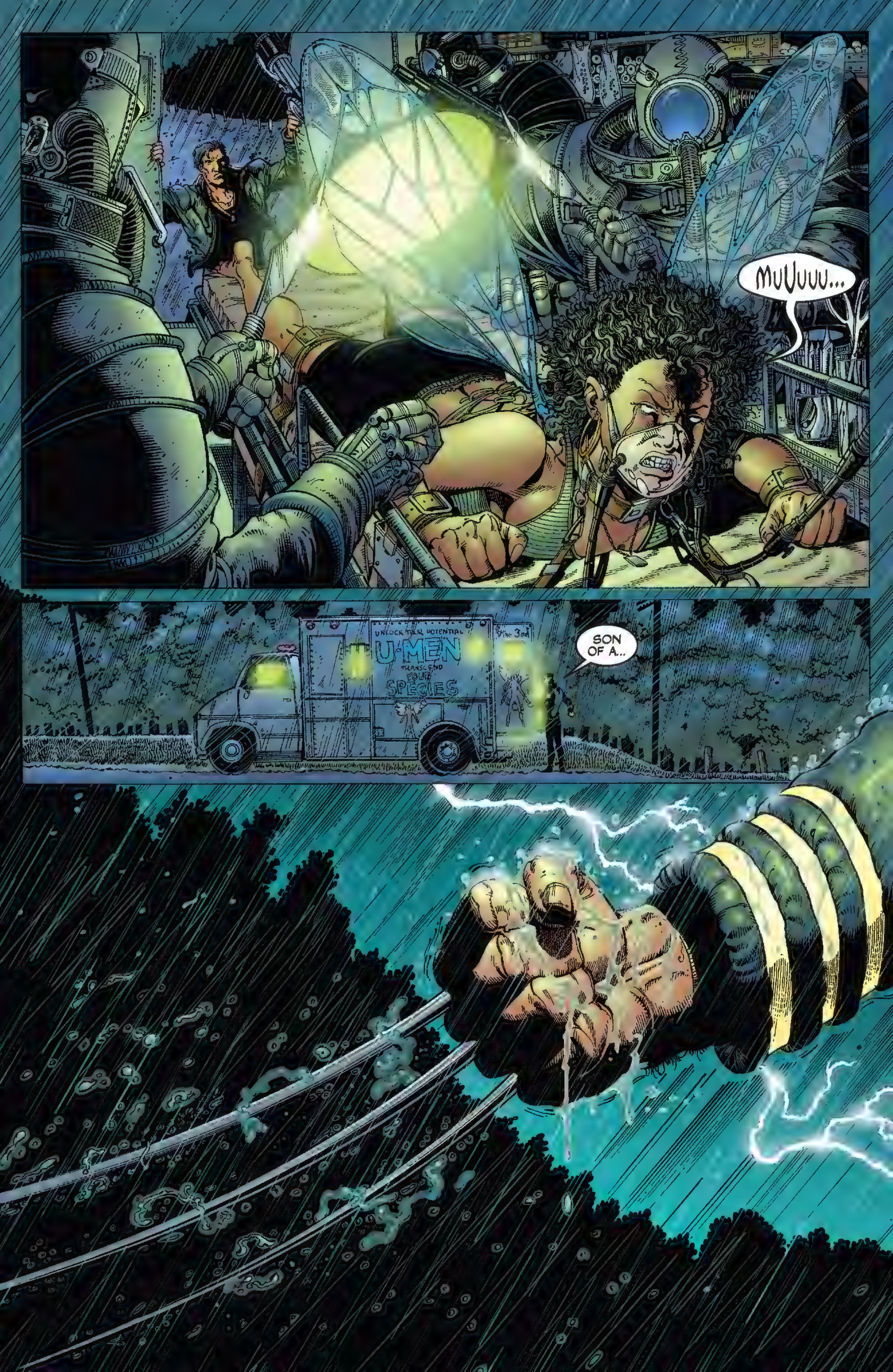

HUUH...
HUHH...
HUUH...
THIS ONE COULD TOTALLY TAKE HOURS TO STERILIZE.
DON'T HURT ME!


WHY SHOULD EVOLUTION BE FOR THE FEW, THE STRUTTING GENETIC ELITE IN THEIR SKINTIGHT OUTFITS AND BIKINIS?
CAN'T WE ALL BE AN ELITE?
SURE, MUTANTS HAVE SPECIAL POWERS, BUT HUMANKIND HAS RADICAL SURGERY AND NEW GENETIC MODIFICATION PROCEDURES.
MY BOOK IS ABOUT EMPOWERING THE DIFFERENT, CELEBRATING THE STRANGE, AND ABOUT TAKING THAT STEP INTO A NEW WORLD...
I WAS ALREADY THIRTY AND THE PRESIDENT OF A SUCCESSFUL PHARMACEUTICAL BUSINESS BEFORE I RECOGNIZED MY OWN... TENDENCIES, AND THOSE OF OTHERS.
SURE.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR PART IN THE ILLEGAL MUTANT ORGAN SMUGGLING SCAM WE JUST SMASHED IN HONG KONG?
YOUR SPECIES TRULY IS MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN HOMO SAPIENS.
AND EVEN QUICKER TO PERSECUTE AND DEMONIZE OTHERS.
WE LIKE TO MODEL YOUR BEHAVIOR, YOU SEE, TO LEARN FROM YOUR EVERY MOVE, SO WE CAN BE MORE LIKE YOU.
EVEN THE WAY YOU SIT BETRAYS AN ARROGANCE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE FEW ORDINARY HUMANS ATTAIN IN A LIFETIME.
BUT... NO, I DON'T BELIEVE I WAS EVER INVOLVED IN THE KIND OF ATROCITIES YOU DESCRIBE.
I CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE IF CERTAIN ROGUE CONTINGENTS READ MY BOOKS AND DECIDE TO FORM OUTLAW U-MAN GANGS.
OR IF THEY TWIST MY BODY MODIFICATION PHILOSOPHIES TO JUSTIFY MINDLESS VIOLENCE...
OH, STOP WASTING MY TIME.
WE CLOSED DOWN YOUR HONG KONG OPERATION AND WE INTEND TO CLOSE YOU DOWN, YOU GREASY LITTLE STAIN OF A MAN.

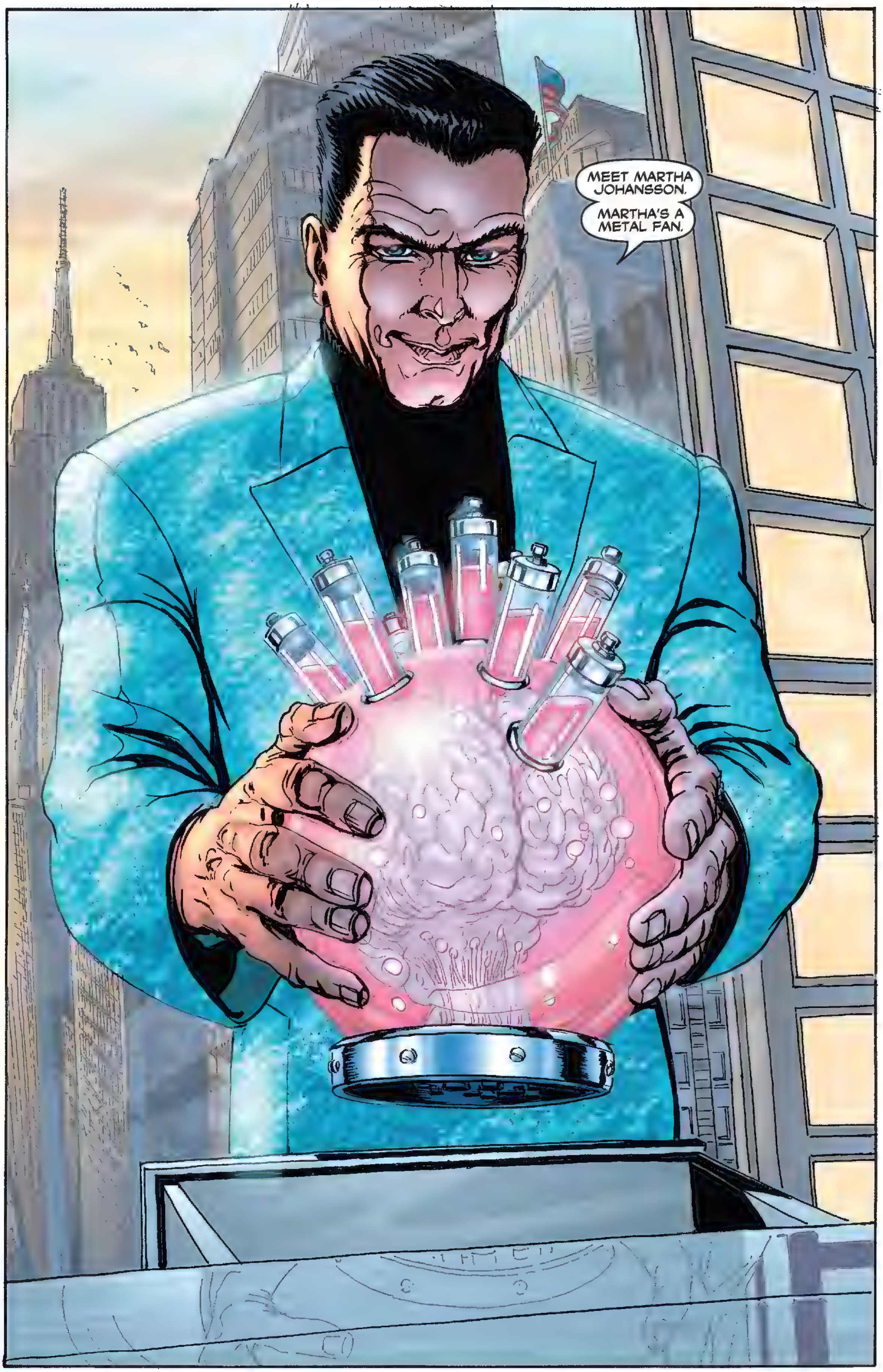

WELL.
AS I SAID, WE USE ONLY THE LATEST SURGICAL TECHNIQUES AND X-HORMONE MUTAGENS TO RELEASE THE MUTANT WITHIN.
AS FOR YOU, MISS FROST: YOUR RUDENESS IS AS INFAMOUS AS YOUR RUTHLESSNESS IN BUSINESS.
HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME OF BIGOTRY?
YOU MASTER-RACE TYPES SICKEN ME.
WE'LL FIND PROOF.

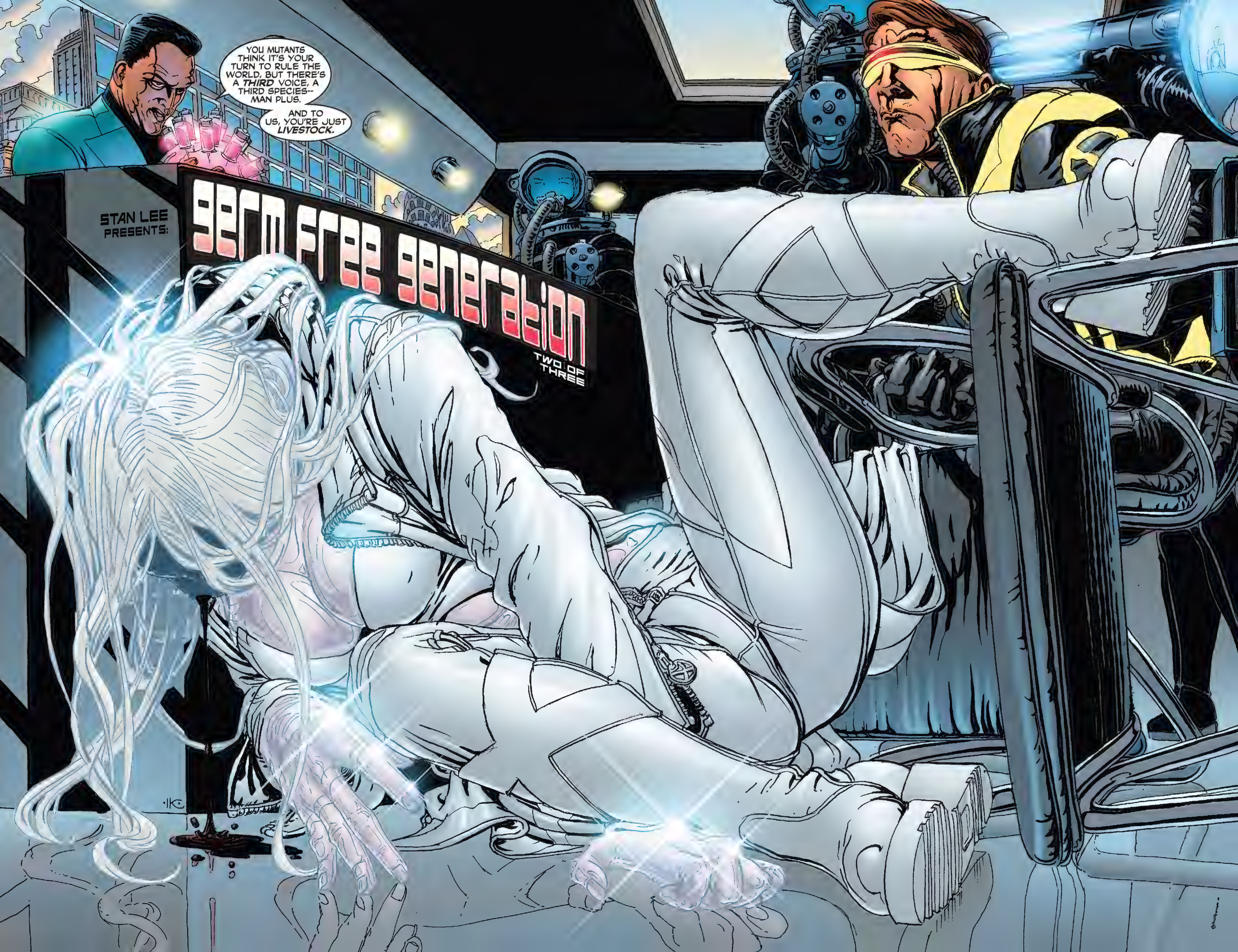

EMMA!
BROKE MY NOSE...
SOMETHING IN MY HEAD...
...SIT DOWN...
YOU CAME IN HERE THREATENING ME FOR MY BELIEFS. YOU TRIED TO KILL ME.
I HAD TO *DEFEND* MYSELF.
THAT'S WHAT I'LL TELL THE *POLICE.*
SEE, ALL WE NEEDED TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE MUTANTS WAS A STEADY SUPPLY OF X-GENE DONORS.
YOUR MUTANT SCHOOL WILL MAKE A FINE ORGAN FARM SUPPLYING THE LIMITLESS NEEDS OF THE THIRD SPECIES.

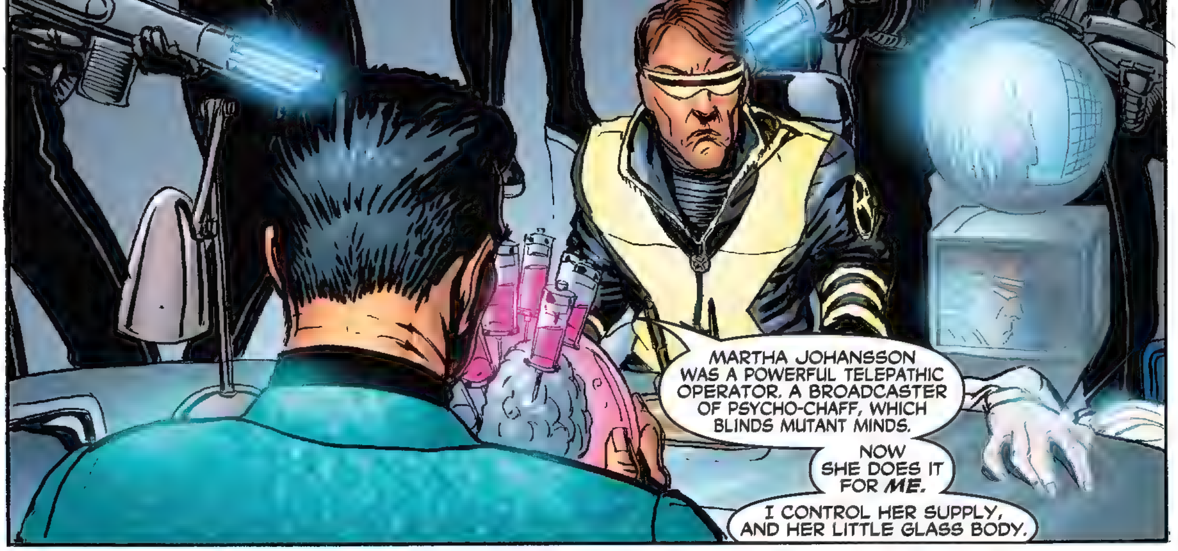

LOGAN?
IS THAT RAIN I CAN FEEL?
OUR NEW MUTANT SHOULD BE WITHIN A FEW YARDS NOW... I CAN FEEL HER PULSE... LINGERING KNOTS OF FEAR ALL AROUND HER, BUT SHE'S ASLEEP... NO, NOT ASLEEP... ***ANESTHETIZED?***
OKAY. STAY OUTTA MY MIND FOR AWHILE, JEAN.
U-MEN
LEAVE THIS TO ***ME.***

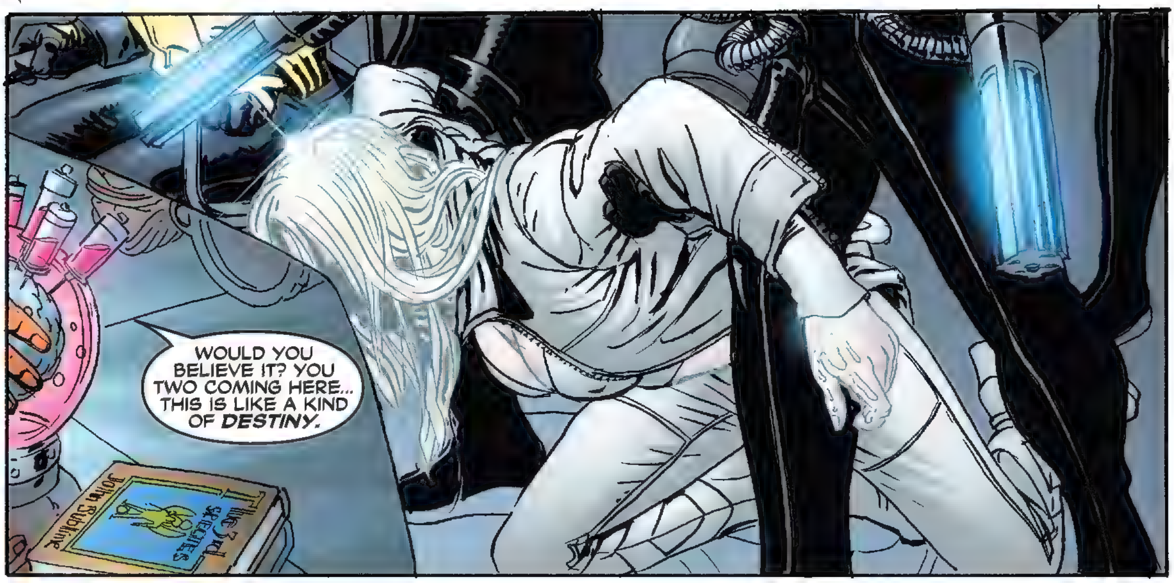

MuUuuu...
UNLOCK YOUR POTENTIAL
U-MEN
TRANSCEND YOUR SPECIES
SON OF A...

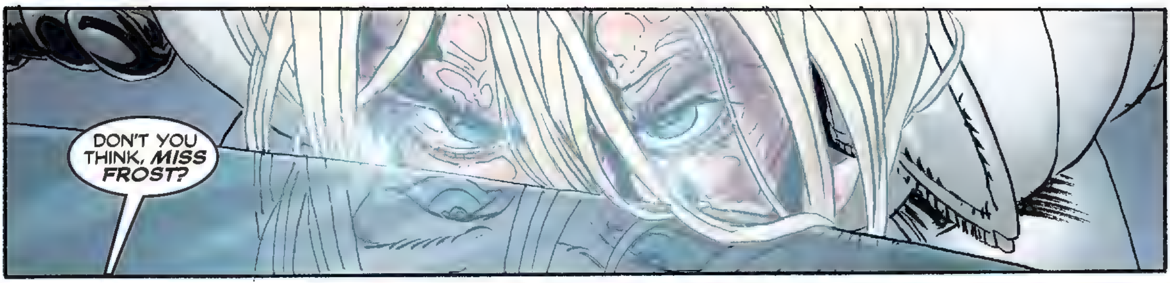
NEW X-MEN #119
"GERM FREE GENERATION PART TWO OF THREE"

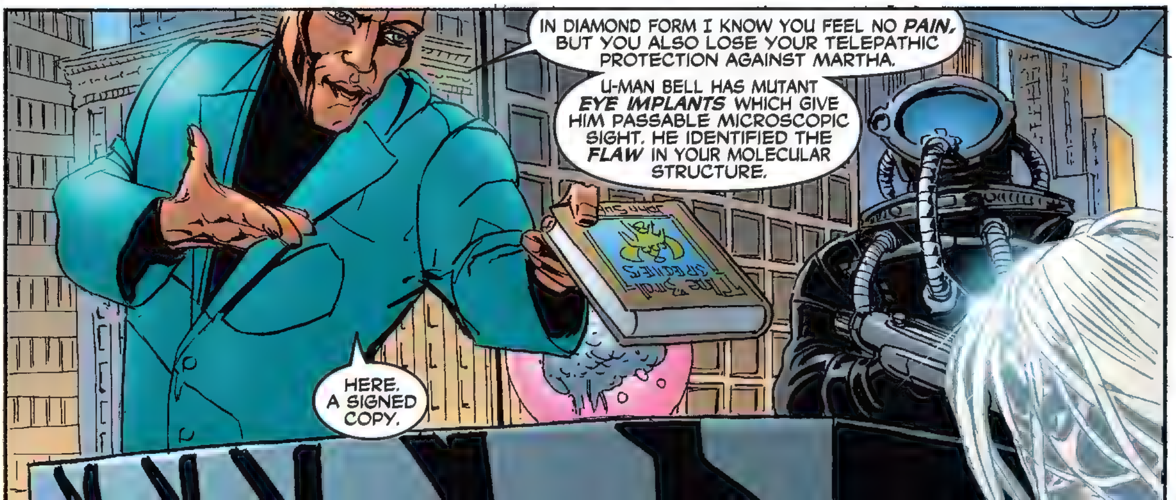

MEET MARTHA JOHANSSON.
MARTHA'S A METAL FAN.

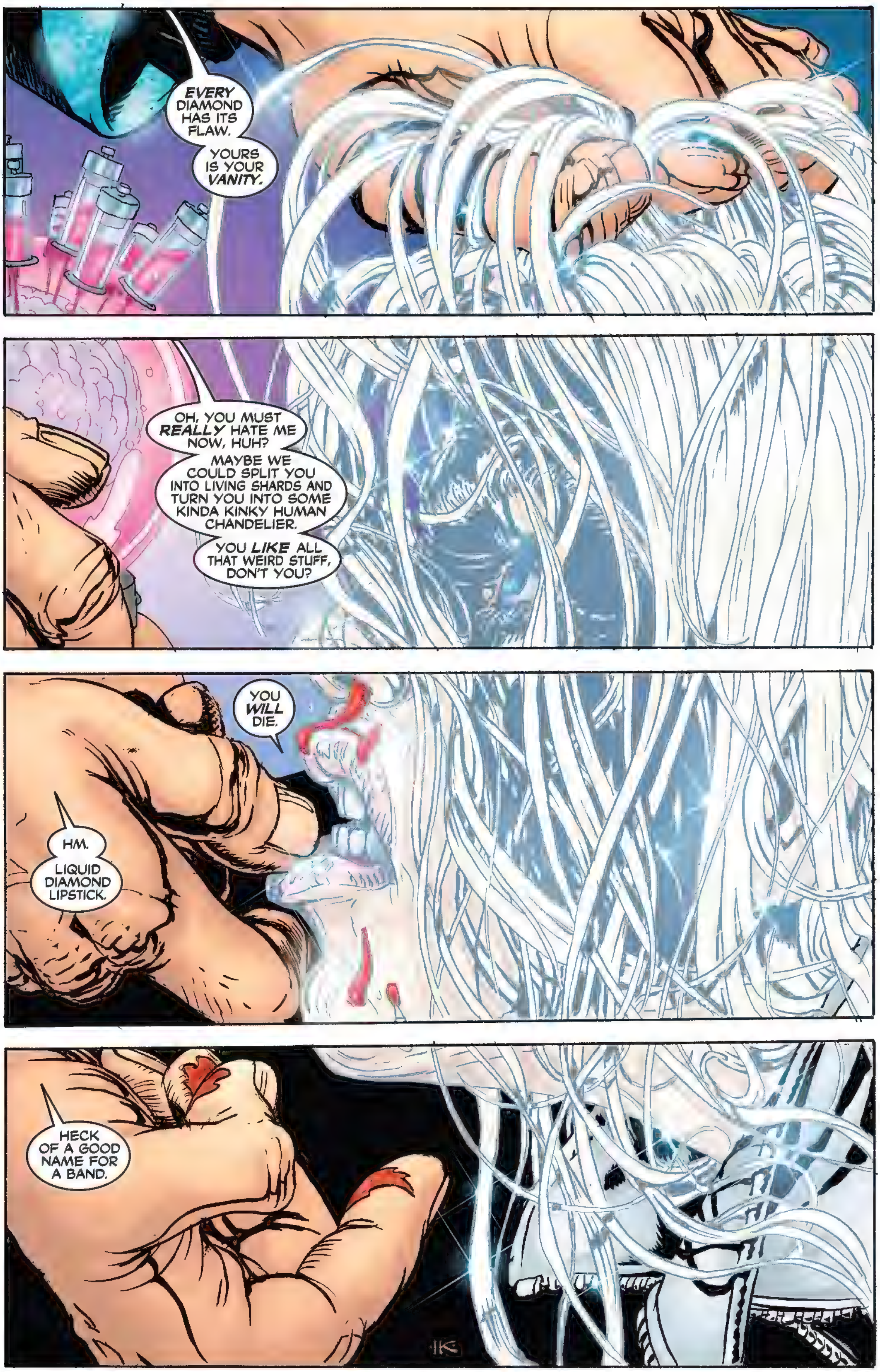

YOU MUTANTS THINK IT'S YOUR TURN TO RULE THE WORLD, BUT THERE'S A *THIRD* VOICE, A THIRD SPECIES-- MAN PLUS.
AND TO US, YOU'RE JUST *LIVESTOCK.*
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
GERM FREE GENERATION
TWO OF THREE

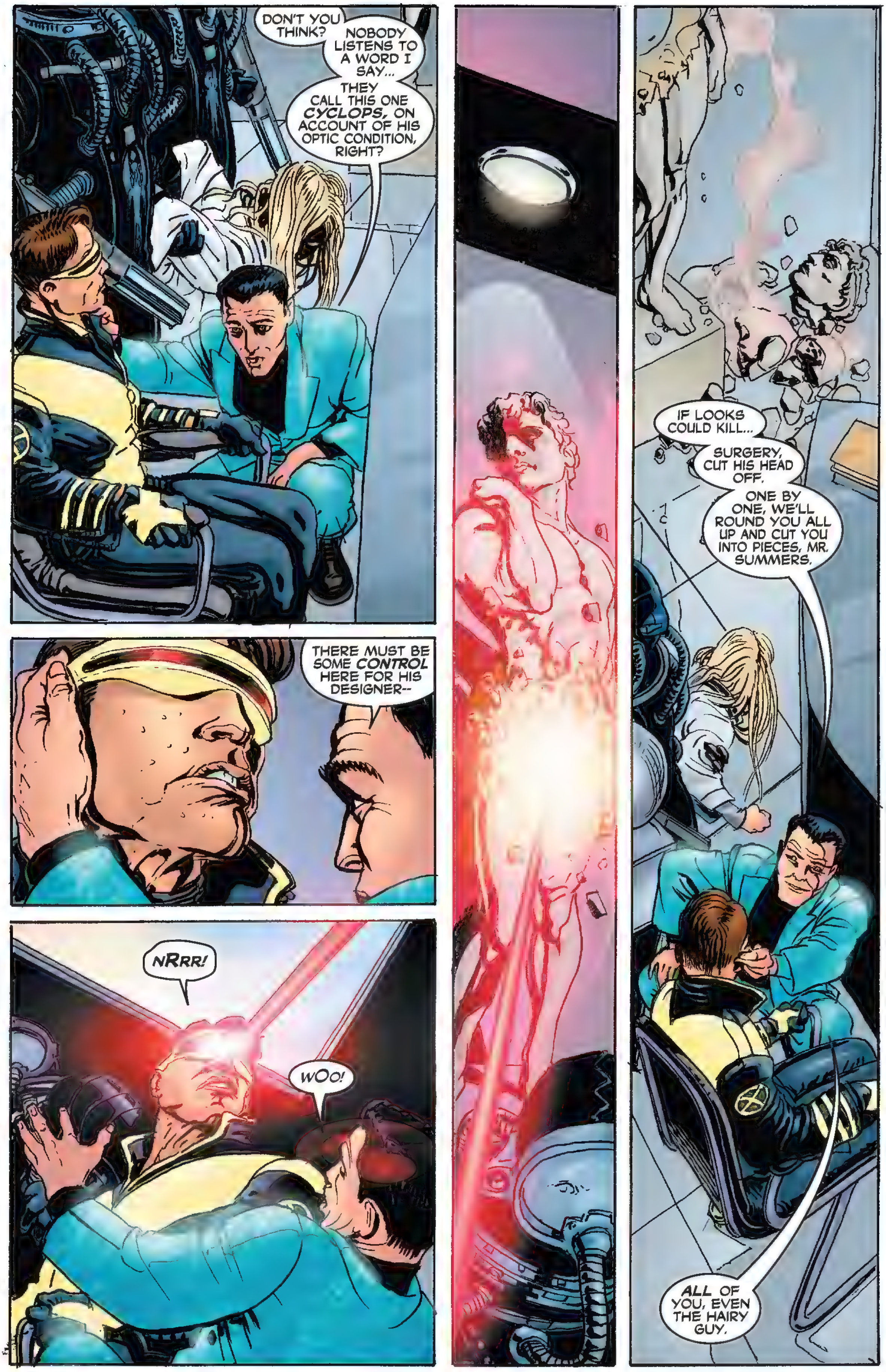

MARTHA JOHANSSON WAS A POWERFUL TELEPATHIC OPERATOR. A BROADCASTER OF PSYCHO-CHAFF, WHICH BLINDS MUTANT MINDS.
NOW SHE DOES IT FOR *ME.*
I CONTROL HER SUPPLY, AND HER LITTLE GLASS BODY.

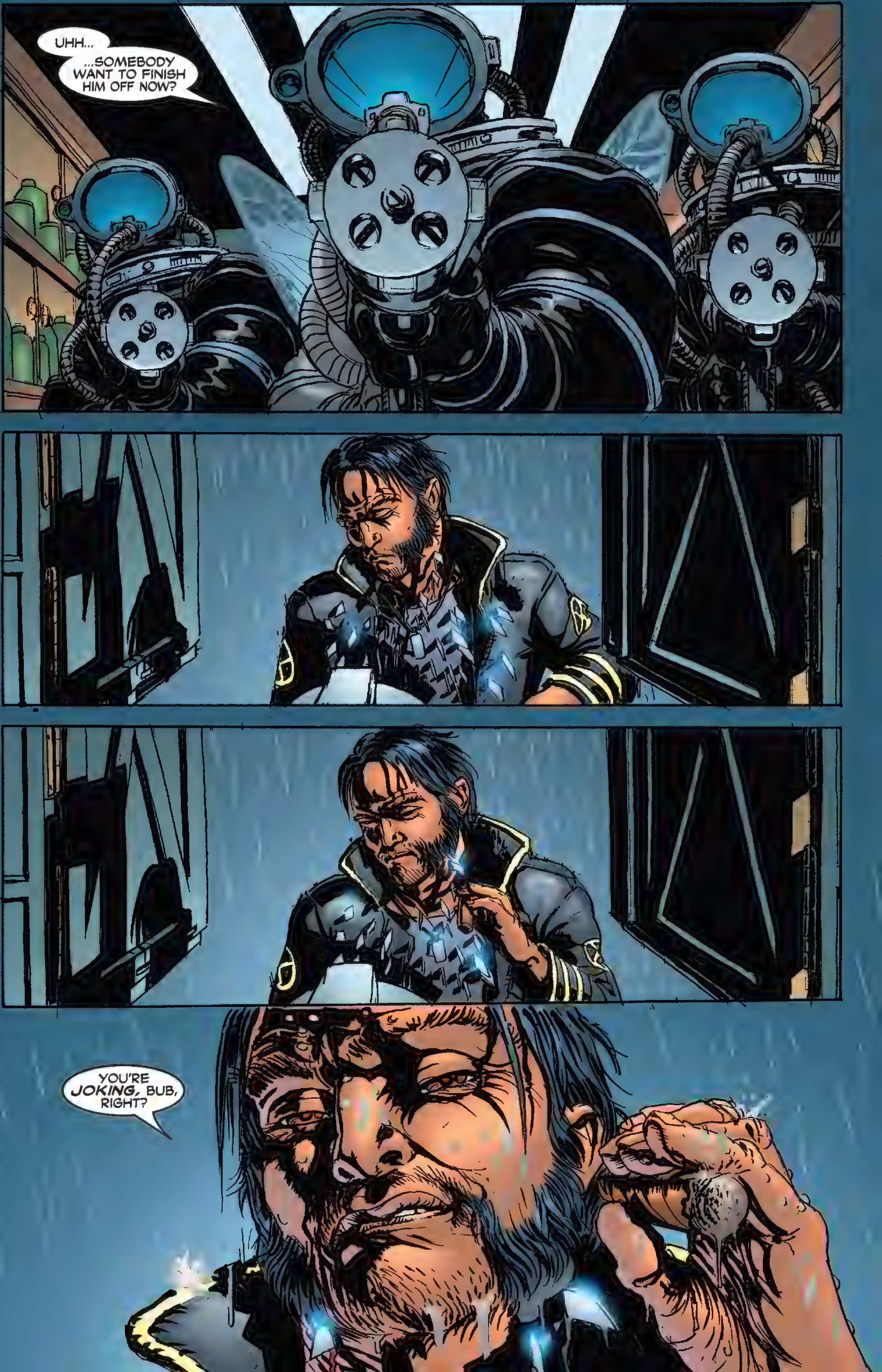

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? YOU TWO COMING HERE... THIS IS LIKE A KIND OF *DESTINY.*
John Sublime
The 3rd Species

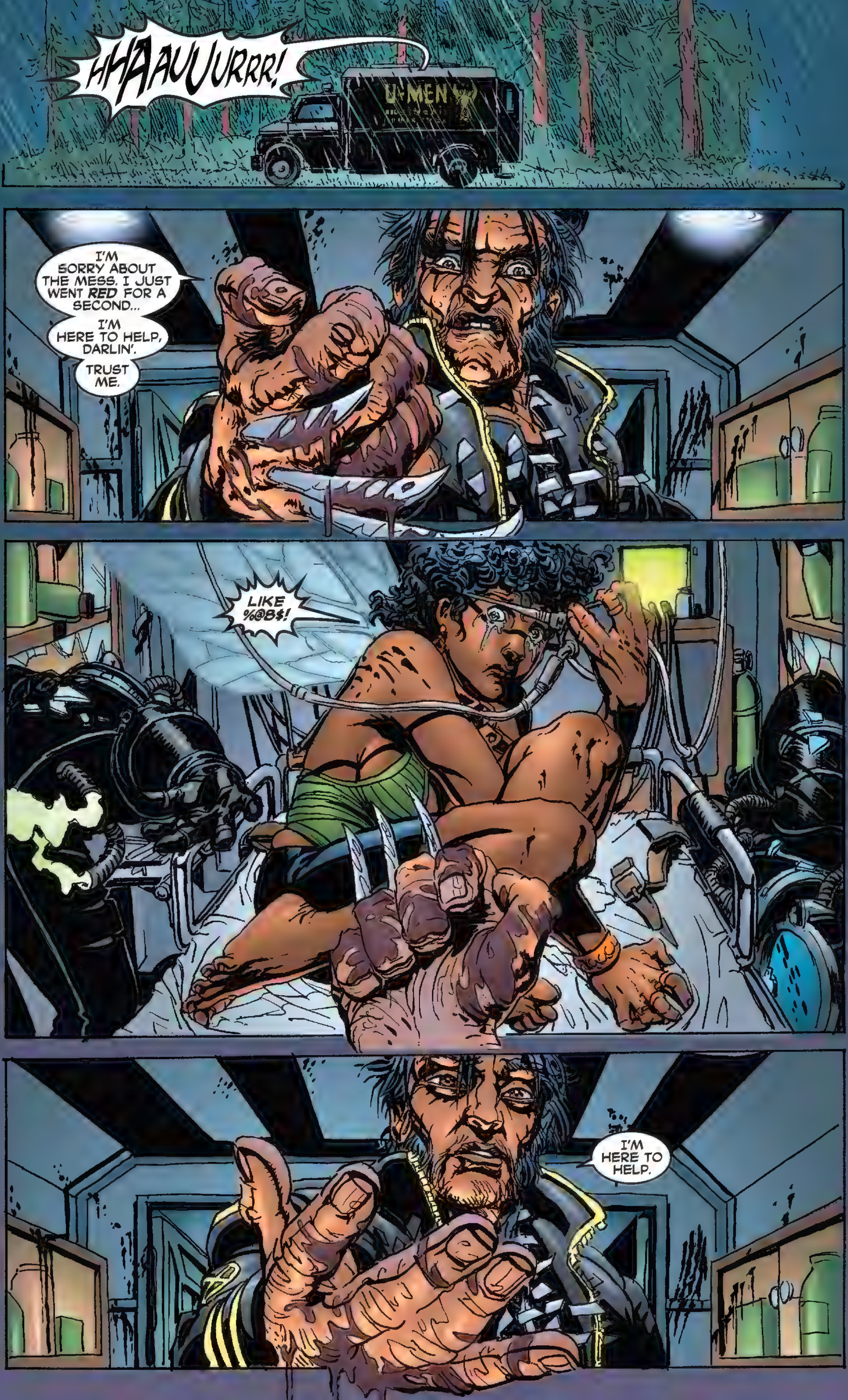

DON'T YOU THINK, *MISS FROST?*

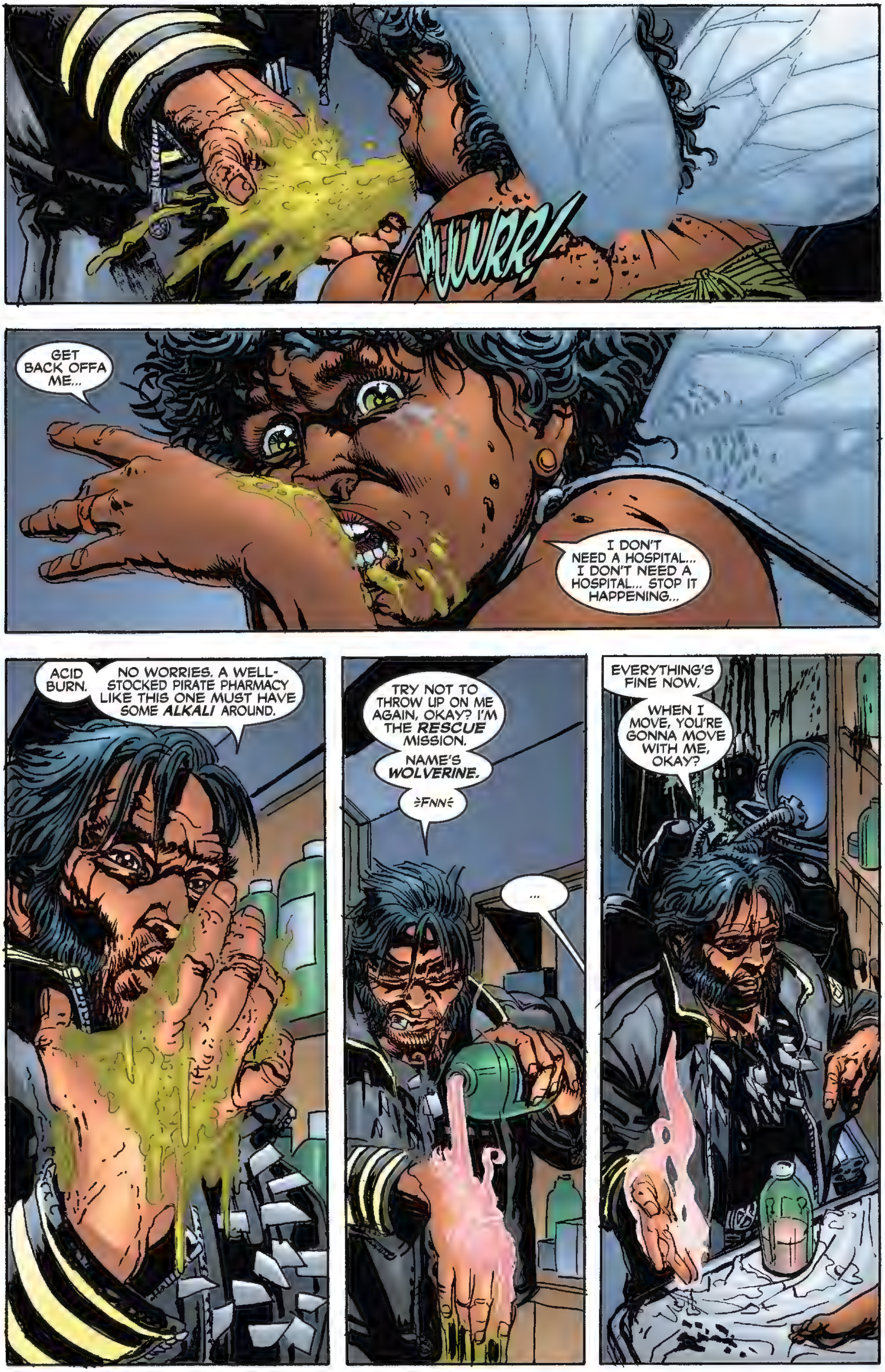

IN DIAMOND FORM I KNOW YOU FEEL NO *PAIN,* BUT YOU ALSO LOSE YOUR TELEPATHIC PROTECTION AGAINST MARTHA.
U-MAN BELL HAS MUTANT *EYE IMPLANTS* WHICH GIVE HIM PASSABLE MICROSCOPIC SIGHT. HE IDENTIFIED THE *FLAW* IN YOUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE.
HERE. A SIGNED COPY.

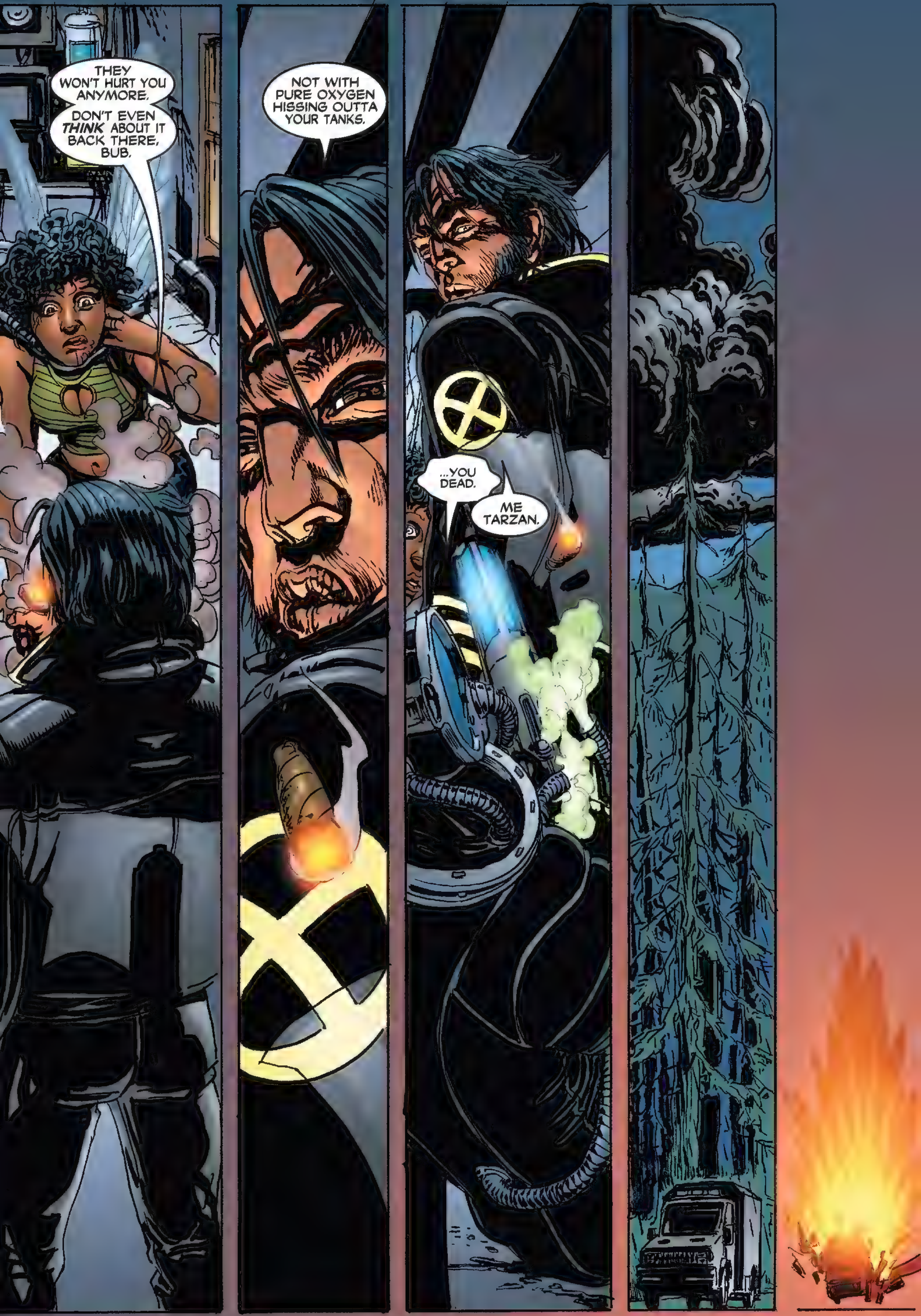

EVERY DIAMOND HAS ITS FLAW.
YOURS IS YOUR *VANITY.*
OH, YOU MUST ***REALLY*** HATE ME NOW, HUH?
MAYBE WE COULD SPLIT YOU INTO LIVING SHARDS AND TURN YOU INTO SOME KINDA KINKY HUMAN CHANDELIER.
YOU ***LIKE*** ALL THAT WEIRD STUFF, DON'T YOU?
YOU ***WILL*** DIE.
HM.
LIQUID DIAMOND LIPSTICK.
HECK OF A GOOD NAME FOR A BAND.

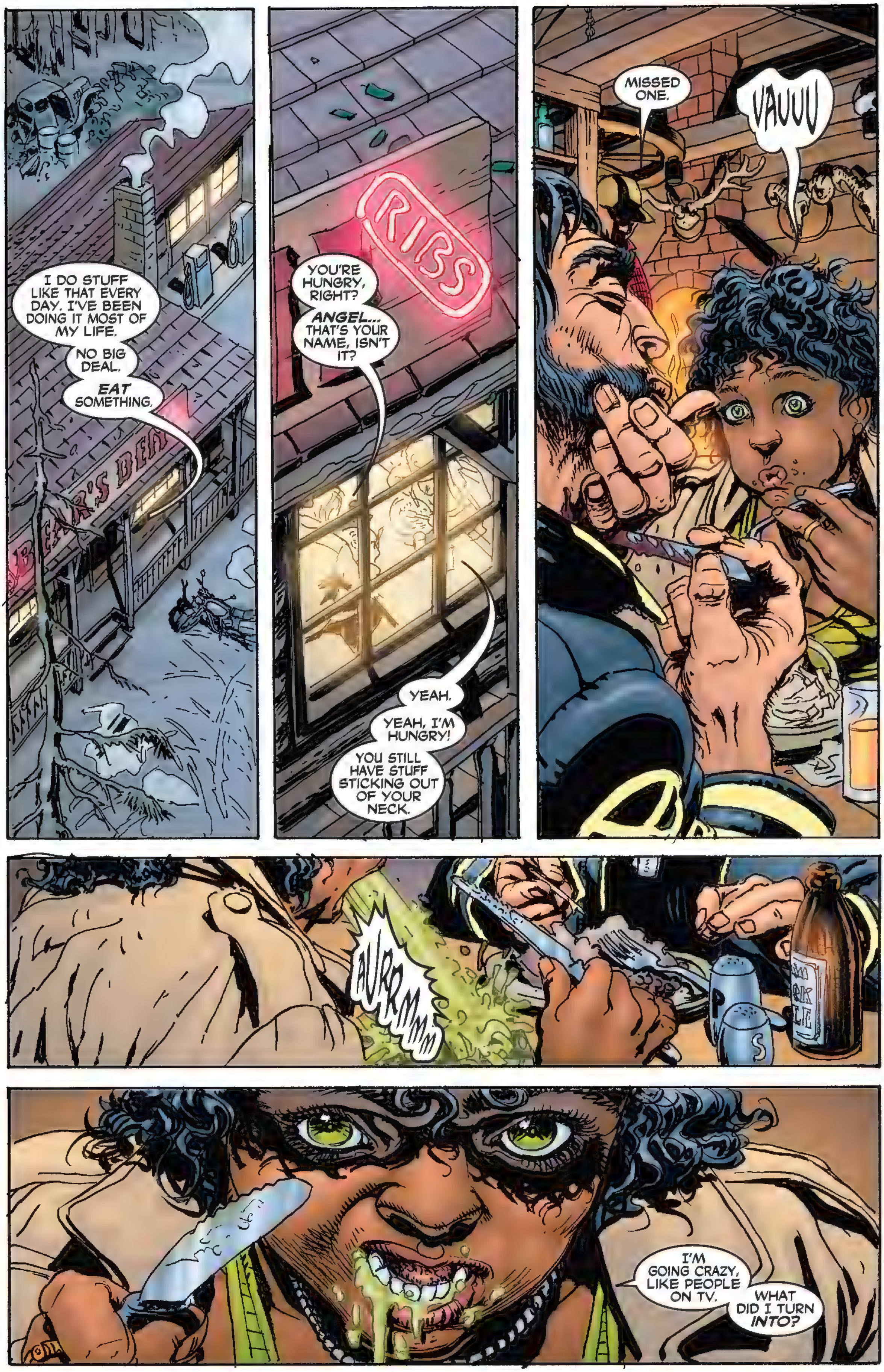

DON'T YOU THINK?
NOBODY LISTENS TO A WORD I SAY...
THEY CALL THIS ONE **CYCLOPS,** ON ACCOUNT OF HIS OPTIC CONDITION, RIGHT?
THERE MUST BE SOME **CONTROL** HERE FOR HIS DESIGNER--
NRRR!
WOO!
IF LOOKS COULD KILL...
SURGERY, CUT HIS HEAD OFF.
ONE BY ONE, WE'LL ROUND YOU ALL UP AND CUT YOU INTO PIECES, MR. SUMMERS.
ALL OF YOU, EVEN THE HAIRY GUY.

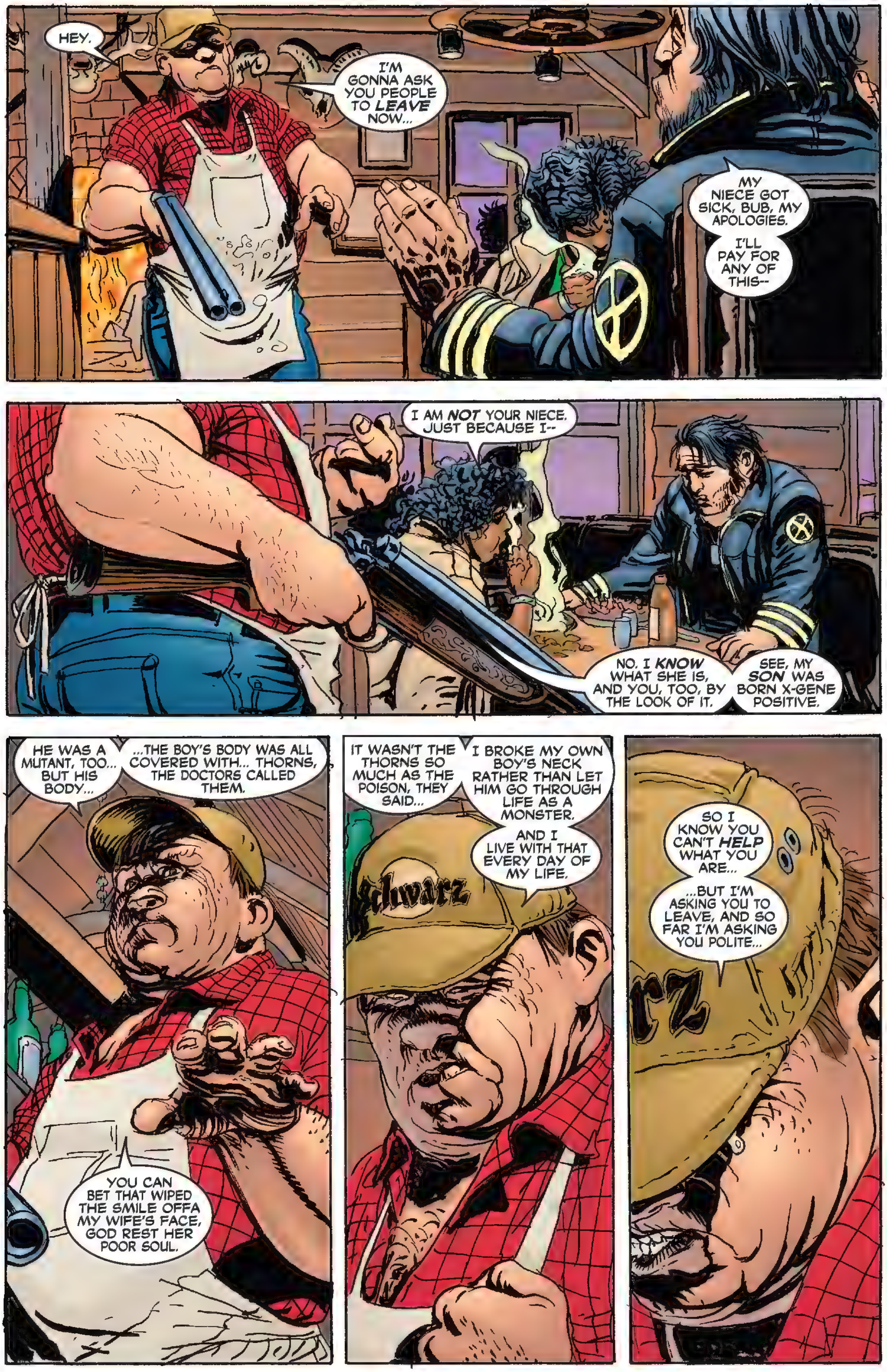

UHH...
...SOMEBODY WANT TO FINISH HIM OFF NOW?
YOU'RE *JOKING*, BUB, RIGHT?

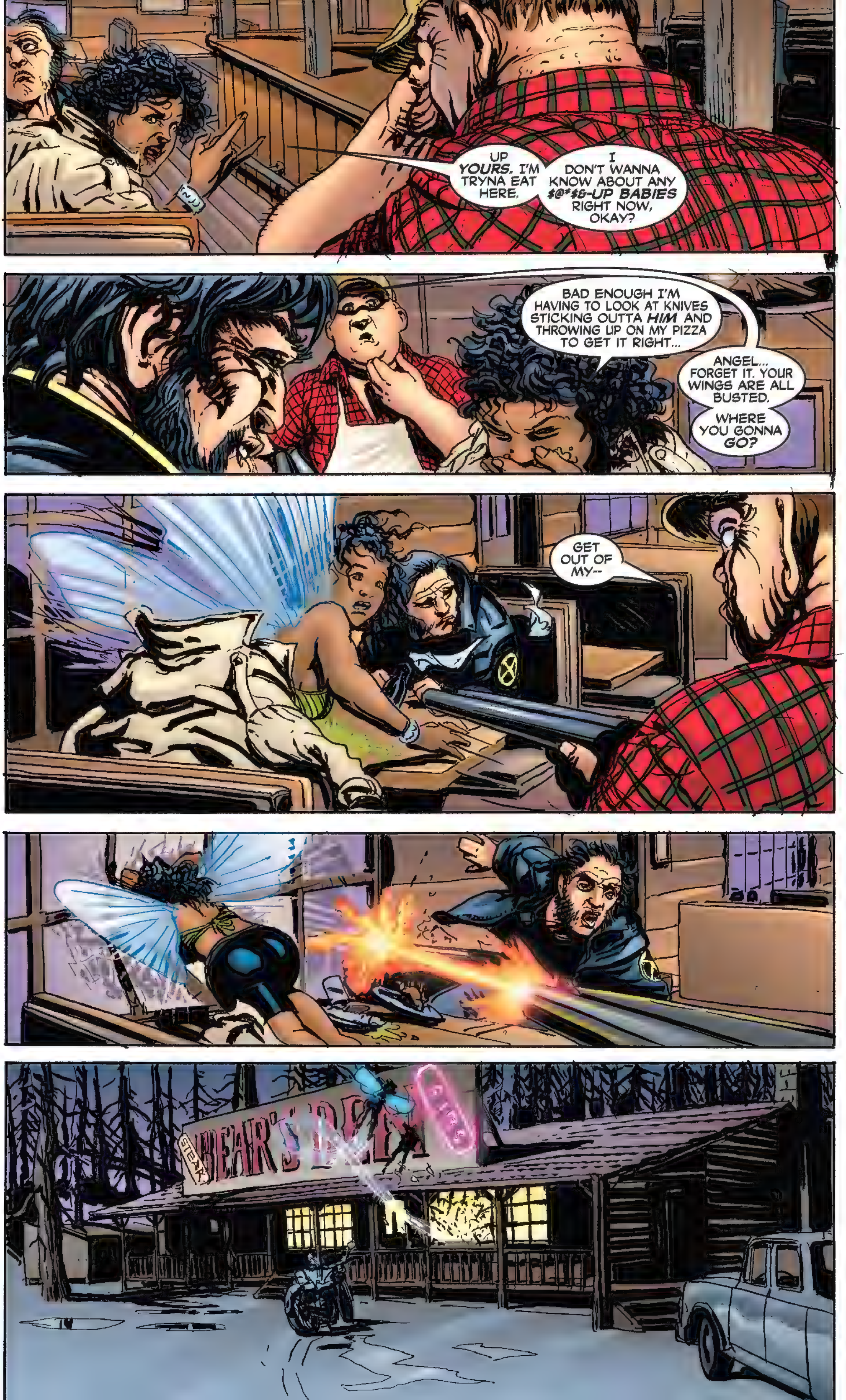

HHAAUUURRR!
U-MEN
I'M SORRY ABOUT THE MESS. I JUST WENT *RED* FOR A SECOND...
I'M HERE TO HELP, DARLIN'.
TRUST ME.
LIKE %@B$!
I'M HERE TO HELP.

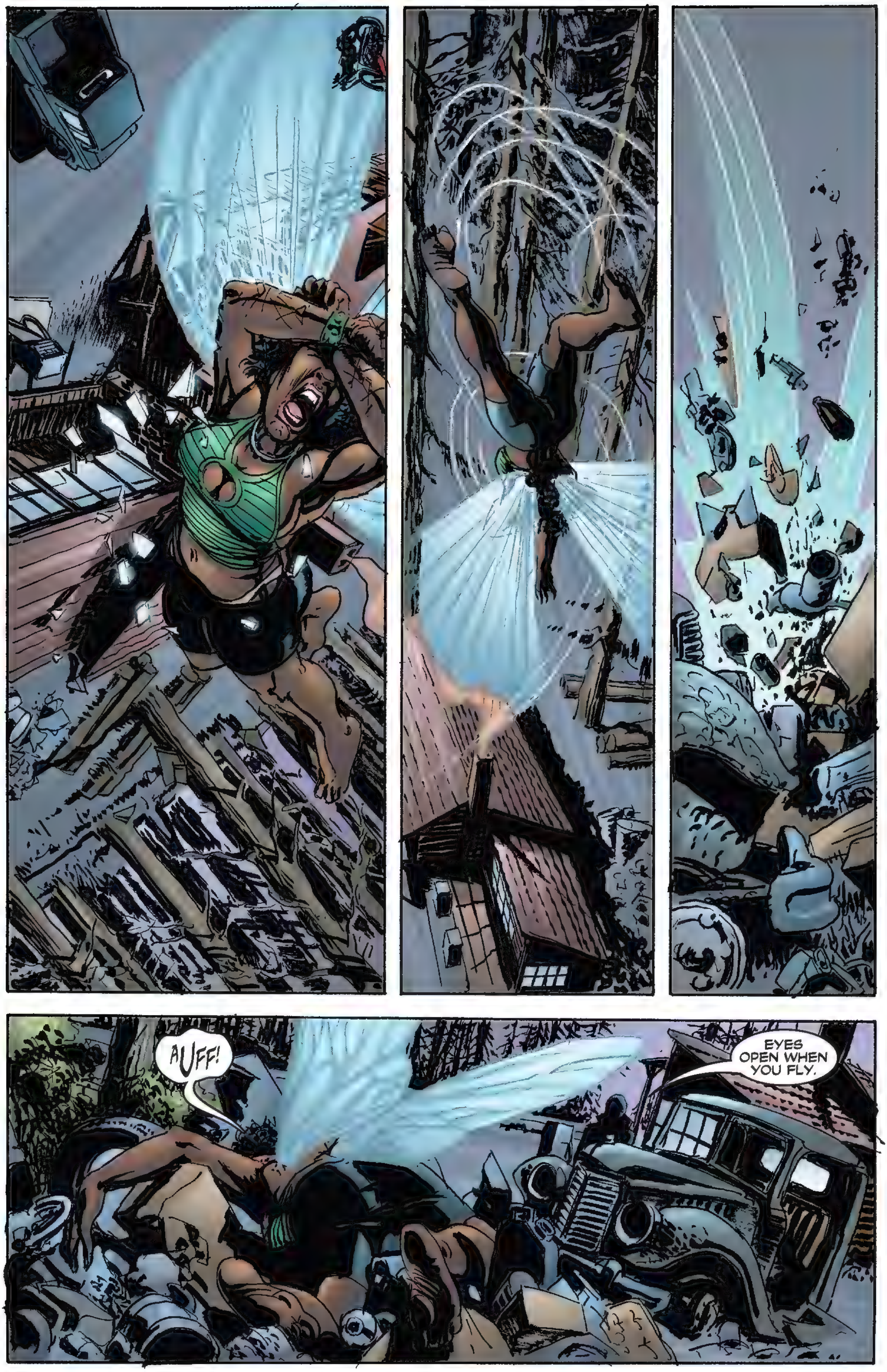

VAUUURR!
GET BACK OFFA ME...
I DON'T NEED A HOSPITAL... I DON'T NEED A HOSPITAL... STOP IT HAPPENING...
ACID BURN.
NO WORRIES. A WELL-STOCKED PIRATE PHARMACY LIKE THIS ONE MUST HAVE SOME *ALKALI* AROUND.
TRY NOT TO THROW UP ON ME AGAIN, OKAY? I'M THE ***RESCUE*** MISSION.
NAME'S ***WOLVERINE.***
FNN
...
EVERYTHING'S FINE NOW.
WHEN I MOVE, YOU'RE GONNA MOVE WITH ME, OKAY?

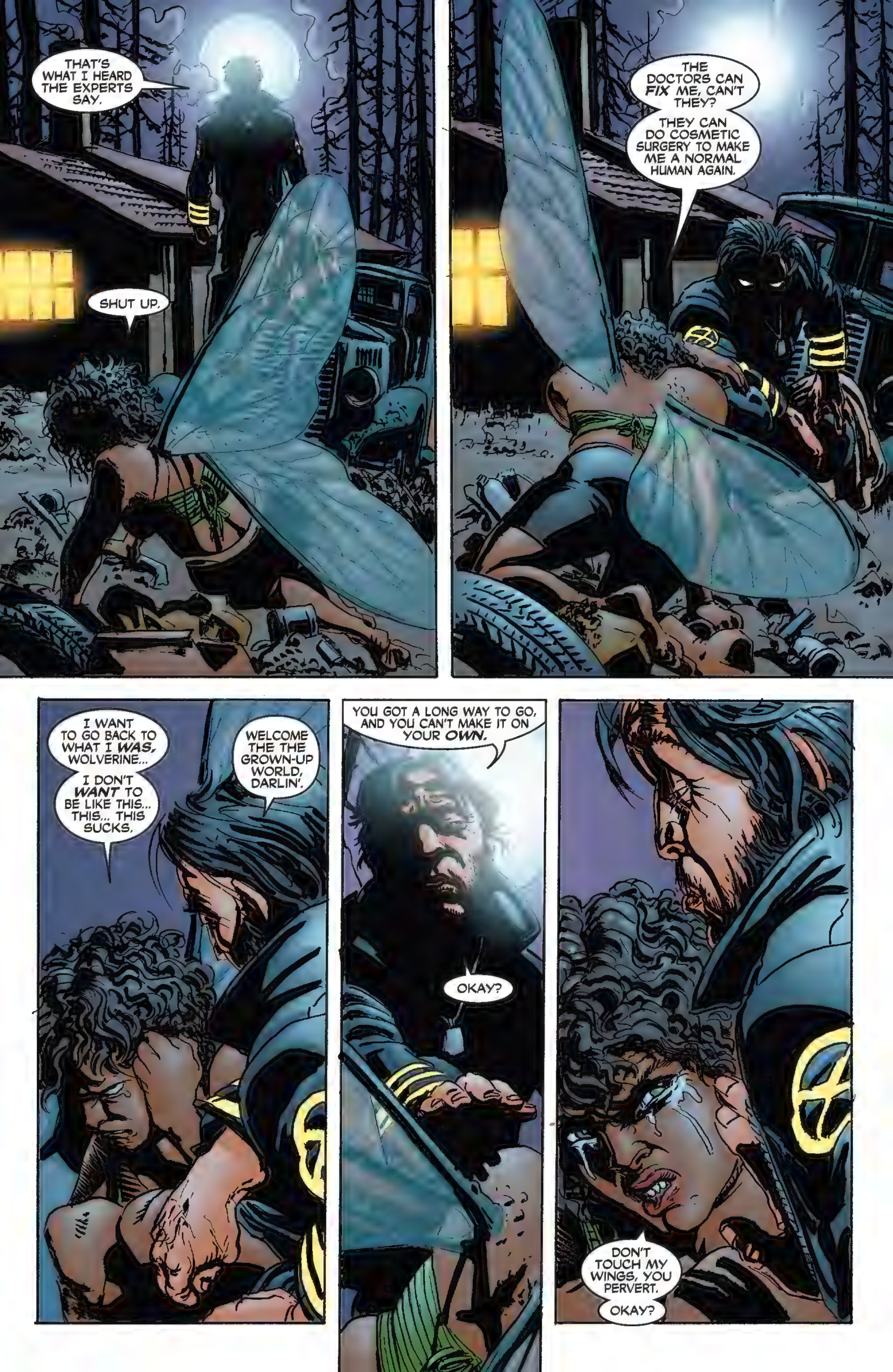

THEY WON'T HURT YOU ANYMORE.
DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT BACK THERE, BUB.
NOT WITH PURE OXYGEN HISSING OUTTA YOUR TANKS.
...YOU DEAD.
ME TARZAN.

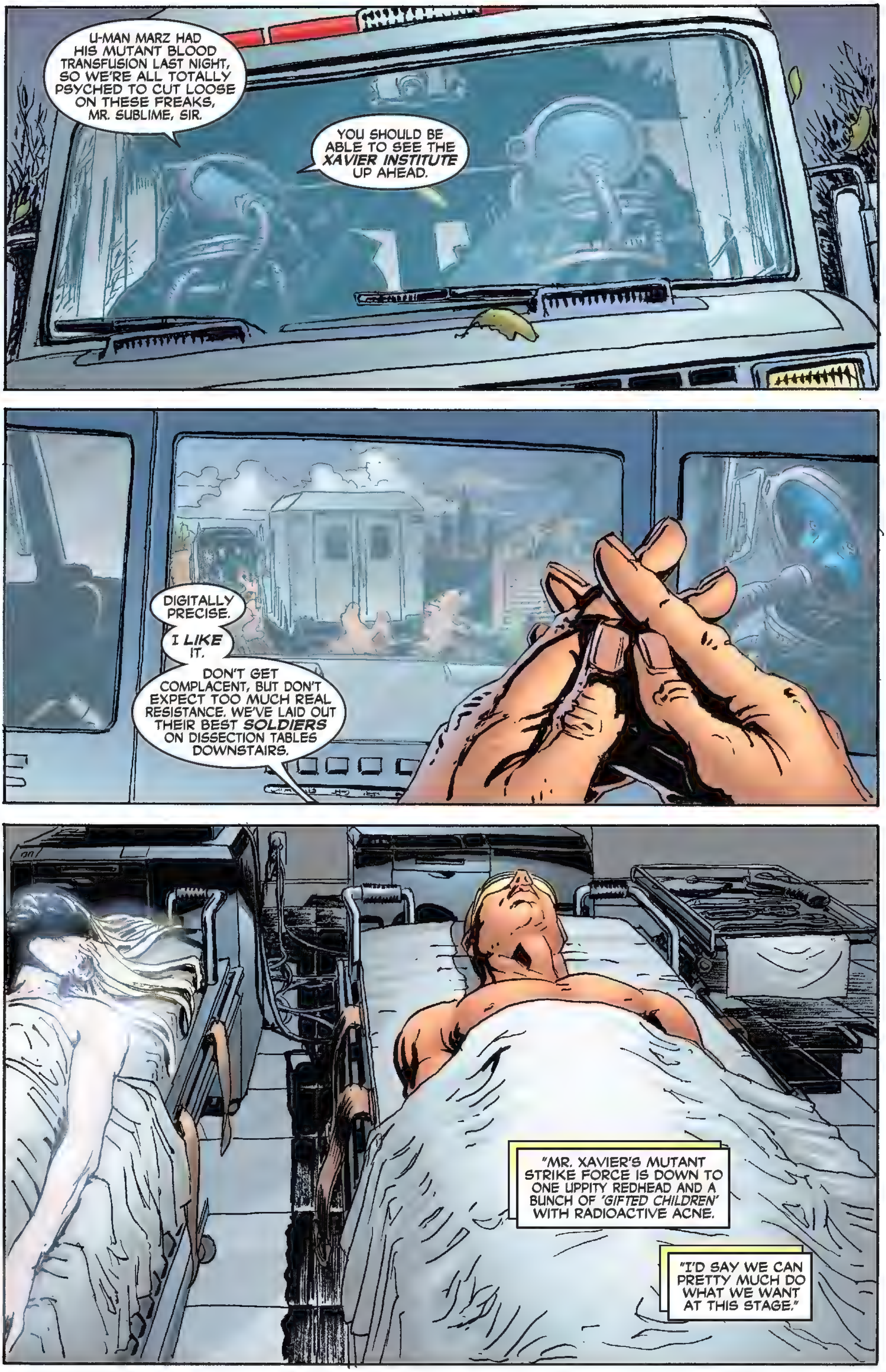

I DO STUFF LIKE THAT EVERY DAY. I'VE BEEN DOING IT MOST OF MY LIFE.
NO BIG DEAL.
EAT SOMETHING.
BEAR'S DEN
RIBS
YOU'RE HUNGRY, RIGHT?
ANGEL... THAT'S YOUR NAME, ISN'T IT?
YEAH.
YEAH, I'M HUNGRY!
YOU STILL HAVE STUFF STICKING OUT OF YOUR NECK.
MISSED ONE.
VAUUU
AURRMMM
P
S
I'M GOING CRAZY, LIKE PEOPLE ON TV.
WHAT DID I TURN *INTO?*

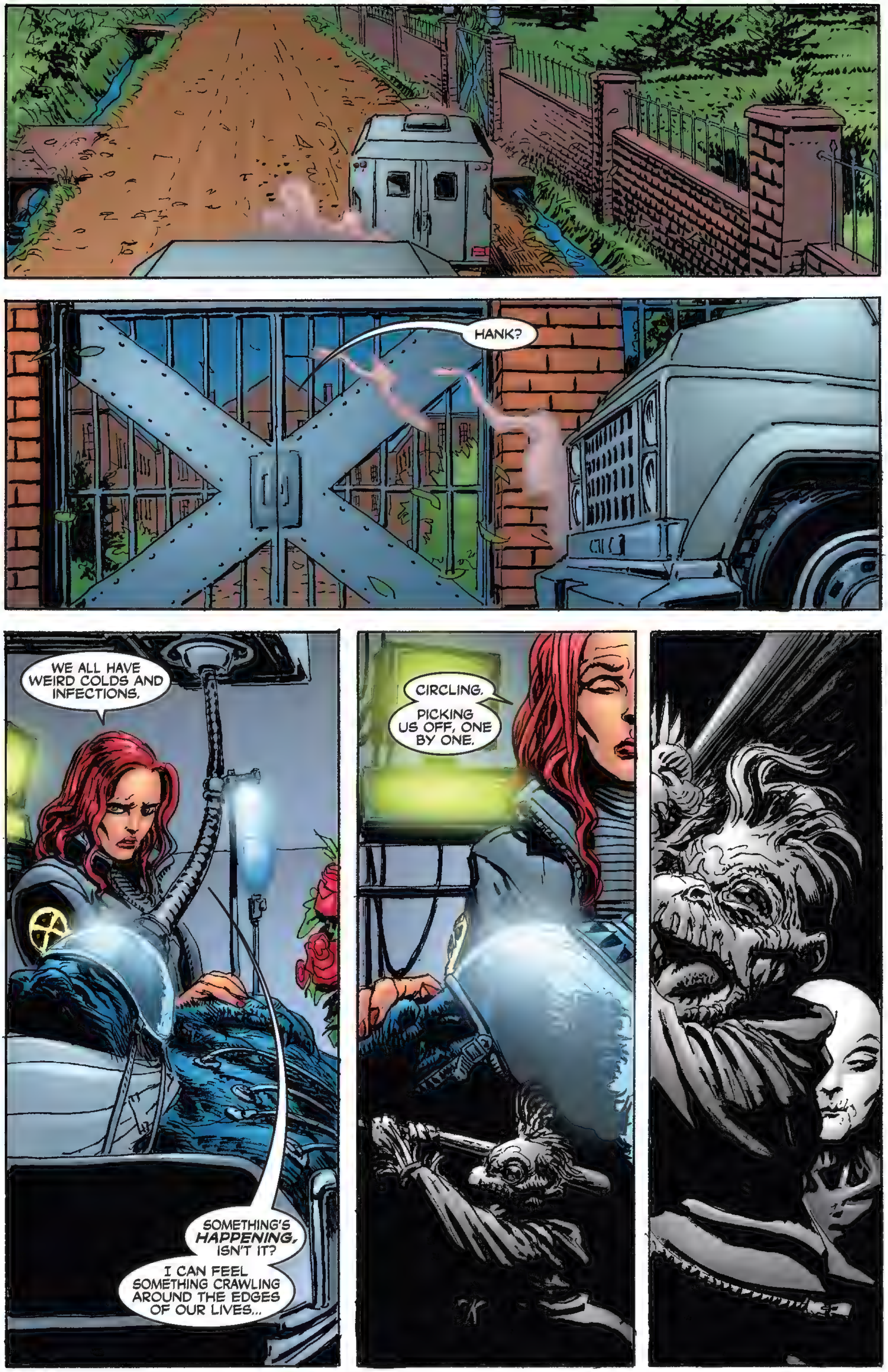

HEY.
I'M GONNA ASK YOU PEOPLE TO *LEAVE* NOW...
MY NIECE GOT SICK, BUB, MY APOLOGIES.
I'LL PAY FOR ANY OF THIS--
I AM *NOT* YOUR NIECE. JUST BECAUSE I--
NO. I *KNOW* WHAT SHE IS, AND YOU, TOO, BY THE LOOK OF IT.
SEE, MY *SON* WAS BORN X-GENE POSITIVE.
HE WAS A MUTANT, TOO... BUT HIS BODY...
...THE BOY'S BODY WAS ALL COVERED WITH... THORNS, THE DOCTORS CALLED THEM.
YOU CAN BET THAT WIPED THE SMILE OFFA MY WIFE'S FACE, GOD REST HER POOR SOUL.
IT WASN'T THE THORNS SO MUCH AS THE POISON, THEY SAID...
I BROKE MY OWN BOY'S NECK RATHER THAN LET HIM GO THROUGH LIFE AS A MONSTER.
AND I LIVE WITH THAT EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE.
Schwarz
SO I KNOW YOU CAN'T *HELP* WHAT YOU ARE...
...BUT I'M ASKING YOU TO LEAVE, AND SO FAR I'M ASKING YOU POLITE...

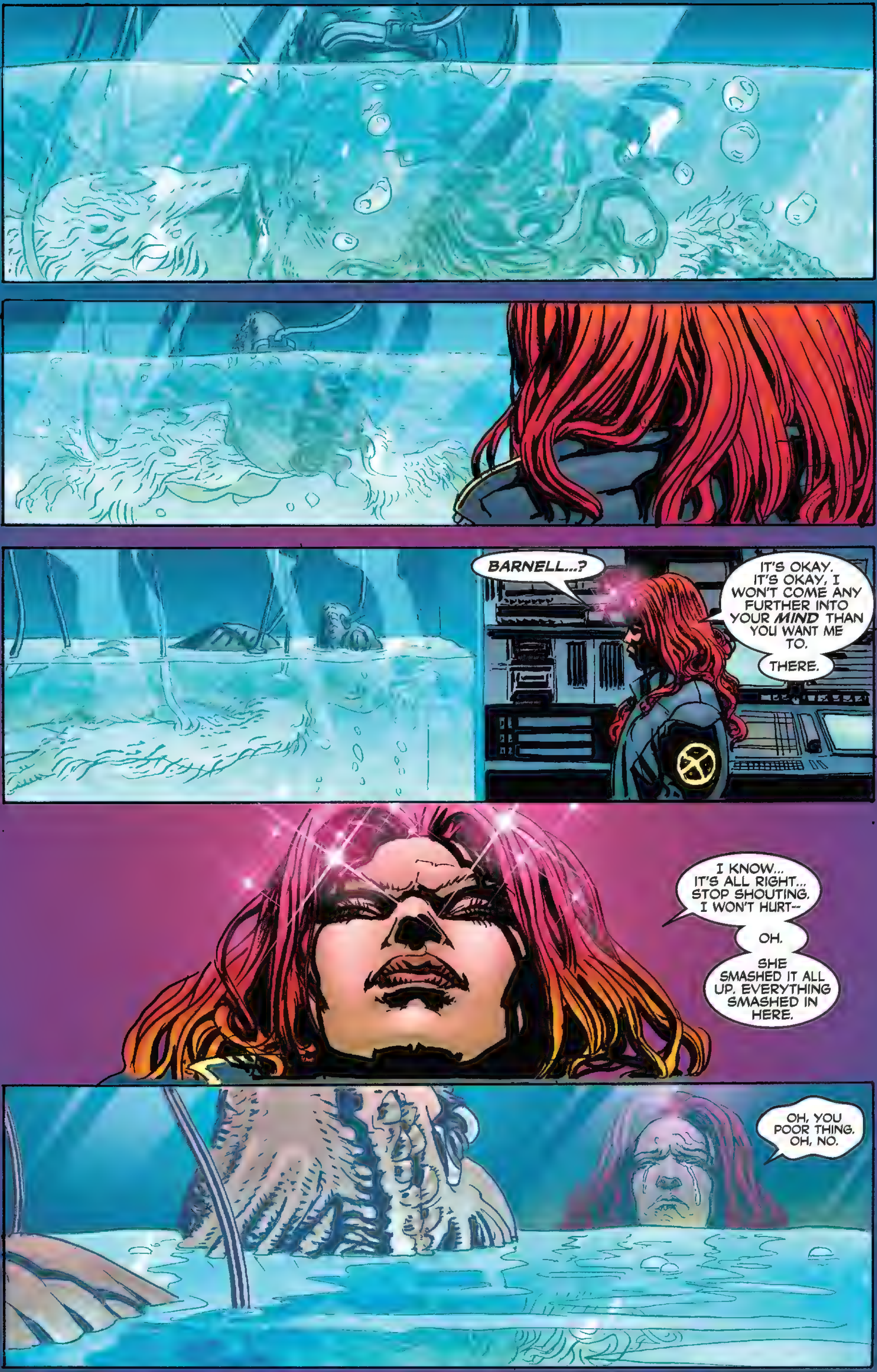

UP *YOURS.* I'M TRYNA EAT HERE.
I DON'T WANNA KNOW ABOUT ANY ***$@*$&-UP BABIES*** RIGHT NOW, OKAY?
BAD ENOUGH I'M HAVING TO LOOK AT KNIVES STICKING OUTTA *HIM* AND THROWING UP ON MY PIZZA TO GET IT RIGHT...
ANGEL... FORGET IT. YOUR WINGS ARE ALL BUSTED.
WHERE YOU GONNA *GO?*
GET OUT OF MY--
STEAK
BEAR'S DEN

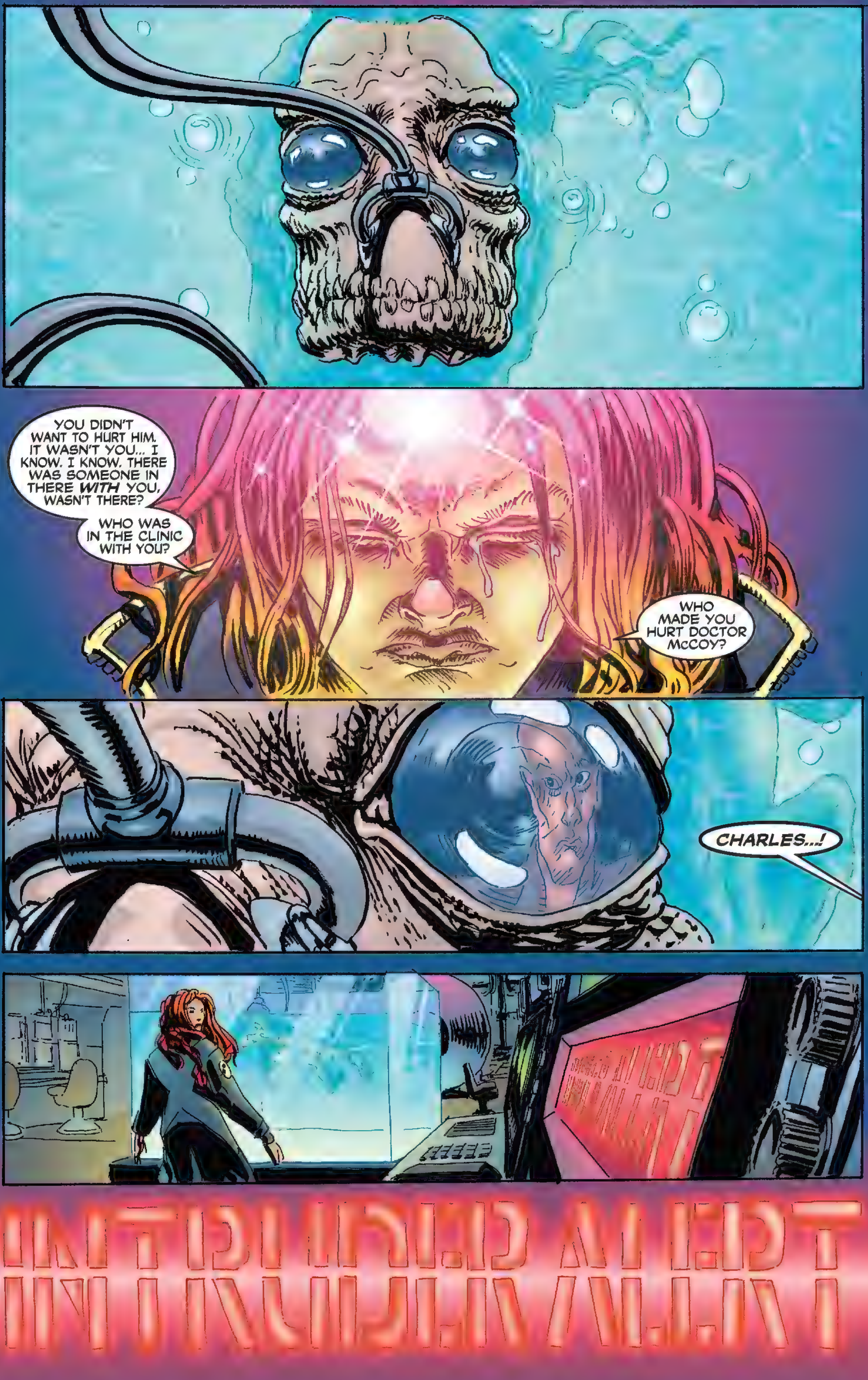

AUFF!
EYES OPEN WHEN YOU FLY.

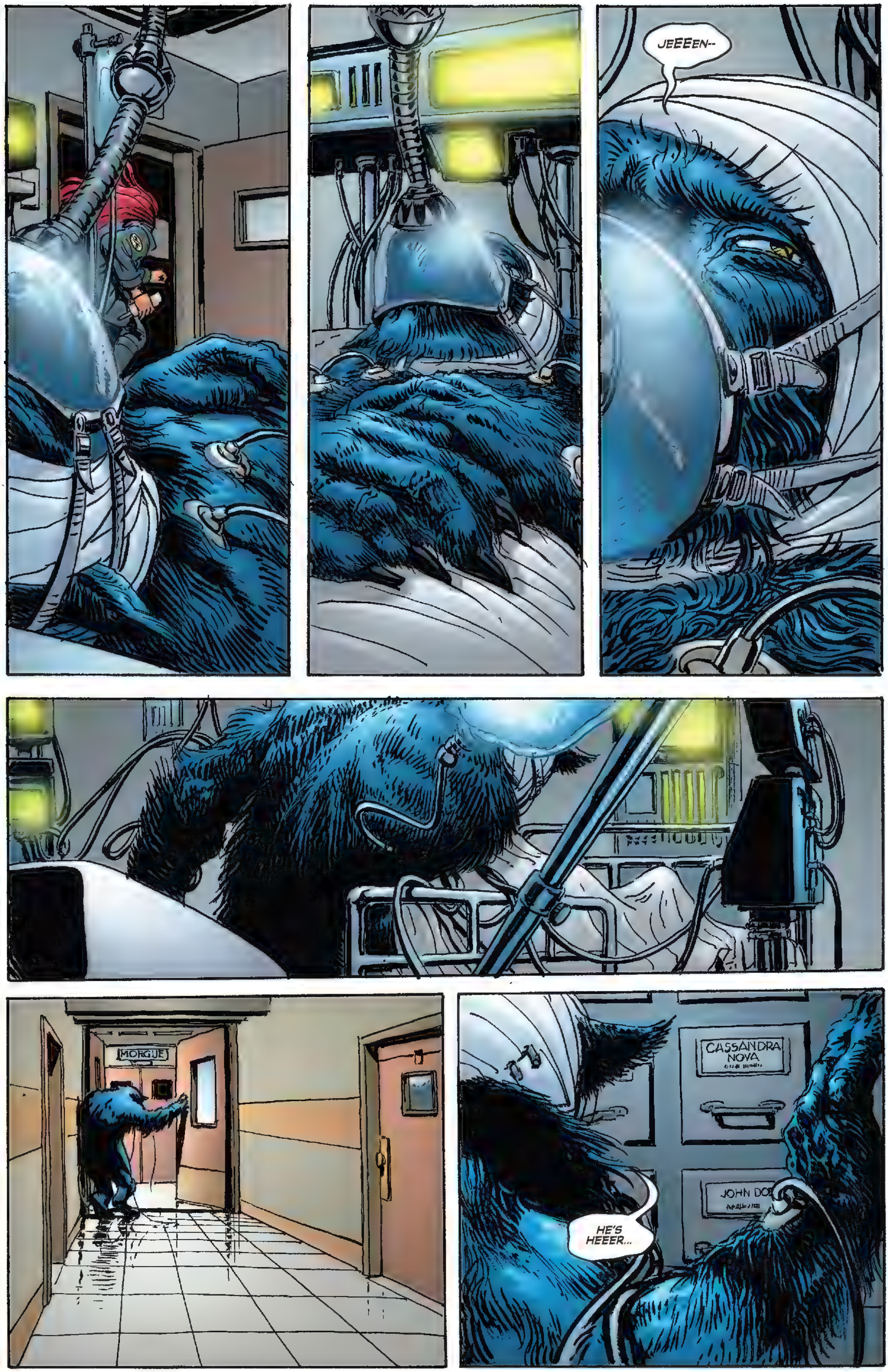

THAT'S WHAT I HEARD THE EXPERTS SAY.
SHUT UP.
THE DOCTORS CAN *FIX* ME, CAN'T THEY?
THEY CAN DO COSMETIC SURGERY TO MAKE ME A NORMAL HUMAN AGAIN.
I WANT TO GO BACK TO WHAT I *WAS,* WOLVERINE...
I DON'T *WANT* TO BE LIKE THIS... THIS... THIS SUCKS.
WELCOME THE THE GROWN-UP WORLD, DARLIN'.
YOU GOT A LONG WAY TO GO, AND YOU CAN'T MAKE IT ON YOUR *OWN.*
OKAY?
DON'T TOUCH MY WINGS, YOU PERVERT.
OKAY?

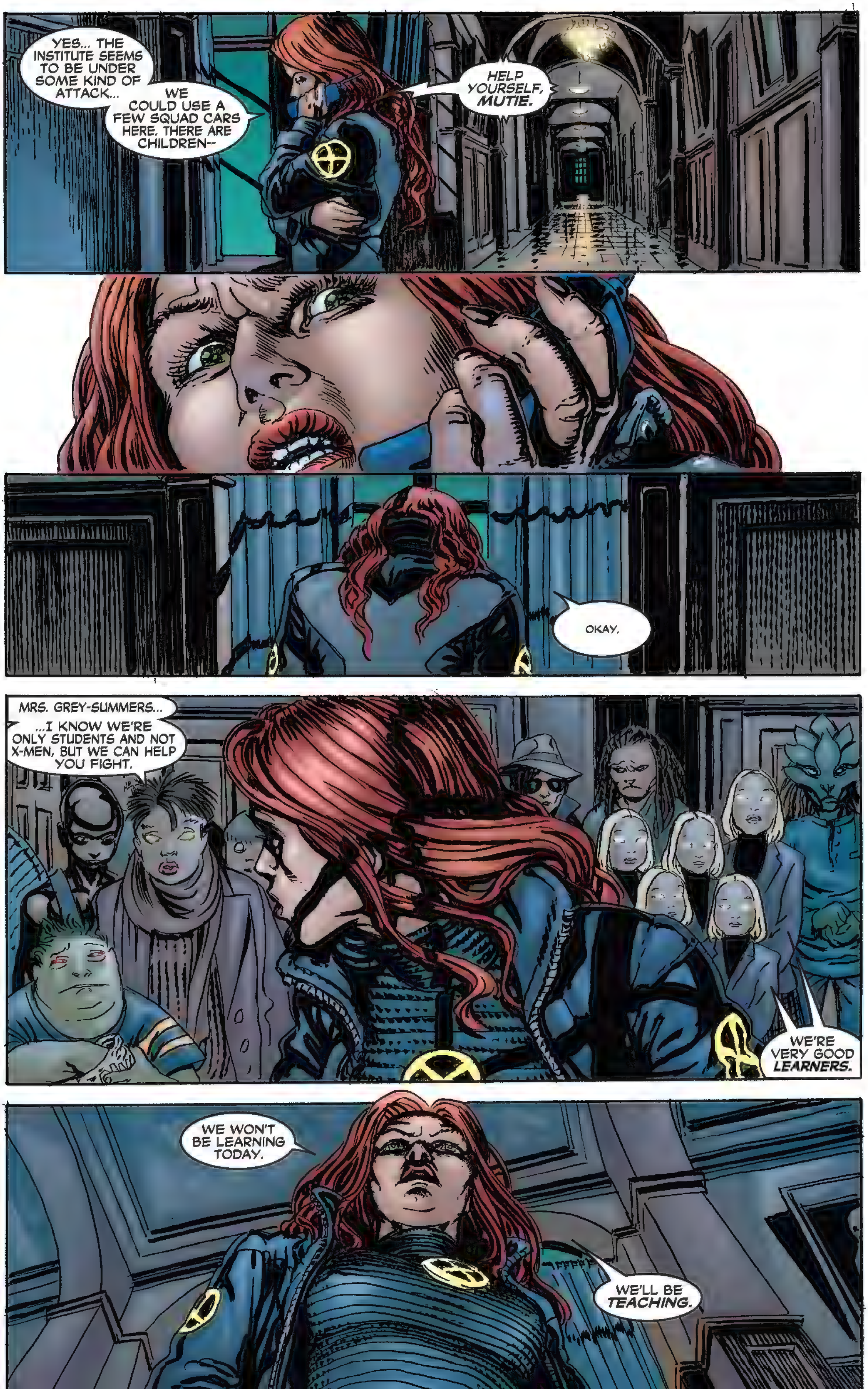

U-MAN MARZ HAD HIS MUTANT BLOOD TRANSFUSION LAST NIGHT, SO WE'RE ALL TOTALLY PSYCHED TO CUT LOOSE ON THESE FREAKS, MR. SUBLIME, SIR.
YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE *XAVIER INSTITUTE* UP AHEAD.
DIGITALLY PRECISE.
I *LIKE* IT.
DON'T GET COMPLACENT, BUT DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH REAL RESISTANCE. WE'VE LAID OUT THEIR BEST *SOLDIERS* ON DISSECTION TABLES DOWNSTAIRS.
"MR. XAVIER'S MUTANT STRIKE FORCE IS DOWN TO ONE UPPITY REDHEAD AND A BUNCH OF *'GIFTED CHILDREN'* WITH RADIOACTIVE ACNE.
"I'D SAY WE CAN PRETTY MUCH DO WHAT WE WANT AT THIS STAGE."

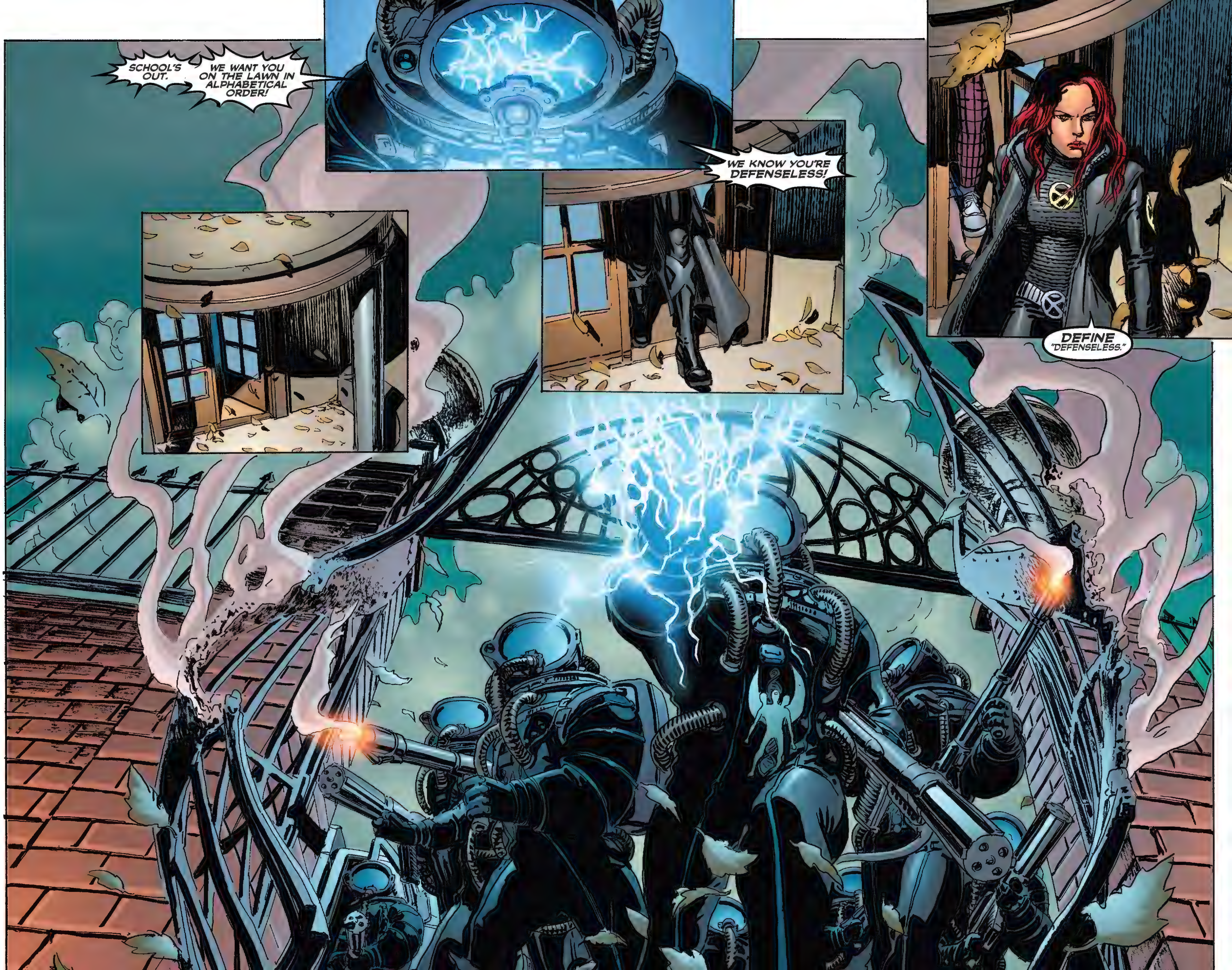

HANK?
WE ALL HAVE WEIRD COLDS AND INFECTIONS.
SOMETHING'S *HAPPENING,* ISN'T IT?
I CAN FEEL SOMETHING CRAWLING AROUND THE EDGES OF OUR LIVES...
CIRCLING.
PICKING US OFF, ONE BY ONE.

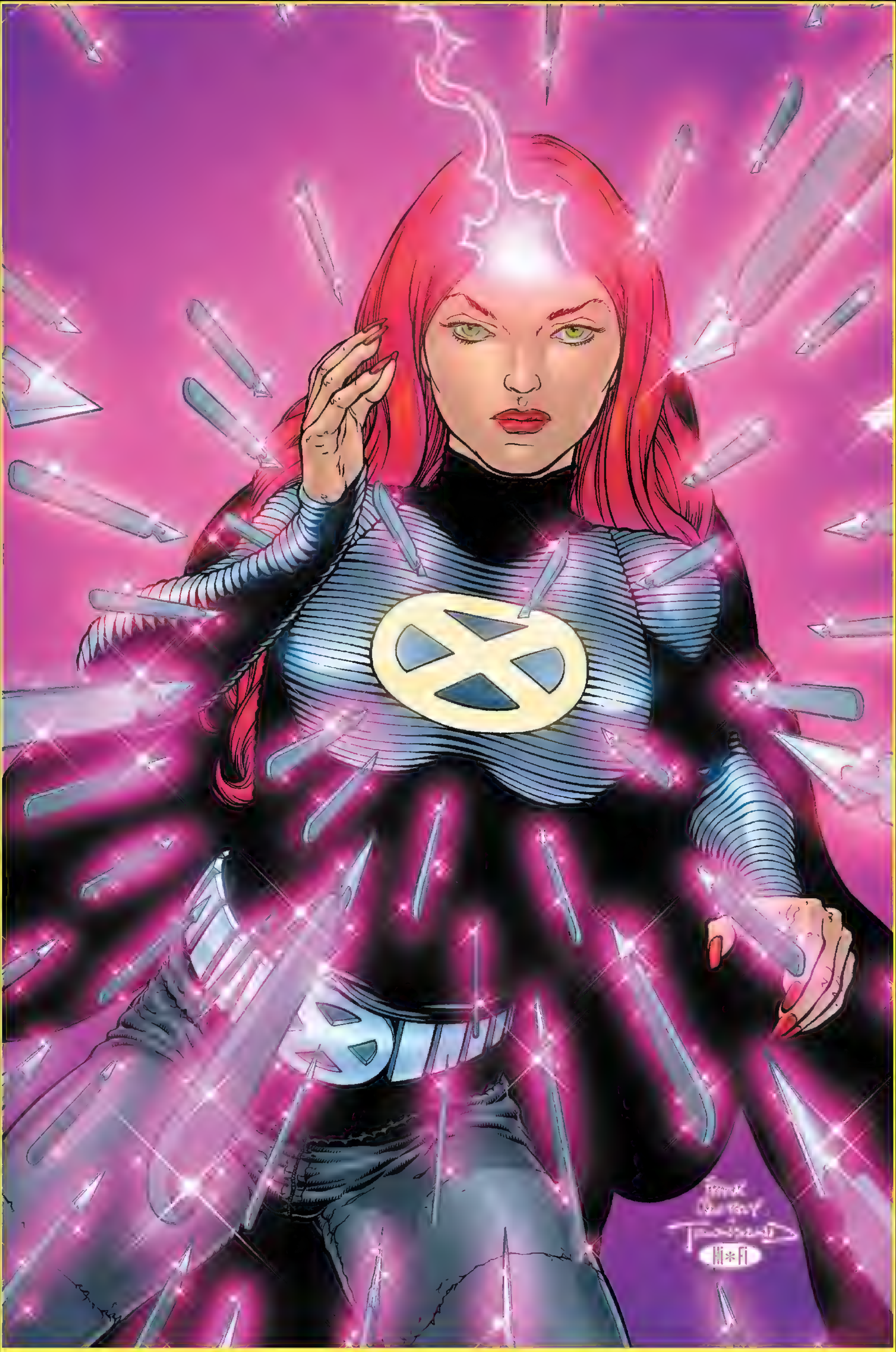

BARNELL...?
IT'S OKAY. IT'S OKAY, I WON'T COME ANY FURTHER INTO YOUR *MIND* THAN YOU WANT ME TO.
THERE.
I KNOW... IT'S ALL RIGHT... STOP SHOUTING. I WON'T HURT--
OH.
SHE SMASHED IT ALL UP. EVERYTHING SMASHED IN HERE.
OH, YOU POOR THING. OH, NO.


YOU DIDN'T WANT TO HURT HIM. IT WASN'T YOU... I KNOW. I KNOW. THERE WAS SOMEONE IN THERE *WITH* YOU, WASN'T THERE?
WHO WAS IN THE CLINIC WITH YOU?
WHO MADE YOU HURT DOCTOR McCOY?
CHARLES...!
INTRUDER ALERT


JEEEEN--
MORGUE
CASSANDRA NOVA
JOHN DOE
HE'S HEEER...

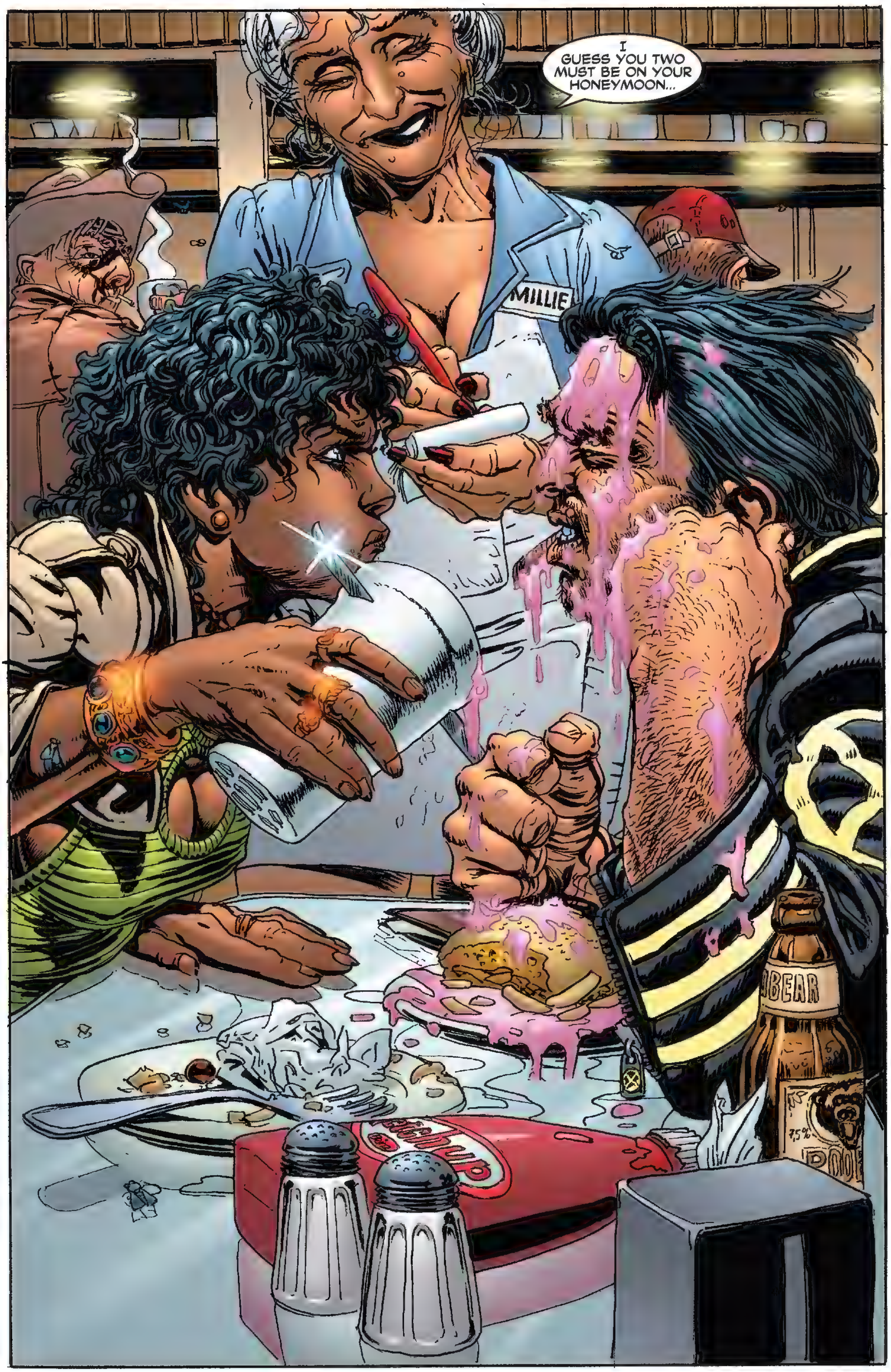

YES... THE INSTITUTE SEEMS TO BE UNDER SOME KIND OF ATTACK...
WE COULD USE A FEW SQUAD CARS HERE. THERE ARE CHILDREN--
HELP YOURSELF, *MUTIE.*
OKAY.
MRS. GREY-SUMMERS...
...I KNOW WE'RE ONLY STUDENTS AND NOT X-MEN, BUT WE CAN HELP YOU FIGHT.
WE'RE VERY GOOD *LEARNERS.*
WE WON'T BE LEARNING TODAY.
WE'LL BE *TEACHING.*


SCHOOL'S OUT.
WE WANT YOU ON THE LAWN IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER!
WE KNOW YOU'RE DEFENSELESS!
DEFINE "DEFENSELESS."



Frank Quitely
+
Townsend
Hi-Fi

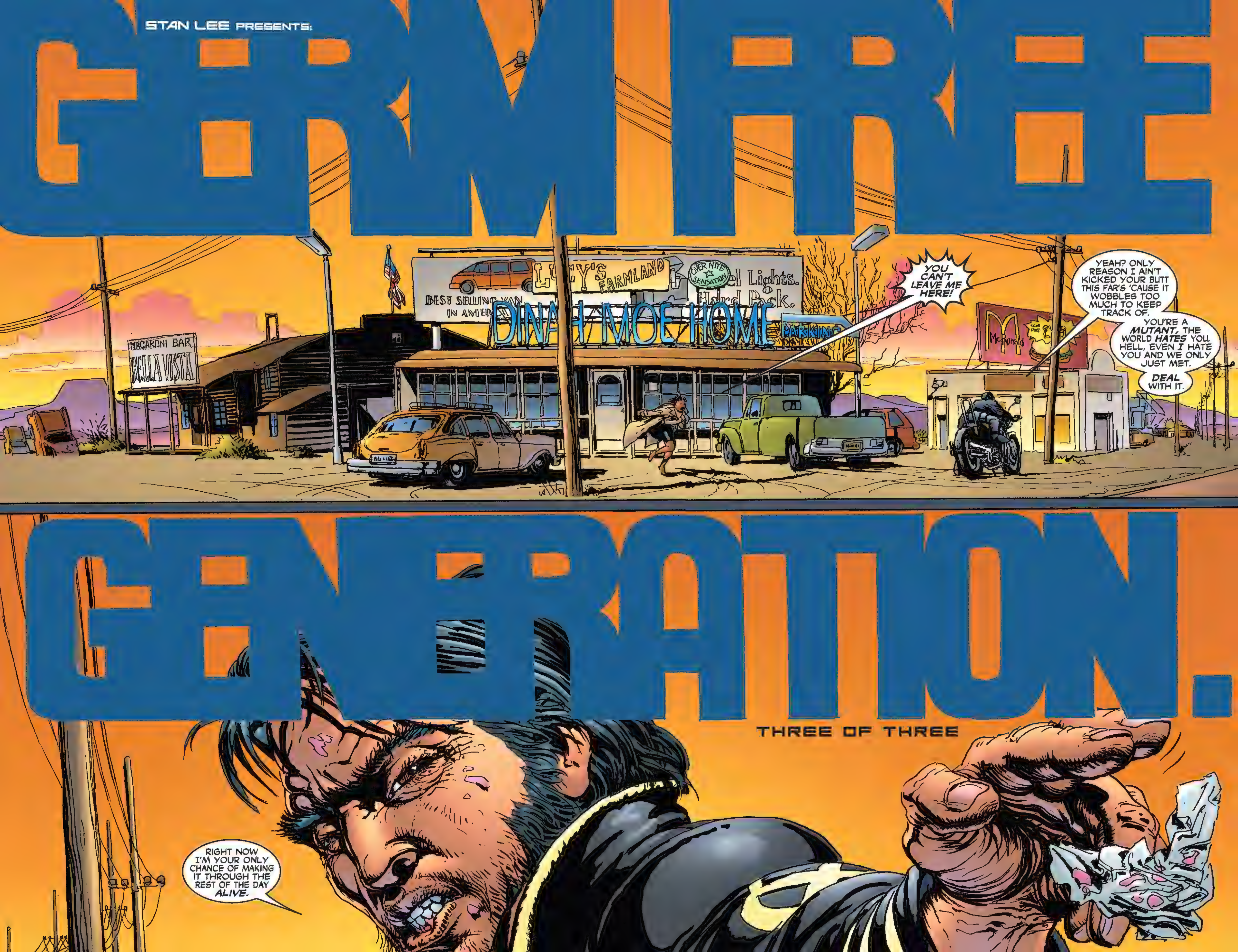
NEW X-MEN #120
"GERM FREE GENERATION PART THREE OF THREE"

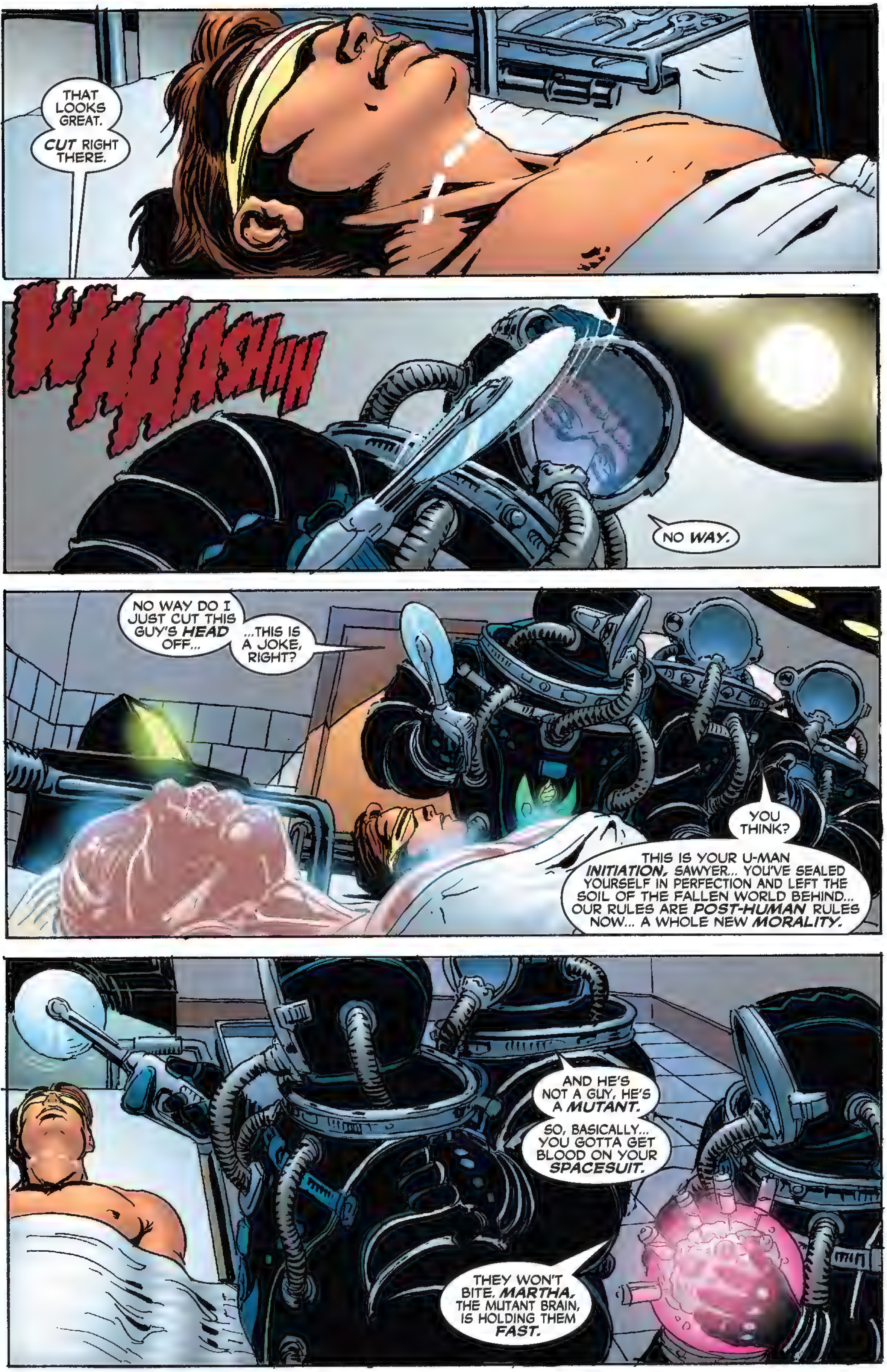

I GUESS YOU TWO MUST BE ON YOUR HONEYMOON...
MILLIE
BEAR
7.5%

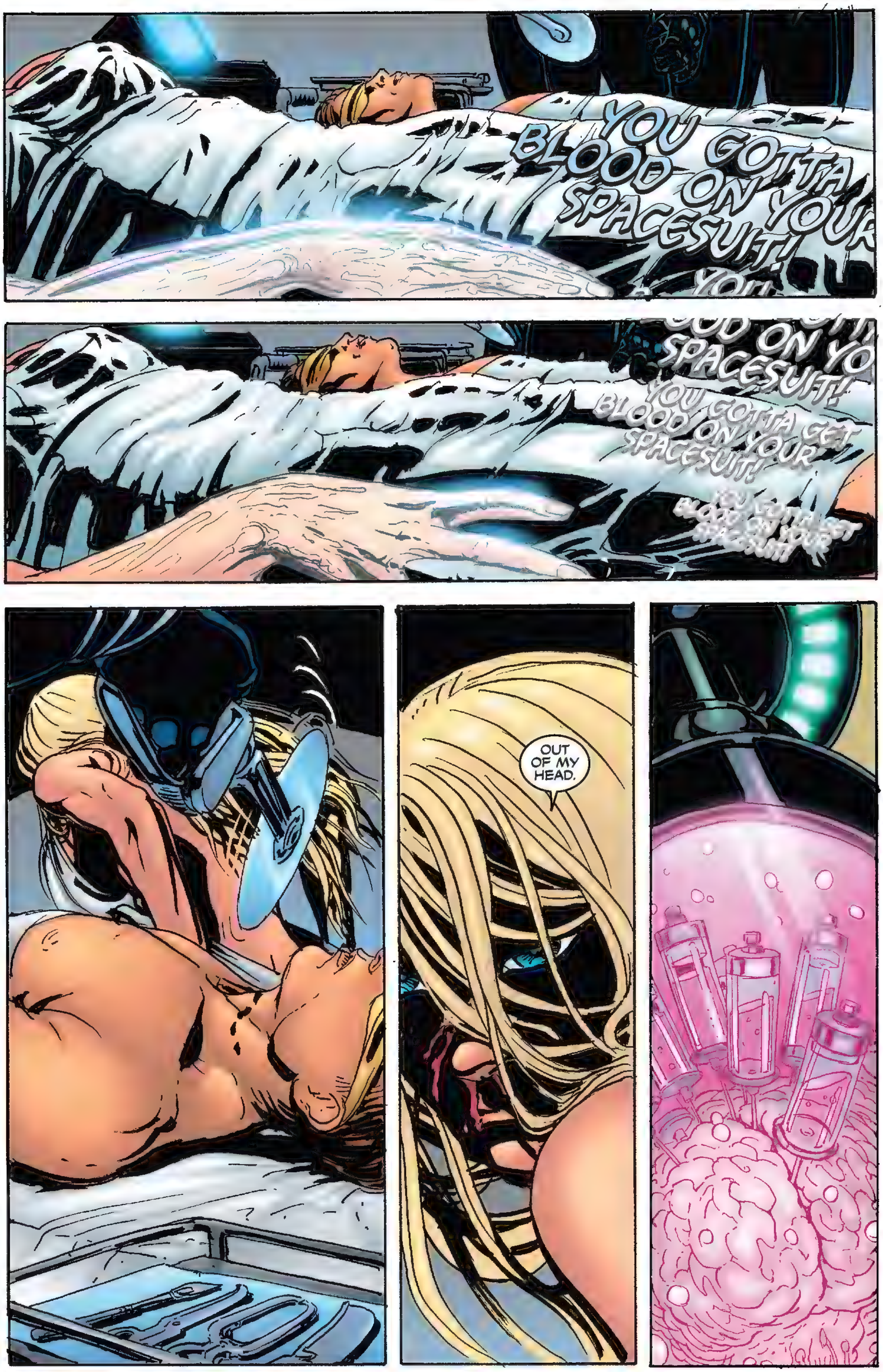
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

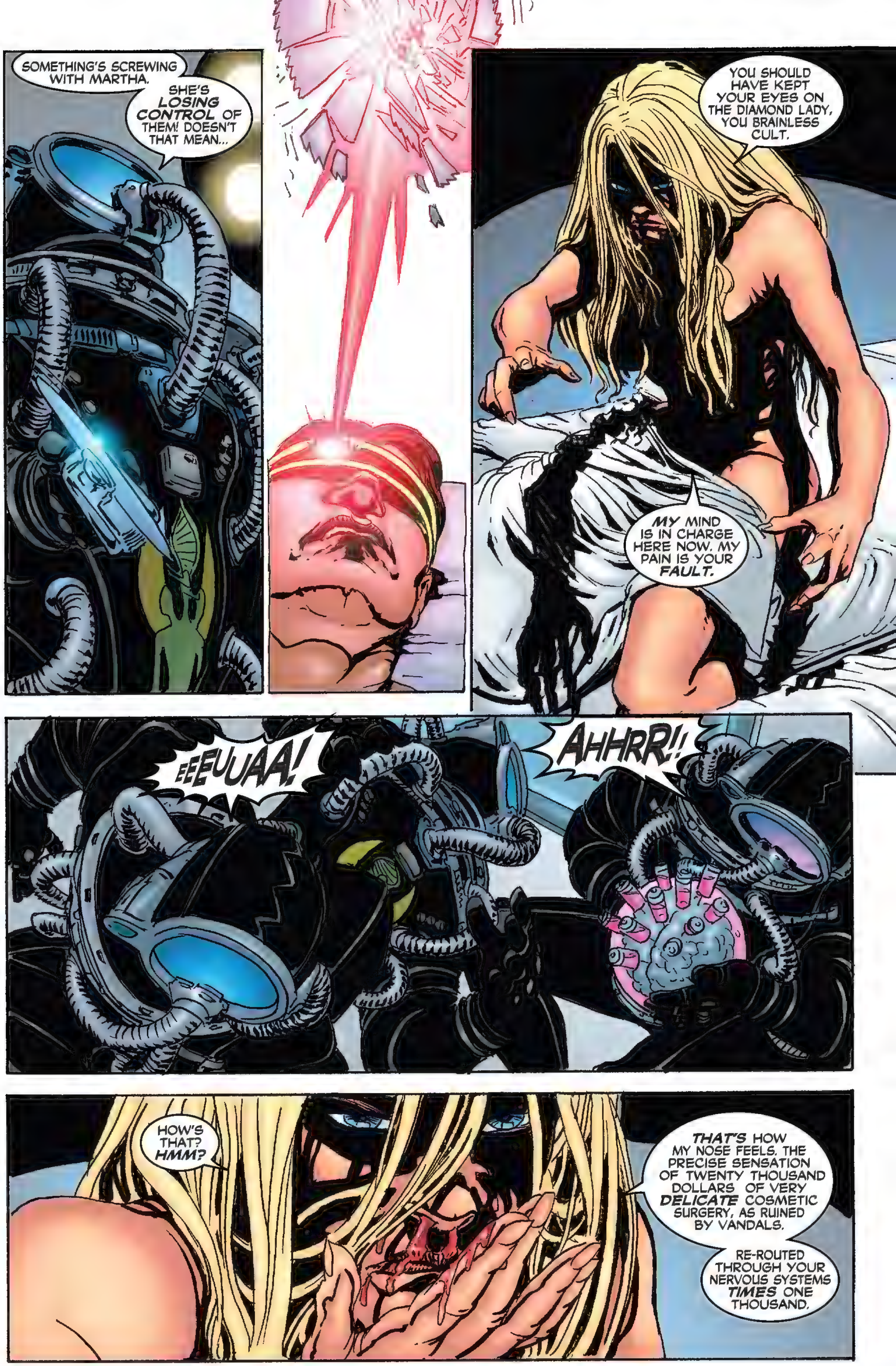
GERM FREE GENERATION.

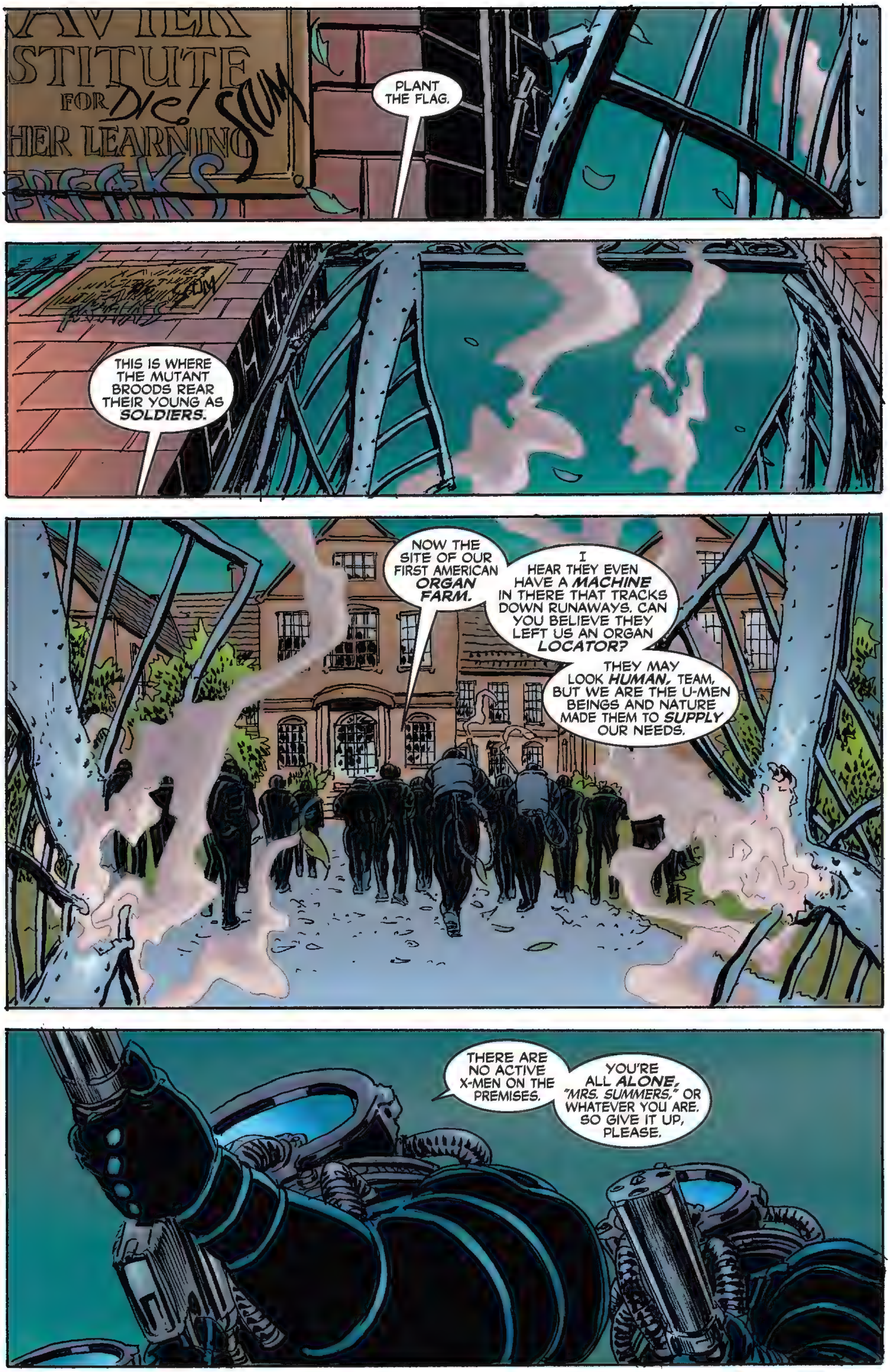
THREE OF THREE

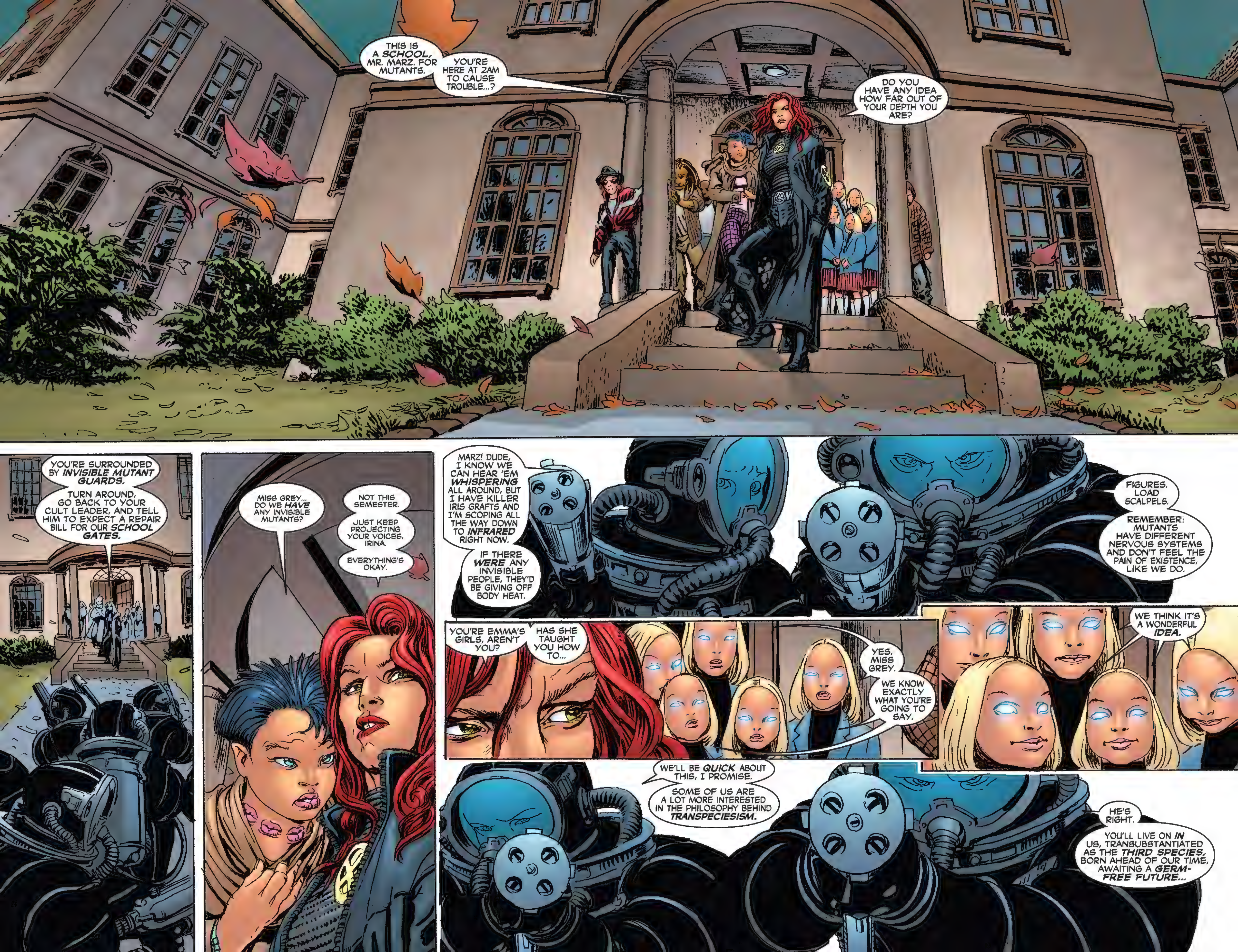

MACARONI BAR
BELLA VISTA
BEST SELLING VAN IN AMER
LUCY'S FARMLAND
OVER NITE SENSATION
el Lights. Hard Pack.
DINAH MOE HOME
PARKING
McDonald
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE!
YEAH? ONLY REASON I AIN'T KICKED YOUR BUTT THIS FAR'S 'CAUSE IT WOBBLES TOO MUCH TO KEEP TRACK OF.
YOU'RE A ***MUTANT,*** THE WORLD ***HATES*** YOU. HELL, EVEN ***I*** HATE YOU AND WE ONLY JUST MET.
DEAL WITH IT.
RIGHT NOW I'M YOUR ONLY CHANCE OF MAKING IT THROUGH THE REST OF THE DAY ***ALIVE.***

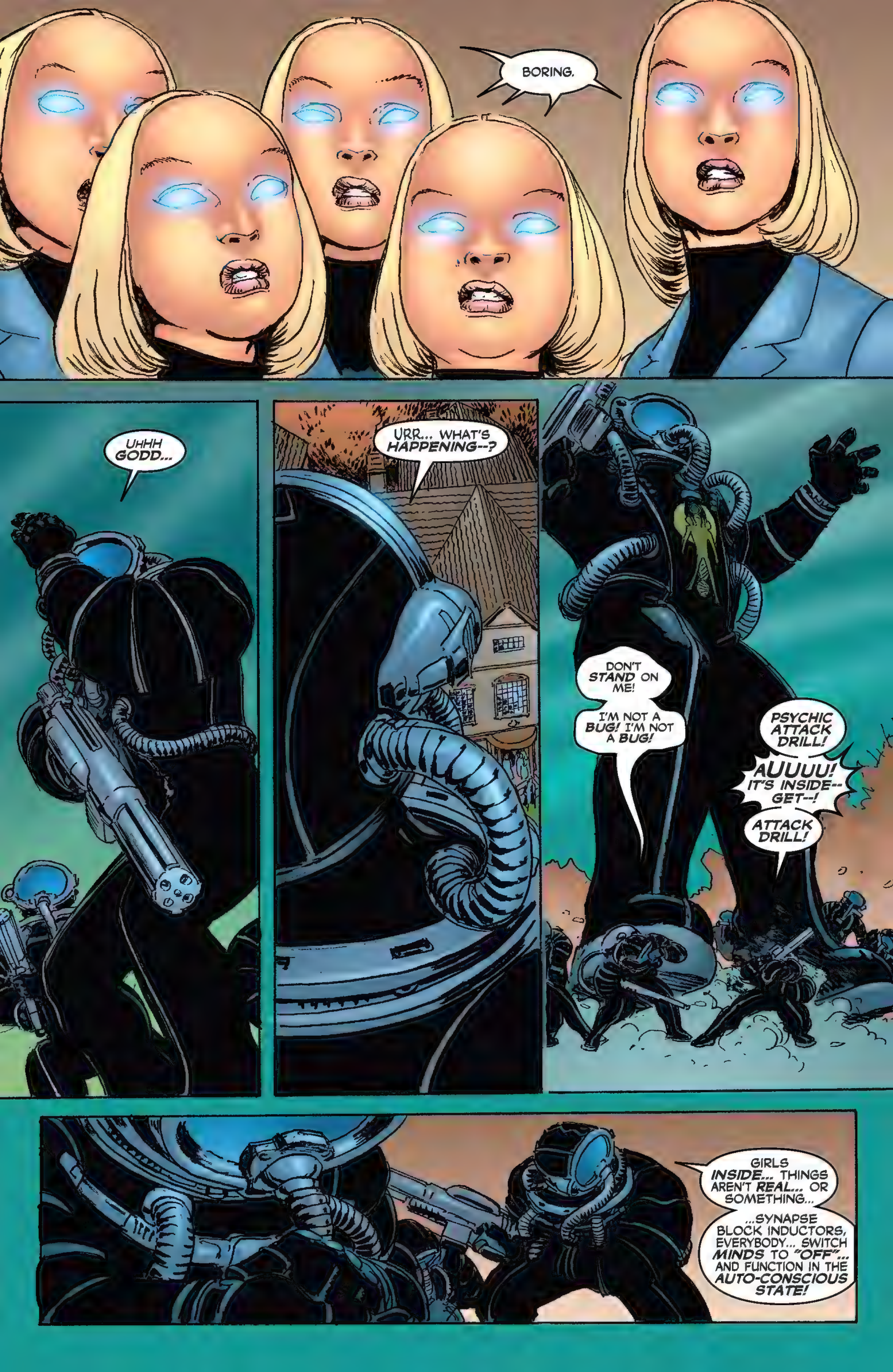

THAT LOOKS GREAT.
CUT RIGHT THERE.
WAAASHHH
NO WAY.
NO WAY DO I JUST CUT THIS GUY'S HEAD OFF...
...THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT?
YOU THINK?
THIS IS YOUR U-MAN INITIATION, SAWYER... YOU'VE SEALED YOURSELF IN PERFECTION AND LEFT THE SOIL OF THE FALLEN WORLD BEHIND... OUR RULES ARE POST-HUMAN RULES NOW... A WHOLE NEW MORALITY.
AND HE'S NOT A GUY, HE'S A MUTANT.
SO, BASICALLY... YOU GOTTA GET BLOOD ON YOUR SPACESUIT.
THEY WON'T BITE. MARTHA, THE MUTANT BRAIN, IS HOLDING THEM FAST.

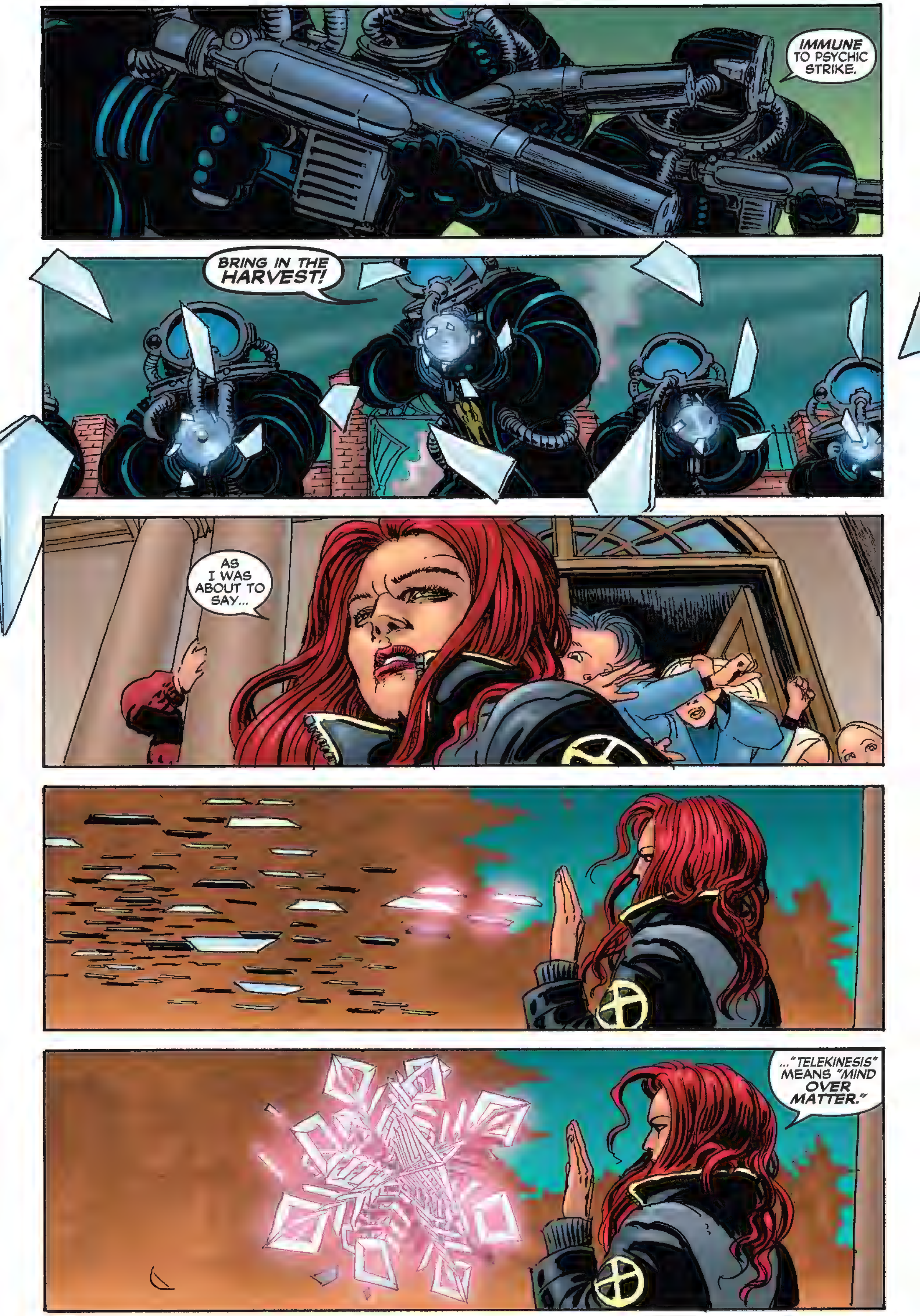

YOU GOTTA BLOOD ON YOUR SPACESUIT!
YOU
OOD ON YO SPACESUIT!
YOU GOTTA GET BLOOD ON YOUR SPACESUIT!
YOU GOTTA GET BLOOD ON YOUR SPACESUIT!
OUT OF MY HEAD.

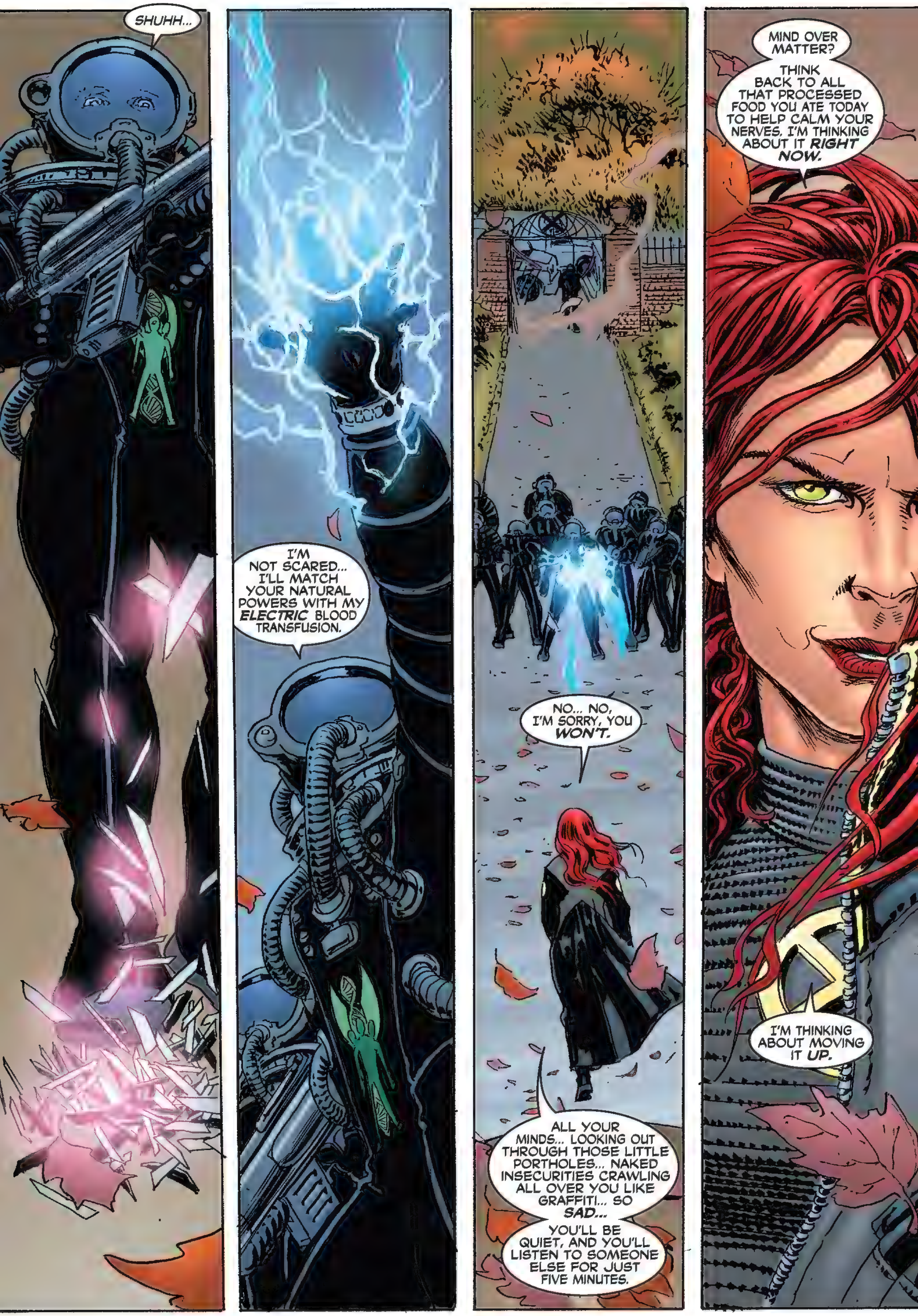

SOMETHING'S SCREWING WITH MARTHA.
SHE'S *LOSING CONTROL* OF THEM! DOESN'T THAT MEAN...
YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT YOUR EYES ON THE DIAMOND LADY, YOU BRAINLESS CULT.
MY MIND IS IN CHARGE HERE NOW. MY PAIN IS YOUR *FAULT.*
EEEUUAA!
AHHRR!!
HOW'S THAT? *HMM?*
THAT'S HOW MY NOSE FEELS. THE PRECISE SENSATION OF TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF VERY *DELICATE* COSMETIC SURGERY, AS RUINED BY VANDALS.
RE-ROUTED THROUGH YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEMS *TIMES* ONE THOUSAND.

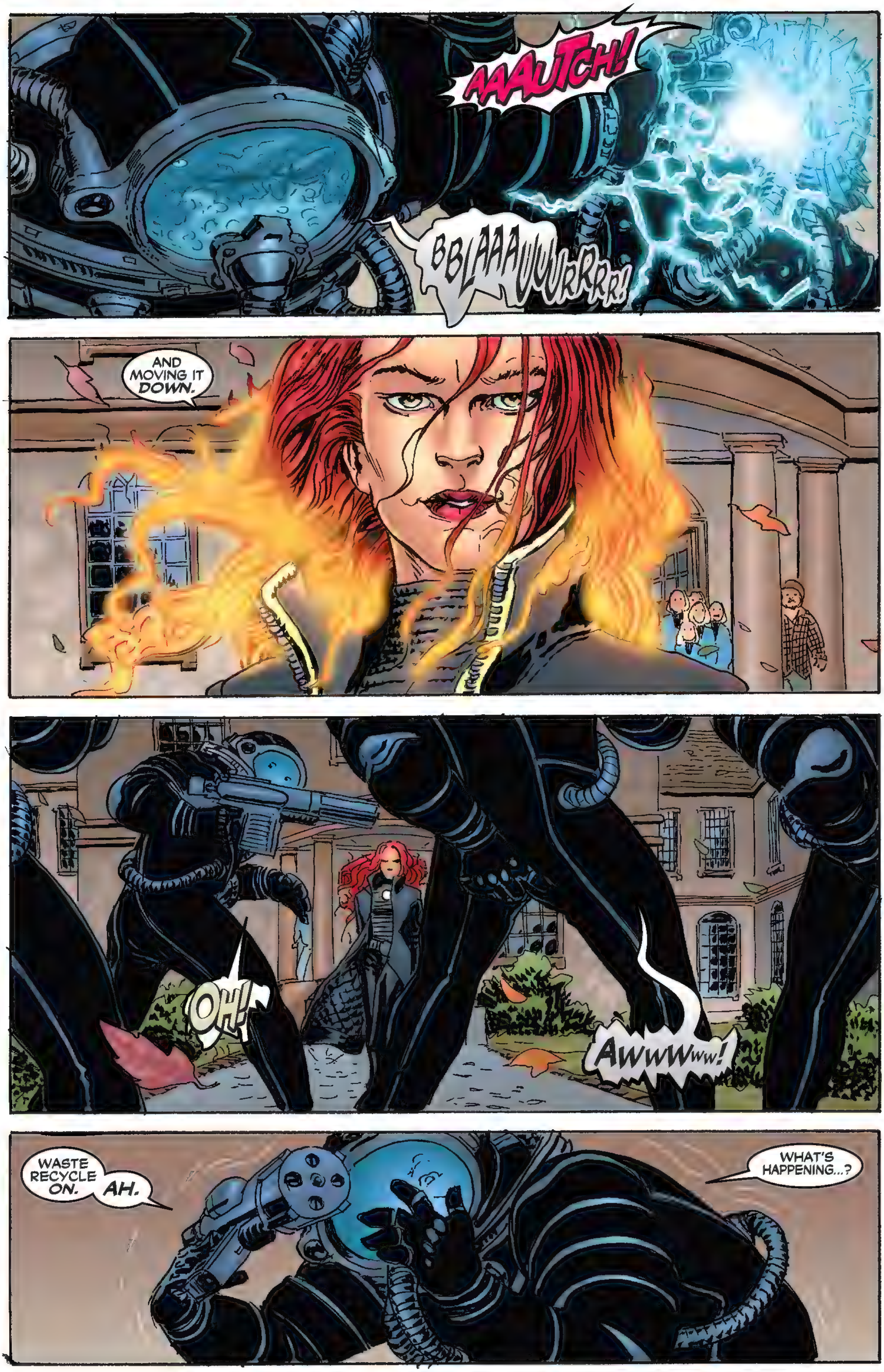

STITUTE
FOR
HER LEARNING
DIE!
SCUM
FREAKS
PLANT THE FLAG.
THIS IS WHERE THE MUTANT BROODS REAR THEIR YOUNG AS **SOLDIERS.**
NOW THE SITE OF OUR FIRST AMERICAN **ORGAN FARM.**
I HEAR THEY EVEN HAVE A **MACHINE** IN THERE THAT TRACKS DOWN RUNAWAYS. CAN YOU BELIEVE THEY LEFT US AN ORGAN **LOCATOR?**
THEY MAY LOOK **HUMAN,** TEAM, BUT WE ARE THE U-MEN BEINGS AND NATURE MADE THEM TO **SUPPLY** OUR NEEDS.
THERE ARE NO ACTIVE X-MEN ON THE PREMISES.
YOU'RE ALL **ALONE,** *"MRS. SUMMERS,"* OR WHATEVER YOU ARE. SO GIVE IT UP, PLEASE.

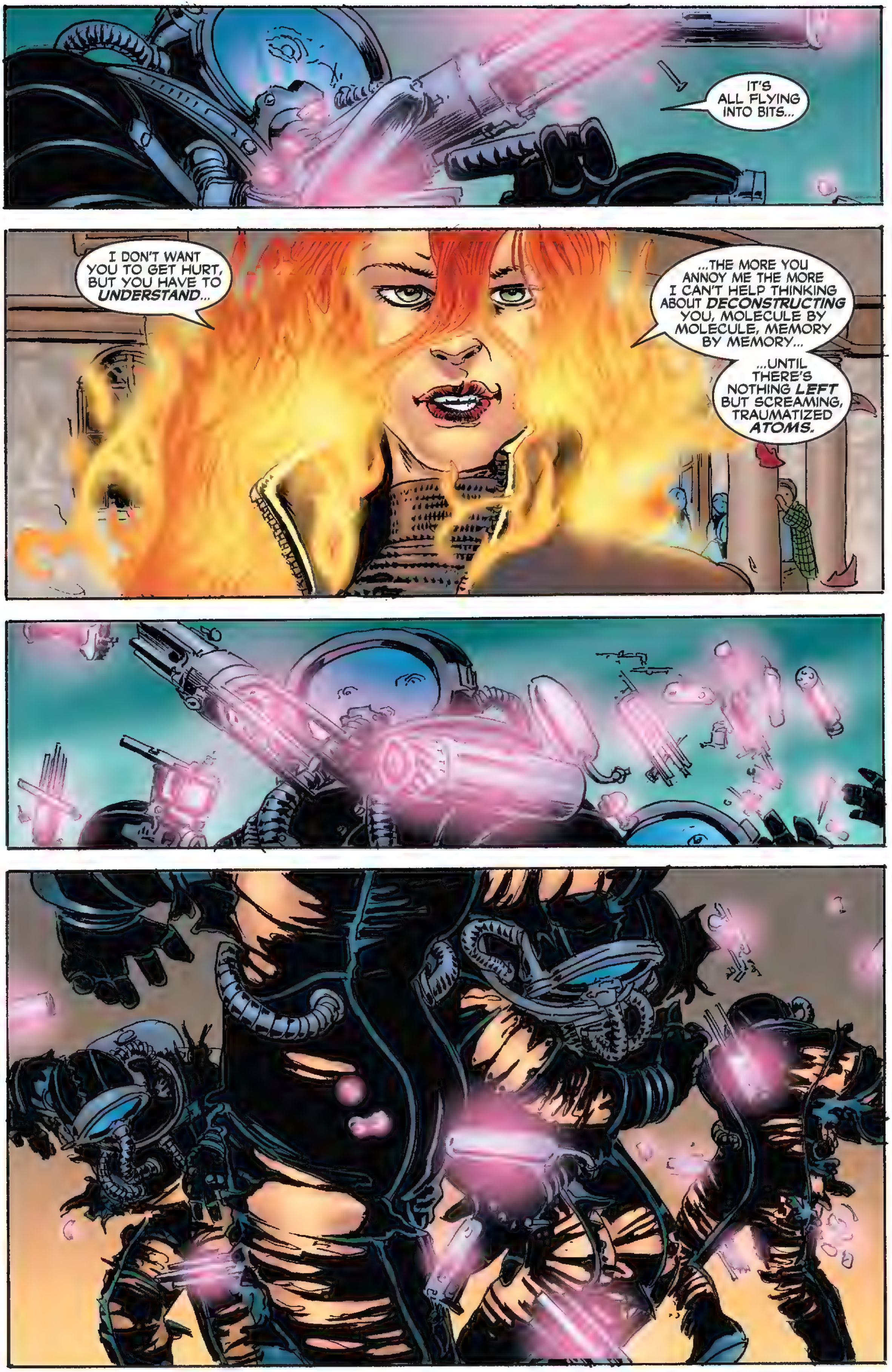

THIS IS A SCHOOL, MR. MARZ. FOR MUTANTS.
YOU'RE HERE AT 2AM TO CAUSE TROUBLE...?
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW FAR OUT OF YOUR DEPTH YOU ARE?
YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY INVISIBLE MUTANT GUARDS.
TURN AROUND, GO BACK TO YOUR CULT LEADER, AND TELL HIM TO EXPECT A REPAIR BILL FOR OUR SCHOOL GATES.
MISS GREY... DO WE HAVE ANY INVISIBLE MUTANTS?
NOT THIS SEMESTER.
JUST KEEP PROJECTING YOUR VOICES, IRINA.
EVERYTHING'S OKAY.
MARZ! DUDE, I KNOW WE CAN HEAR 'EM WHISPERING ALL AROUND, BUT I HAVE KILLER IRIS GRAFTS AND I'M SCOPING ALL THE WAY DOWN TO INFRARED RIGHT NOW.
IF THERE WERE ANY INVISIBLE PEOPLE, THEY'D BE GIVING OFF BODY HEAT.
FIGURES. LOAD SCALPELS.
REMEMBER: MUTANTS HAVE DIFFERENT NERVOUS SYSTEMS AND DON'T FEEL THE PAIN OF EXISTENCE, LIKE WE DO.
YOU'RE EMMA'S GIRLS, AREN'T YOU?
HAS SHE TAUGHT YOU HOW TO...
YES, MISS GREY.
WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY.
WE THINK IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA.
WE'LL BE QUICK ABOUT THIS, I PROMISE.
SOME OF US ARE A LOT MORE INTERESTED IN THE PHILOSOPHY BEHIND TRANSPECIESISM.
HE'S RIGHT.
YOU'LL LIVE ON IN US, TRANSUBSTANTIATED AS THE THIRD SPECIES, BORN AHEAD OF OUR TIME, AWAITING A GERM-FREE FUTURE...

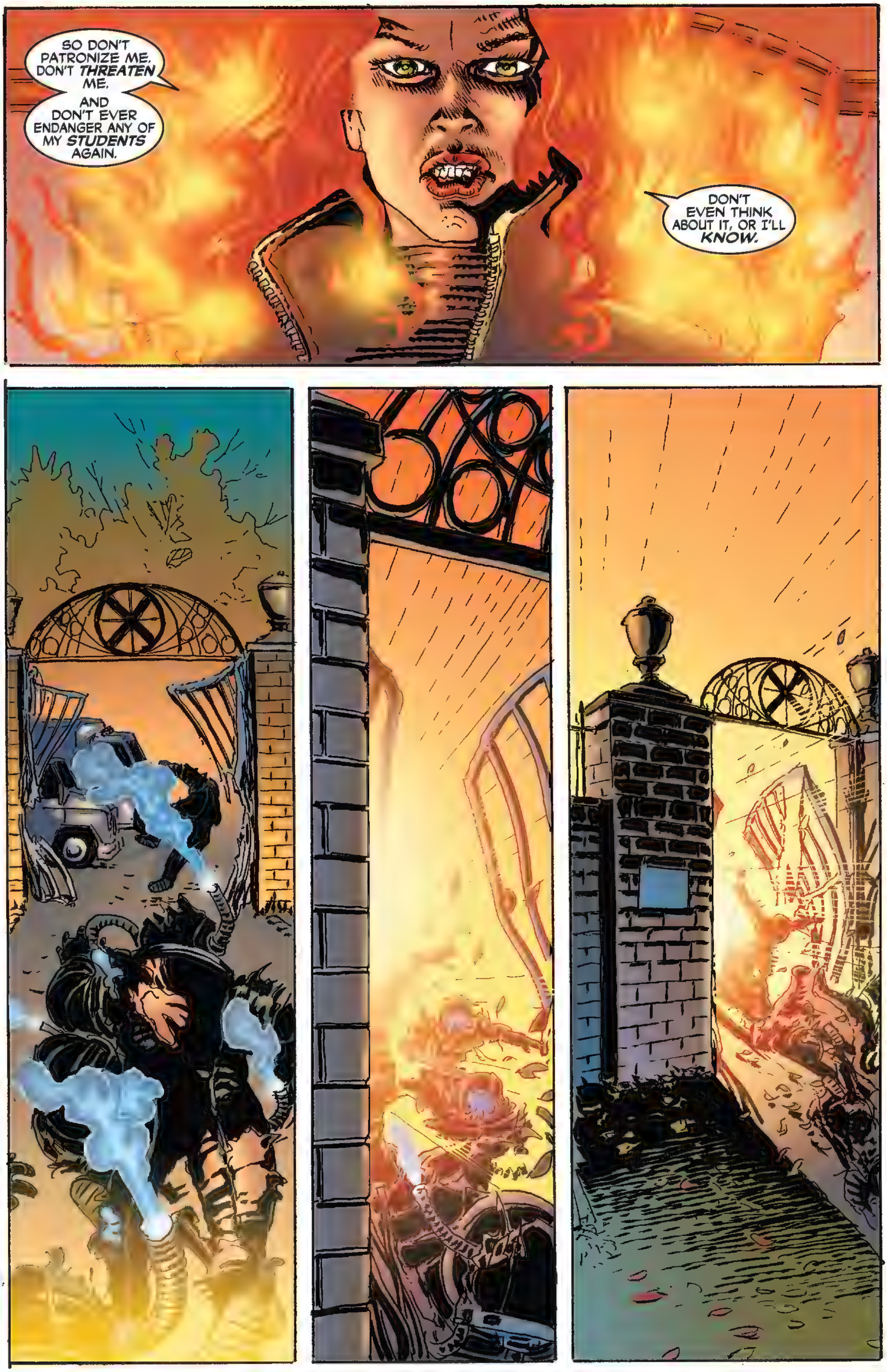

BORING.
UHHH GODD...
URR... WHAT'S *HAPPENING*--?
DON'T *STAND* ON ME!
I'M NOT A *BUG!* I'M NOT A *BUG!*
PSYCHIC ATTACK DRILL!
AUUUU! IT'S INSIDE-- GET--!
ATTACK DRILL!
GIRLS *INSIDE...* THINGS AREN'T *REAL...* OR SOMETHING...
...SYNAPSE BLOCK INDUCTORS, EVERYBODY... SWITCH *MINDS* TO *"OFF"*... AND FUNCTION IN THE *AUTO-CONSCIOUS STATE!*

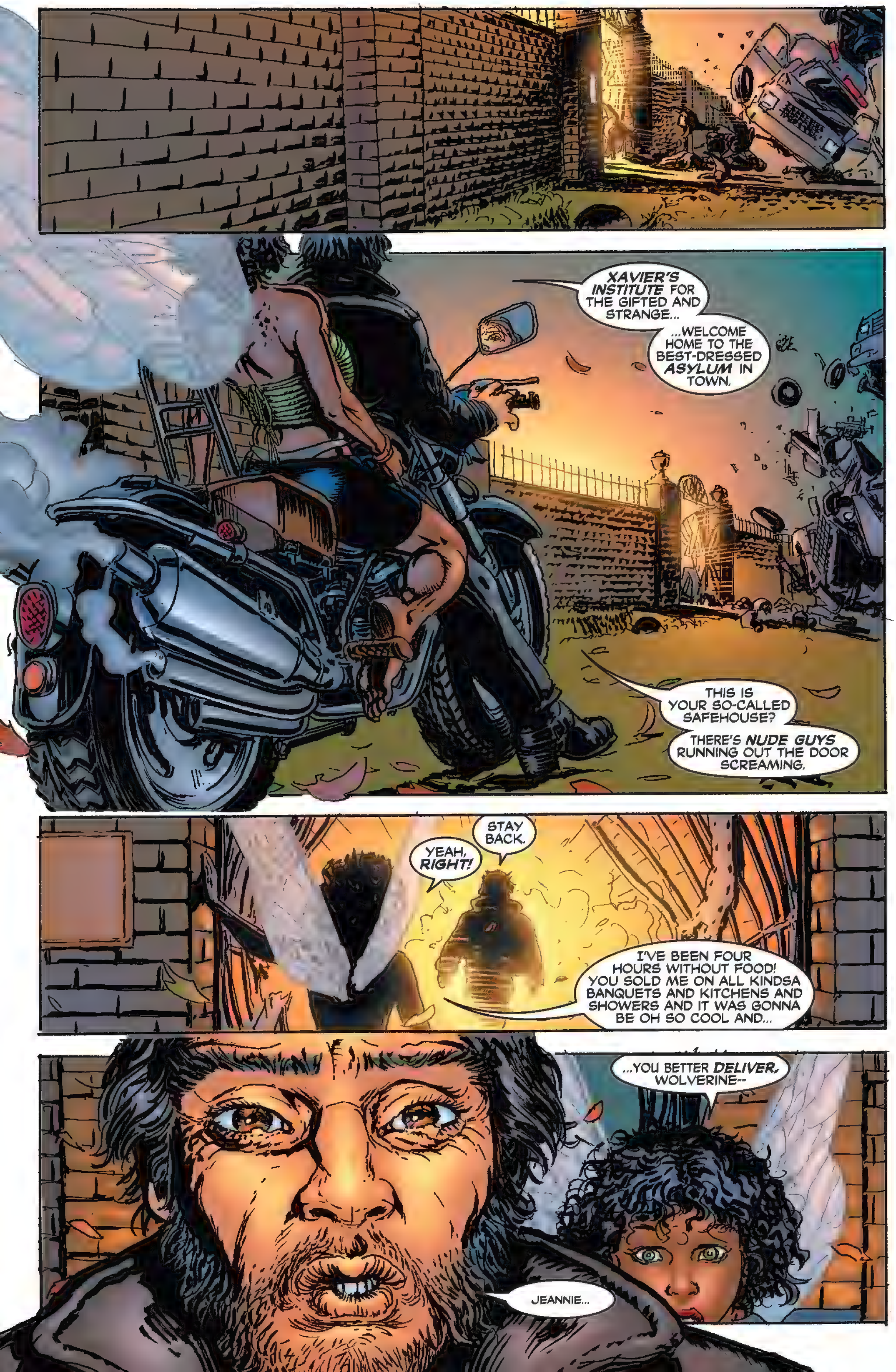

IMMUNE TO PSYCHIC STRIKE.
BRING IN THE HARVEST!
AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY...
..."TELEKINESIS" MEANS "MIND OVER MATTER."

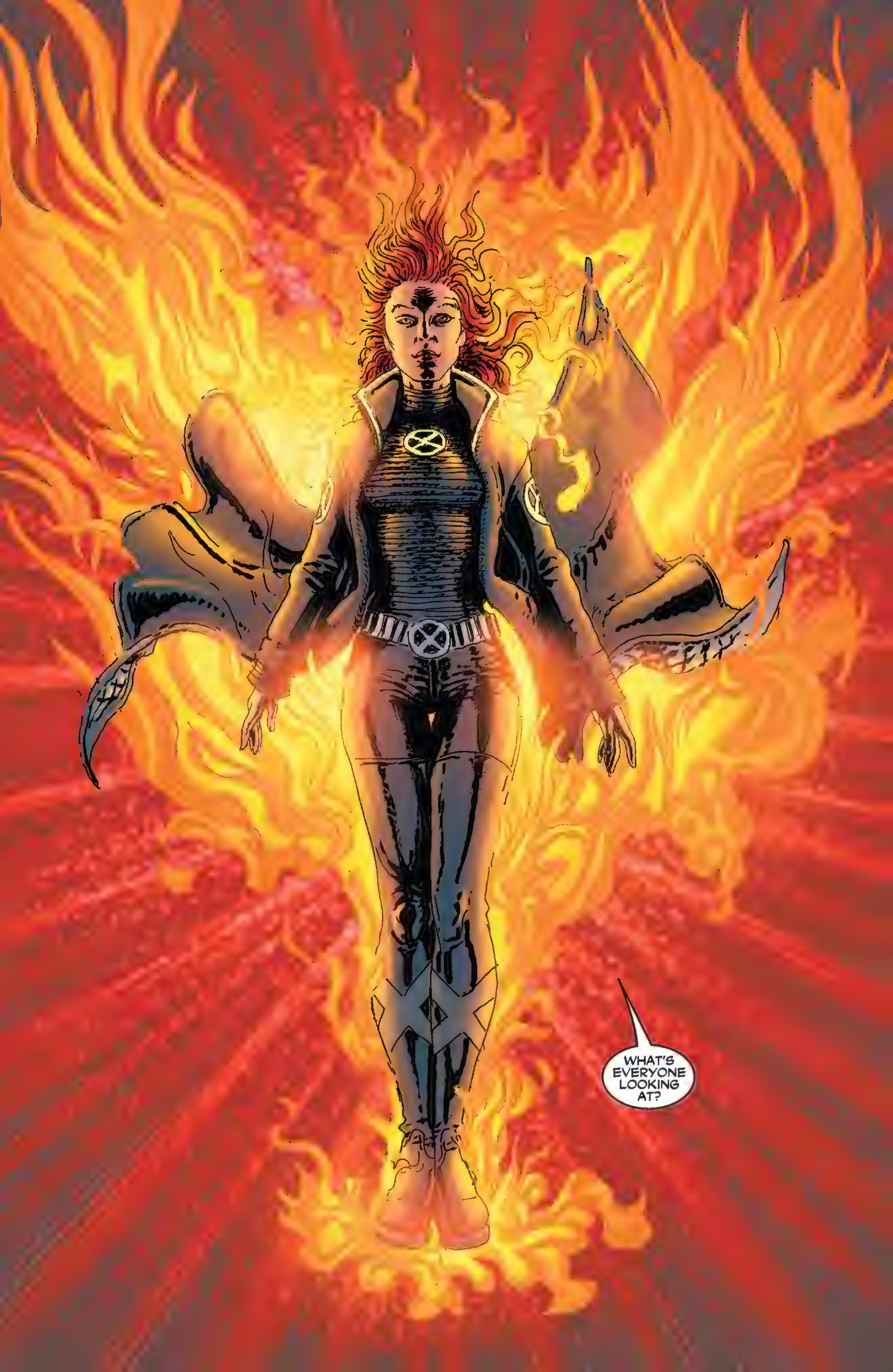

SHUHH...
I'M NOT SCARED... I'LL MATCH YOUR NATURAL POWERS WITH MY *ELECTRIC* BLOOD TRANSFUSION.
NO... NO, I'M SORRY, YOU *WON'T.*
ALL YOUR MINDS... LOOKING OUT THROUGH THOSE LITTLE PORTHOLES... NAKED INSECURITIES CRAWLING ALL OVER YOU LIKE GRAFFITI... SO *SAD...*
YOU'LL BE QUIET, AND YOU'LL LISTEN TO SOMEONE ELSE FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES.
MIND OVER MATTER?
THINK BACK TO ALL THAT PROCESSED FOOD YOU ATE TODAY TO HELP CALM YOUR NERVES. I'M THINKING ABOUT IT *RIGHT NOW.*
I'M THINKING ABOUT MOVING IT *UP.*

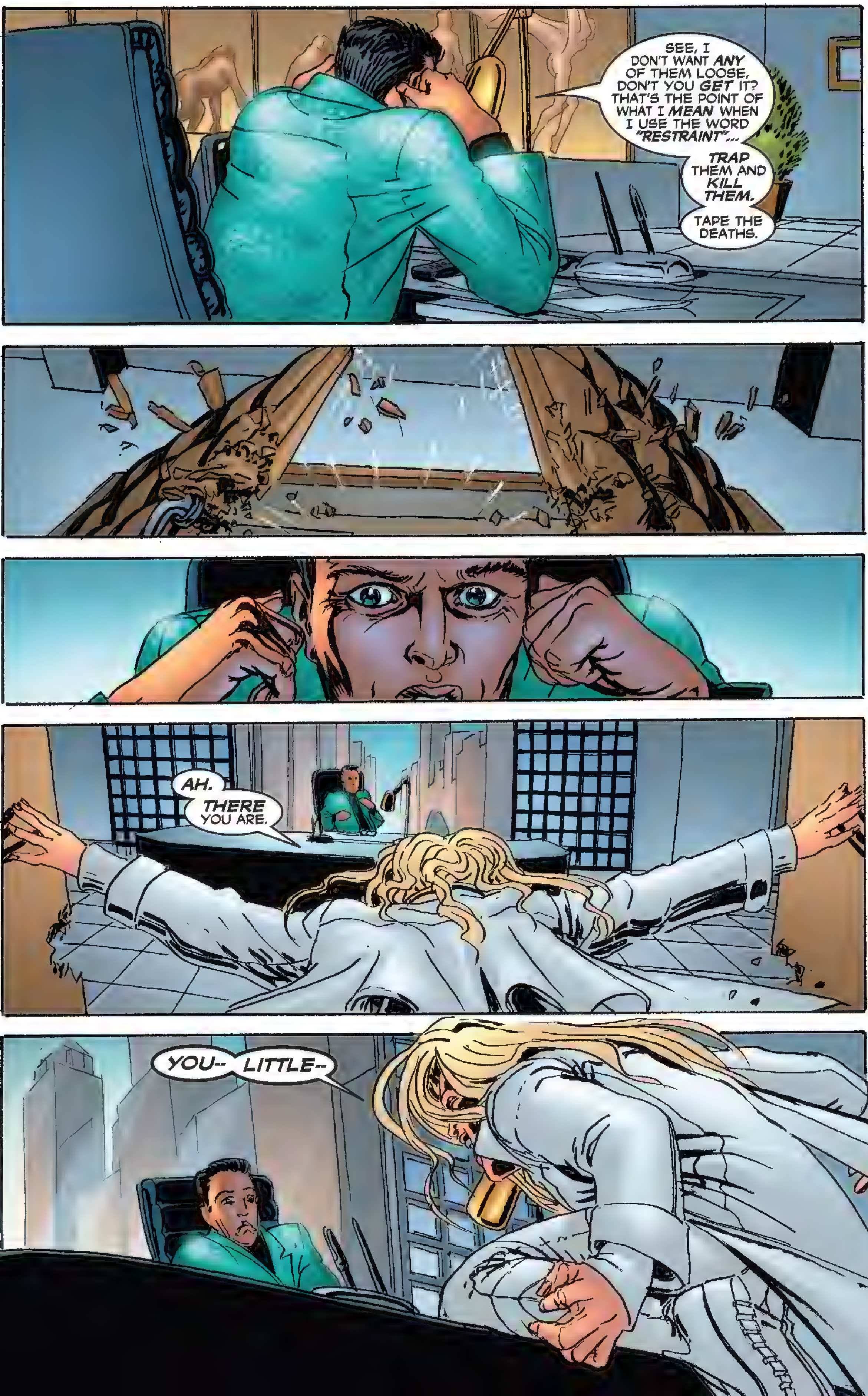

AAAUTCH!
BBLAAAUUURRRR!
AND MOVING IT DOWN.
OH!
AWWWww!
WASTE RECYCLE ON.
AH.
WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

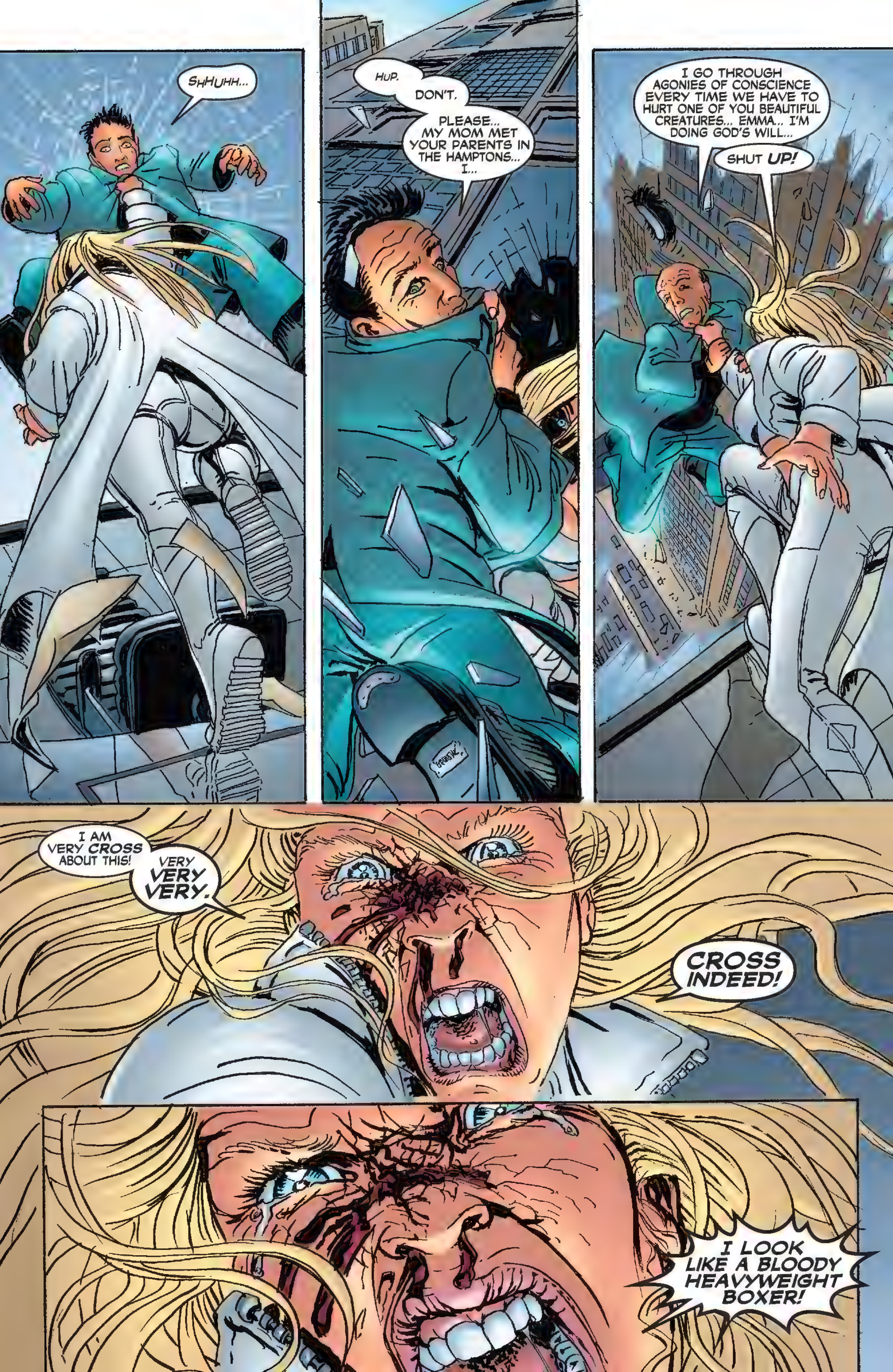

IT'S ALL FLYING INTO BITS...
I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT, BUT YOU HAVE TO *UNDERSTAND*...
...THE MORE YOU ANNOY ME THE MORE I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT *DECONSTRUCTING* YOU, MOLECULE BY MOLECULE, MEMORY BY MEMORY...
...UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING *LEFT* BUT SCREAMING, TRAUMATIZED *ATOMS.*

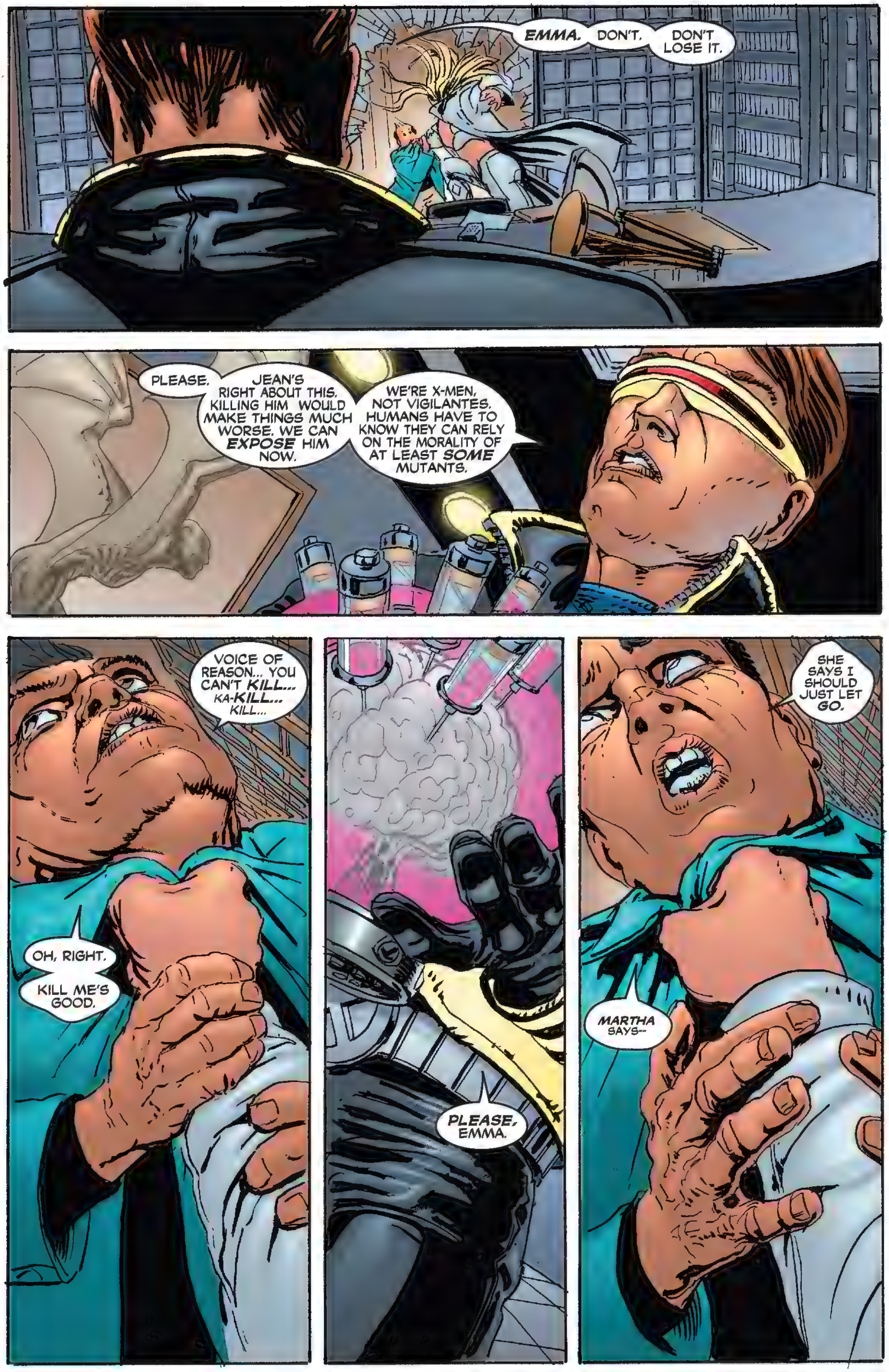

SO DON'T PATRONIZE ME. DON'T *THREATEN* ME.
AND DON'T EVER ENDANGER ANY OF MY *STUDENTS* AGAIN.
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, OR I'LL *KNOW.*

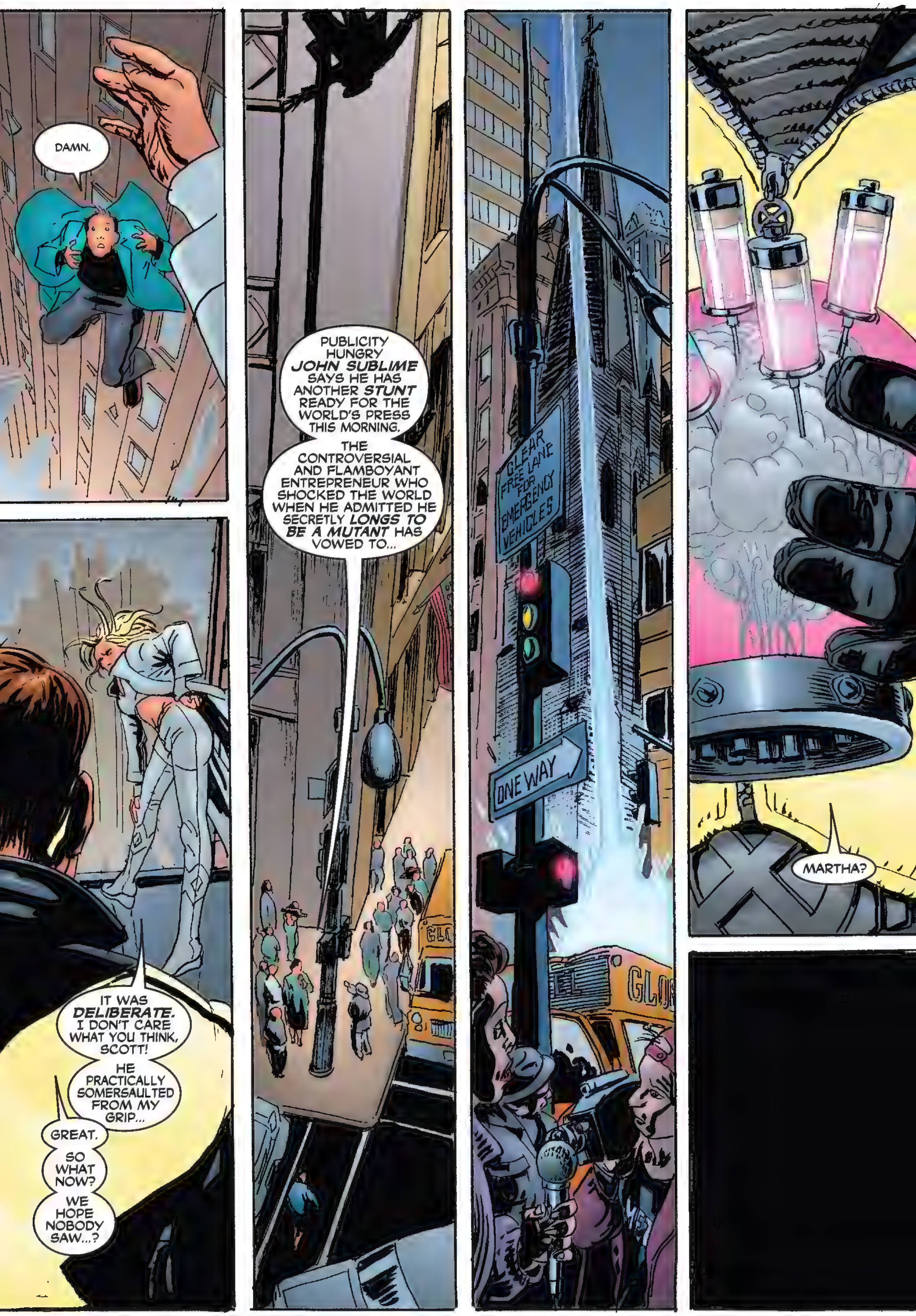

XAVIER'S INSTITUTE FOR THE GIFTED AND STRANGE...
...WELCOME HOME TO THE BEST-DRESSED ASYLUM IN TOWN.
THIS IS YOUR SO-CALLED SAFEHOUSE?
THERE'S NUDE GUYS RUNNING OUT THE DOOR SCREAMING.
STAY BACK.
YEAH, RIGHT!
I'VE BEEN FOUR HOURS WITHOUT FOOD! YOU SOLD ME ON ALL KINDSA BANQUETS AND KITCHENS AND SHOWERS AND IT WAS GONNA BE OH SO COOL AND...
...YOU BETTER DELIVER, WOLVERINE--
JEANNIE...

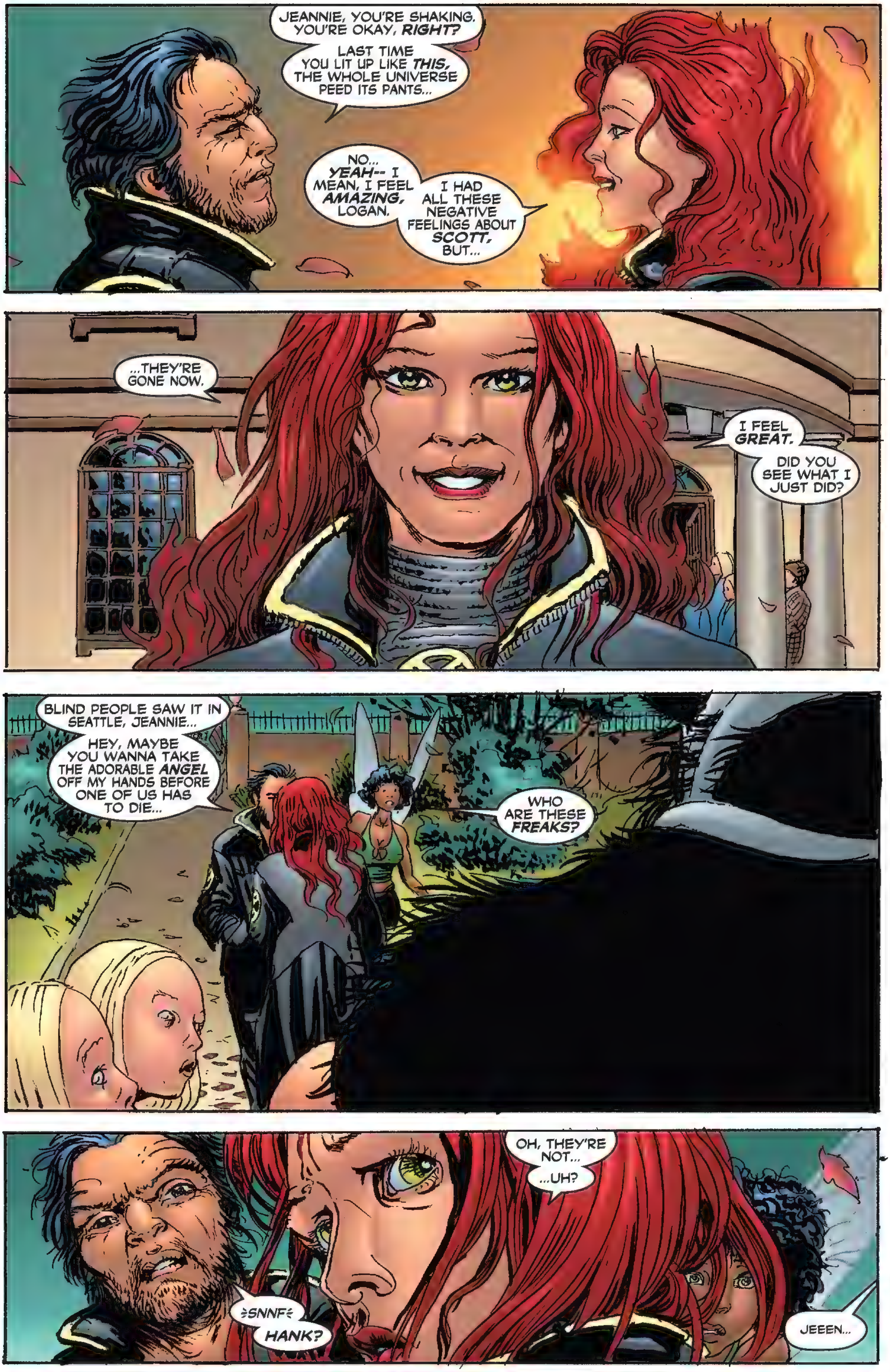

WHAT'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT?

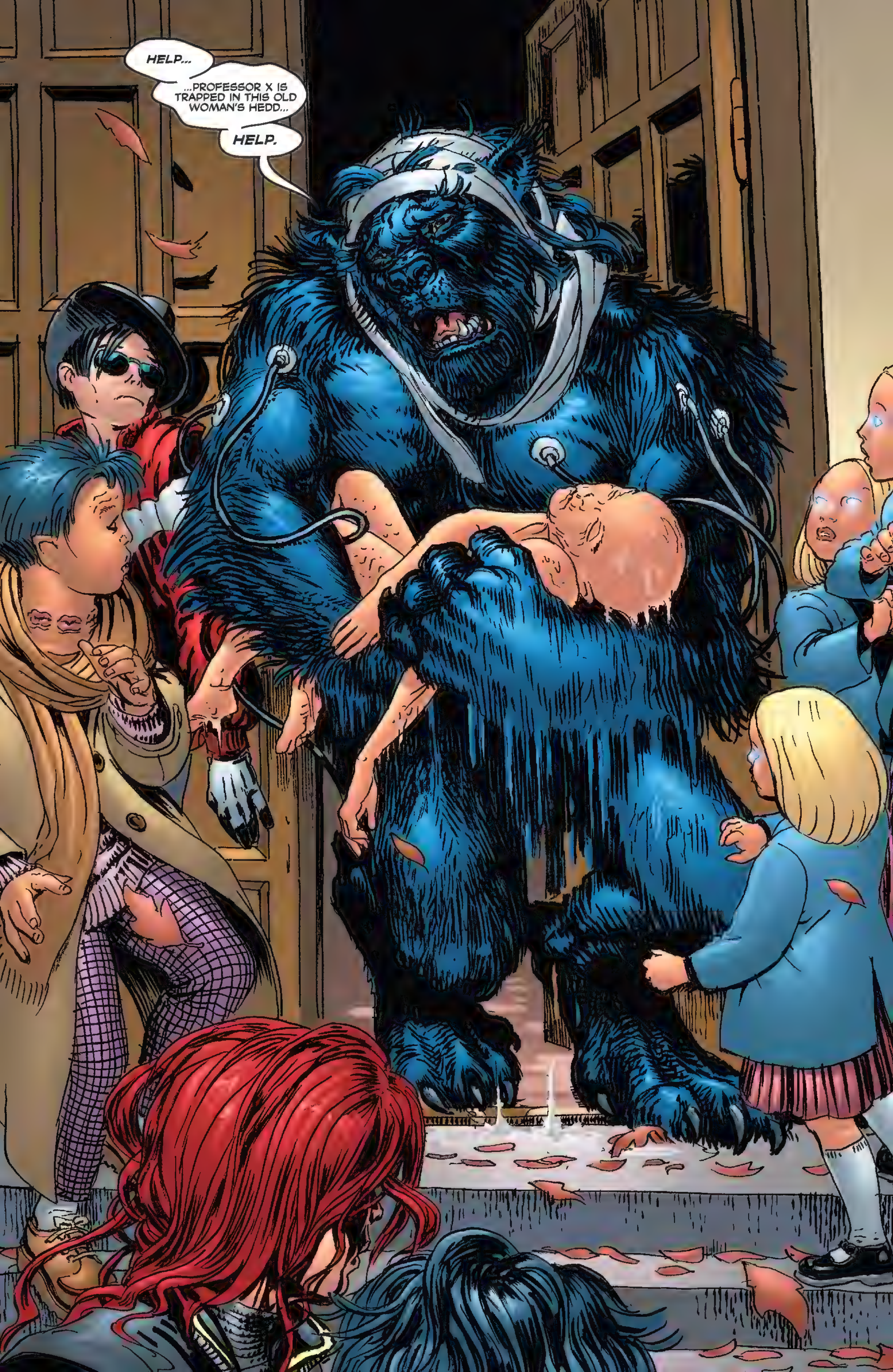

SEE, I DON'T WANT ANY OF THEM LOOSE, DON'T YOU GET IT? THAT'S THE POINT OF WHAT I MEAN WHEN I USE THE WORD "RESTRAINT"...
TRAP THEM AND KILL THEM.
TAPE THE DEATHS.
AH.
THERE YOU ARE.
YOU--
LITTLE--

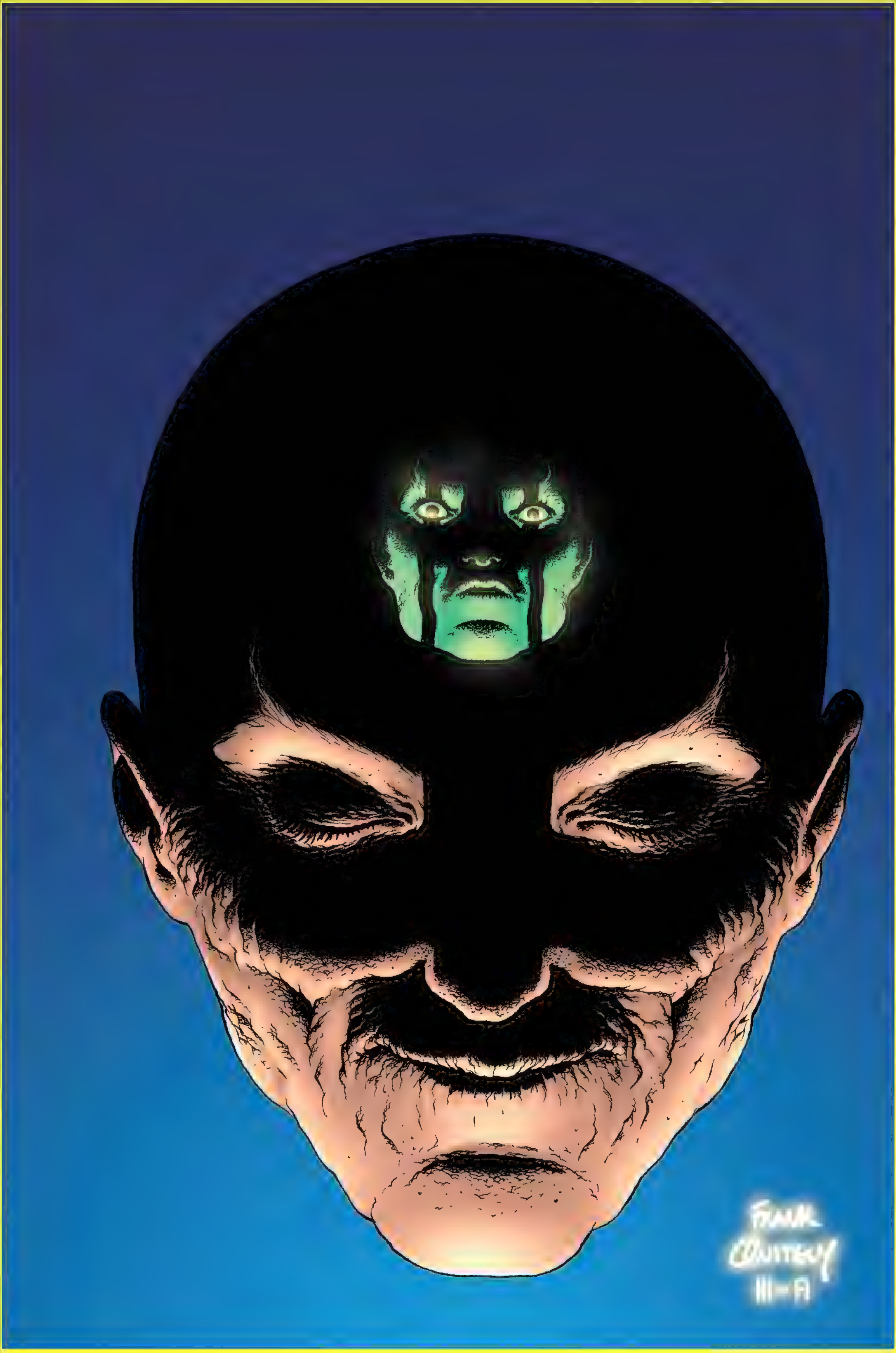

SHHUHH...
HUP.
DON'T.
PLEASE... MY MOM MET YOUR PARENTS IN THE HAMPTONS... I...
I GO THROUGH AGONIES OF CONSCIENCE EVERY TIME WE HAVE TO HURT ONE OF YOU BEAUTIFUL CREATURES... EMMA... I'M DOING GOD'S WILL...
SHUT UP!
I AM VERY CROSS ABOUT THIS!
VERY VERY VERY.
CROSS INDEED!
I LOOK LIKE A BLOODY HEAVYWEIGHT BOXER!


EMMA. DON'T. DON'T LOSE IT.
PLEASE. JEAN'S RIGHT ABOUT THIS. KILLING HIM WOULD MAKE THINGS MUCH WORSE. WE CAN EXPOSE HIM NOW.
WE'RE X-MEN, NOT VIGILANTES. HUMANS HAVE TO KNOW THEY CAN RELY ON THE MORALITY OF AT LEAST SOME MUTANTS.
VOICE OF REASON... YOU CAN'T KILL... KA-KILL... KILL...
OH, RIGHT.
KILL ME'S GOOD.
PLEASE, EMMA.
SHE SAYS I SHOULD JUST LET GO.
MARTHA SAYS--

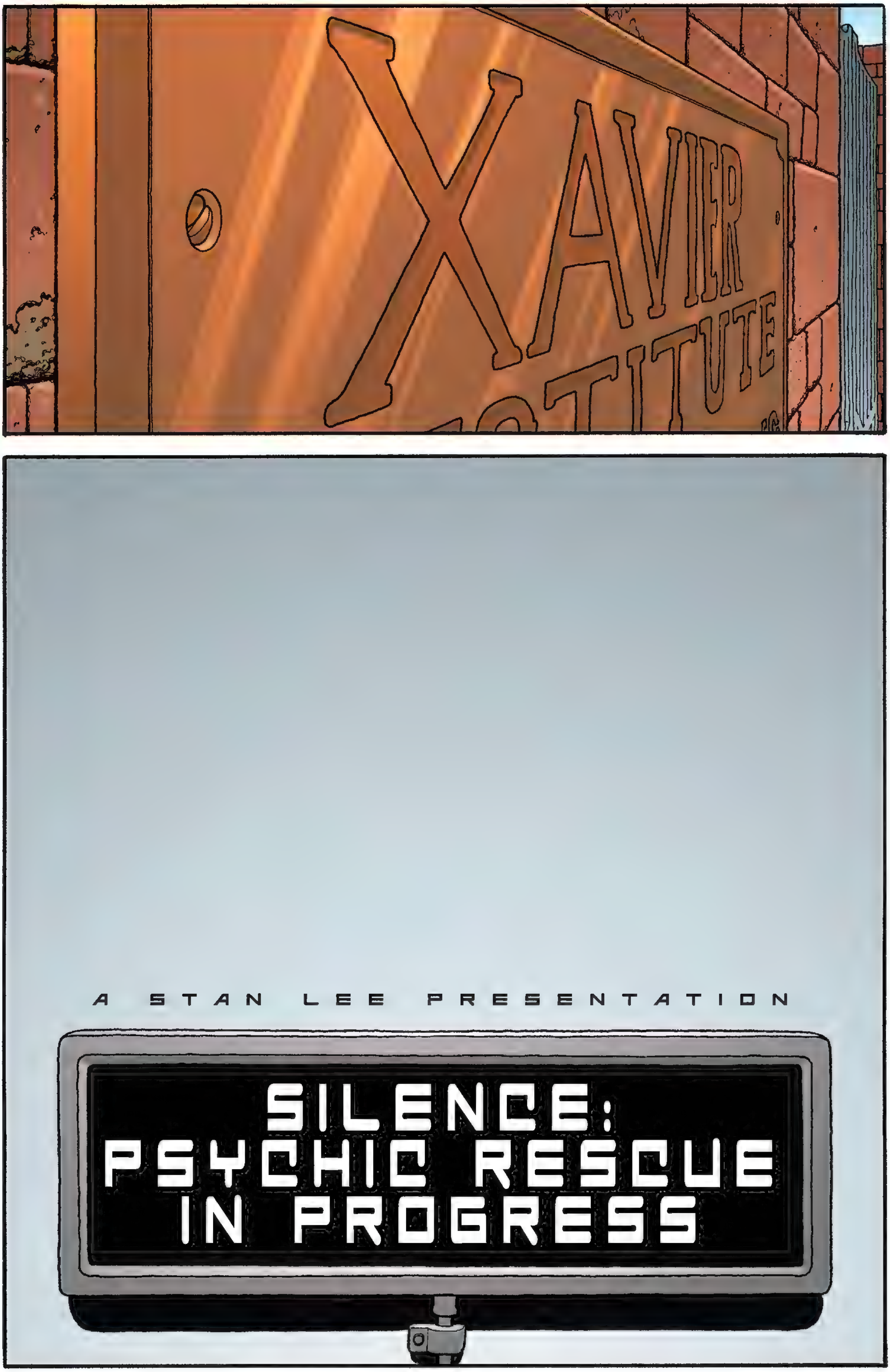

DAMN.
IT WAS DELIBERATE. I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK, SCOTT!
HE PRACTICALLY SOMERSAULTED FROM MY GRIP...
GREAT.
SO WHAT NOW?
WE HOPE NOBODY SAW...?
PUBLICITY HUNGRY JOHN SUBLIME SAYS HE HAS ANOTHER STUNT READY FOR THE WORLD'S PRESS THIS MORNING.
THE CONTROVERSIAL AND FLAMBOYANT ENTREPRENEUR WHO SHOCKED THE WORLD WHEN HE ADMITTED HE SECRETLY LONGS TO BE A MUTANT HAS VOWED TO...
CLEAR FREE LANE FOR EMERGENCY VEHICLES
ONE WAY
GLO
MARTHA?

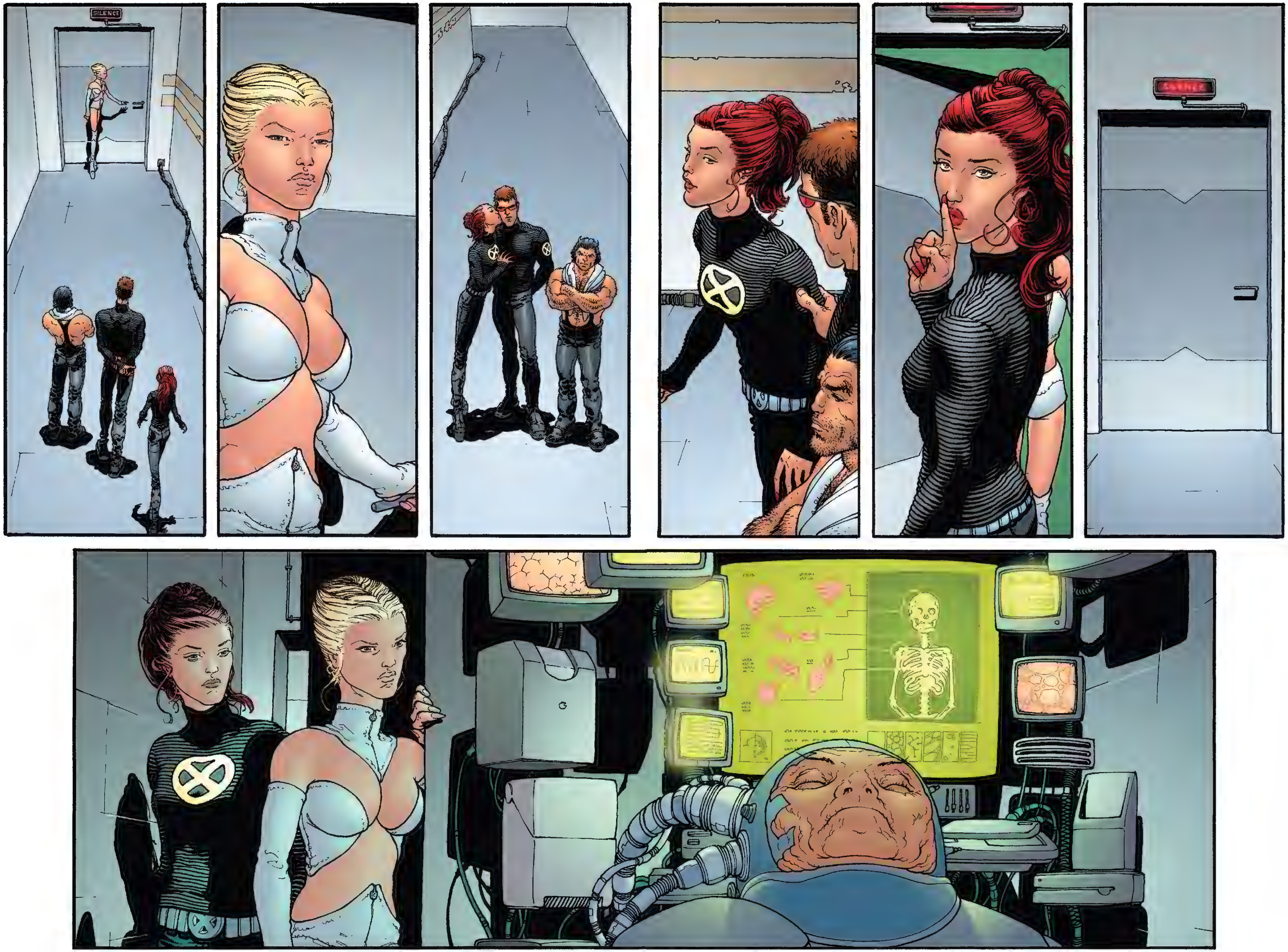

JEANNIE, YOU'RE SHAKING. YOU'RE OKAY, *RIGHT?*
LAST TIME YOU LIT UP LIKE *THIS,* THE WHOLE UNIVERSE PEED ITS PANTS...
NO... *YEAH*-- I MEAN, I FEEL *AMAZING,* LOGAN.
I HAD ALL THESE NEGATIVE FEELINGS ABOUT *SCOTT,* BUT...
...THEY'RE GONE NOW.
I FEEL *GREAT.*
DID YOU SEE WHAT I JUST DID?
BLIND PEOPLE SAW IT IN SEATTLE, JEANNIE...
HEY, MAYBE YOU WANNA TAKE THE ADORABLE *ANGEL* OFF MY HANDS BEFORE ONE OF US HAS TO DIE...
WHO ARE THESE *FREAKS?*
OH, THEY'RE NOT...
...UH?
⸗SNNF⸗
HANK?
JEEEN...

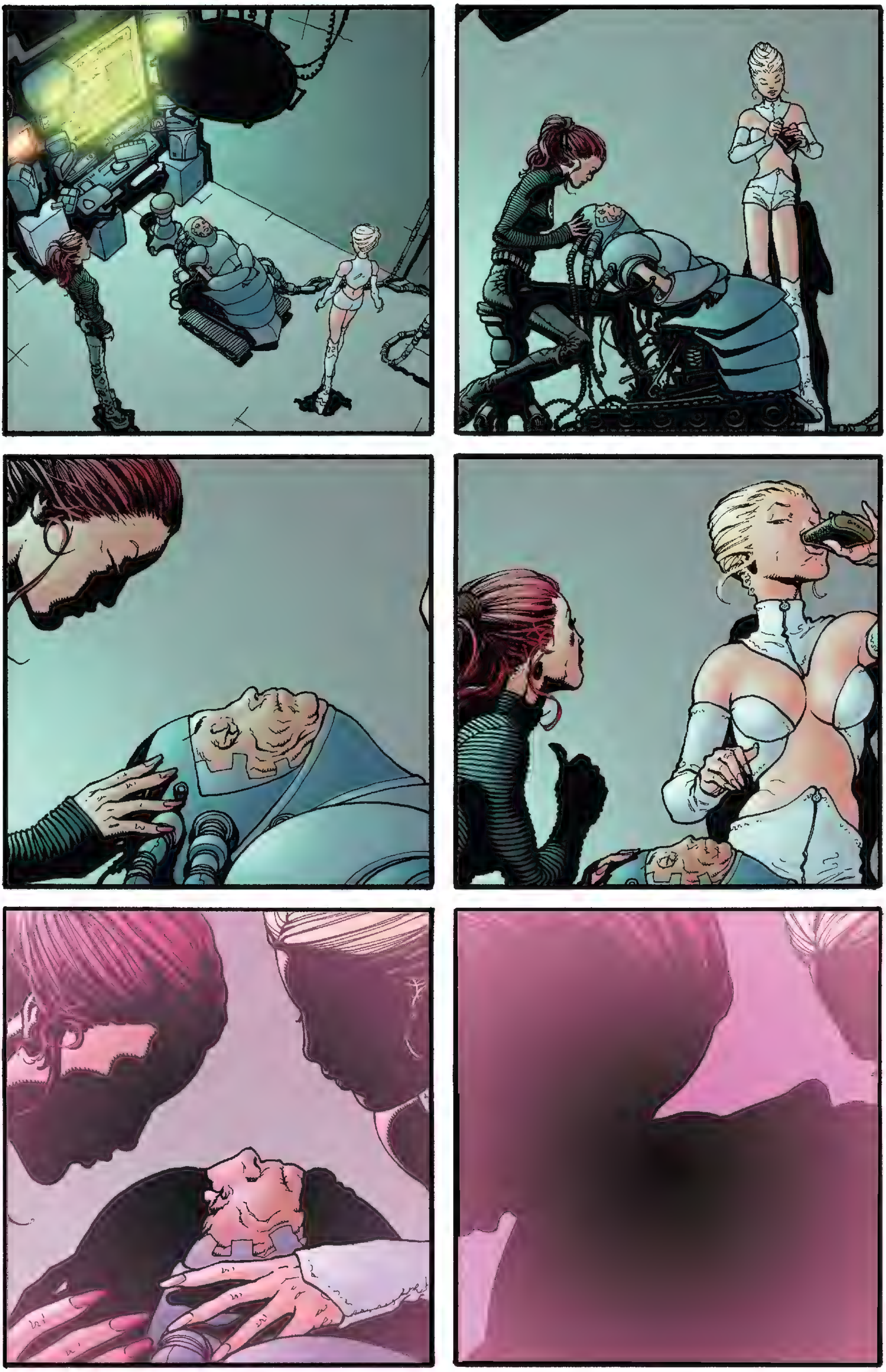

HELP...
...PROFESSOR X IS TRAPPED IN THIS OLD WOMAN'S HEDD...
HELP.

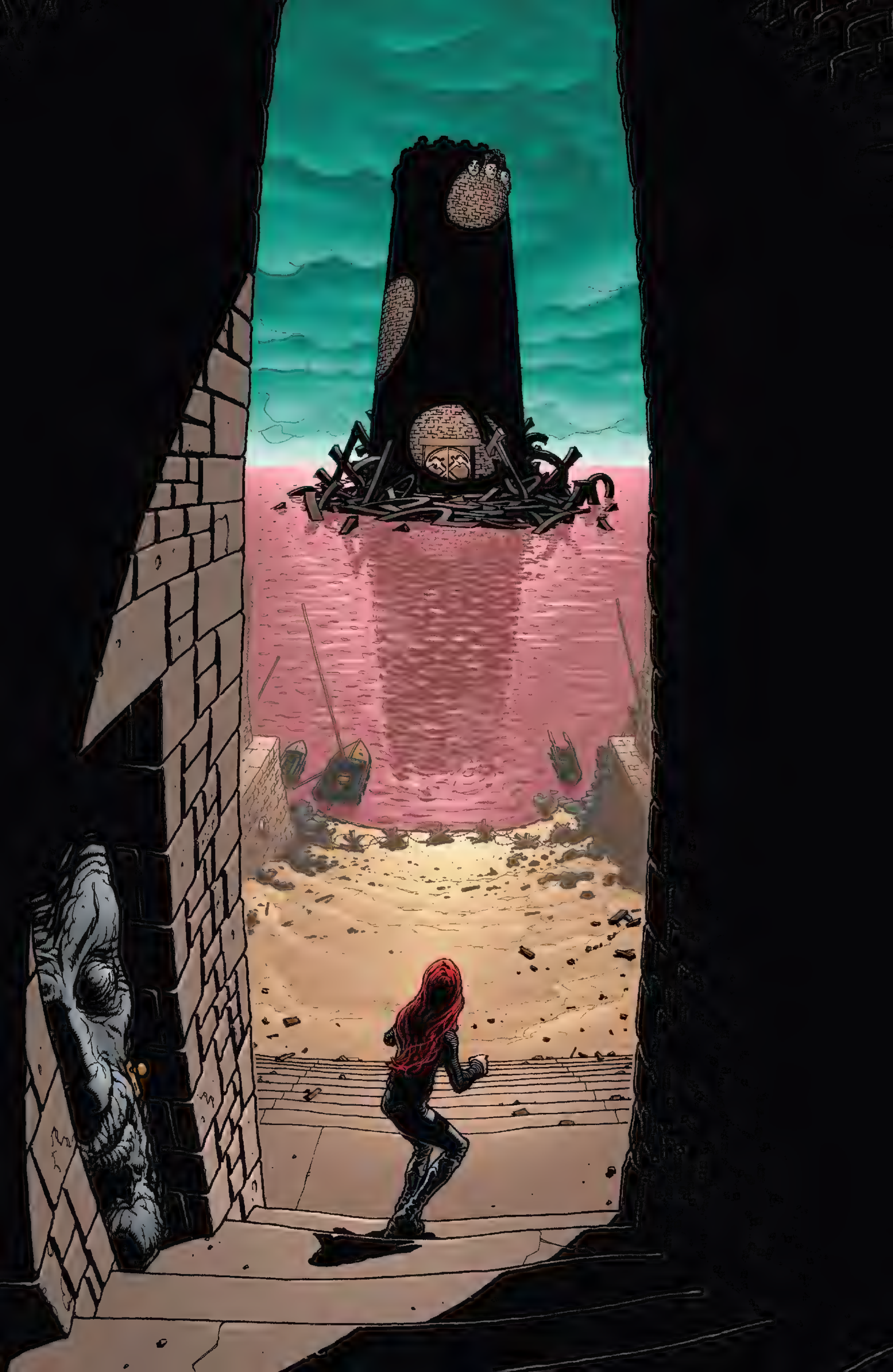


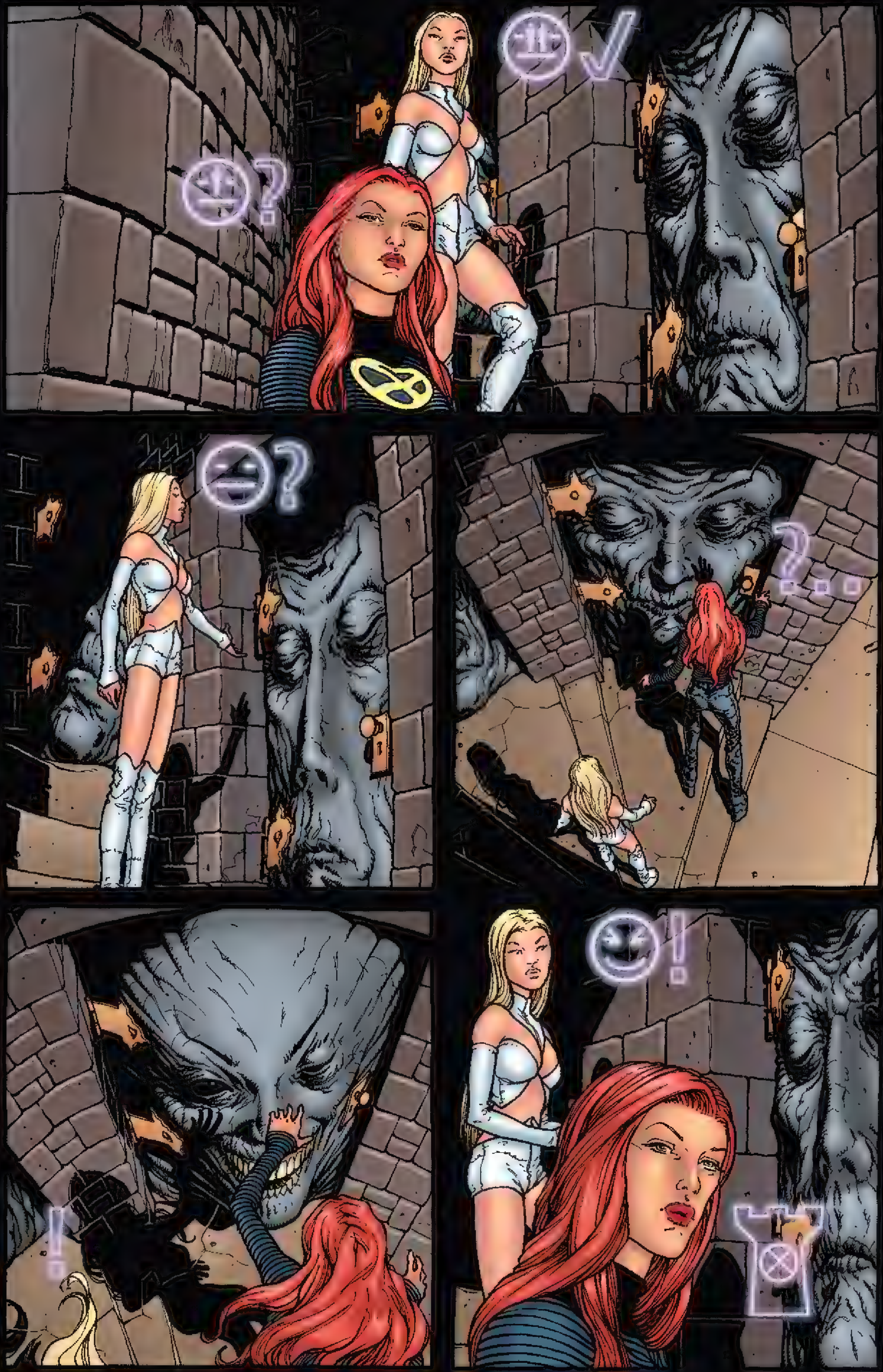
NEW X-MEN #121
"SILENCE: PSYCHIC RESCUE IN PROGRESS"

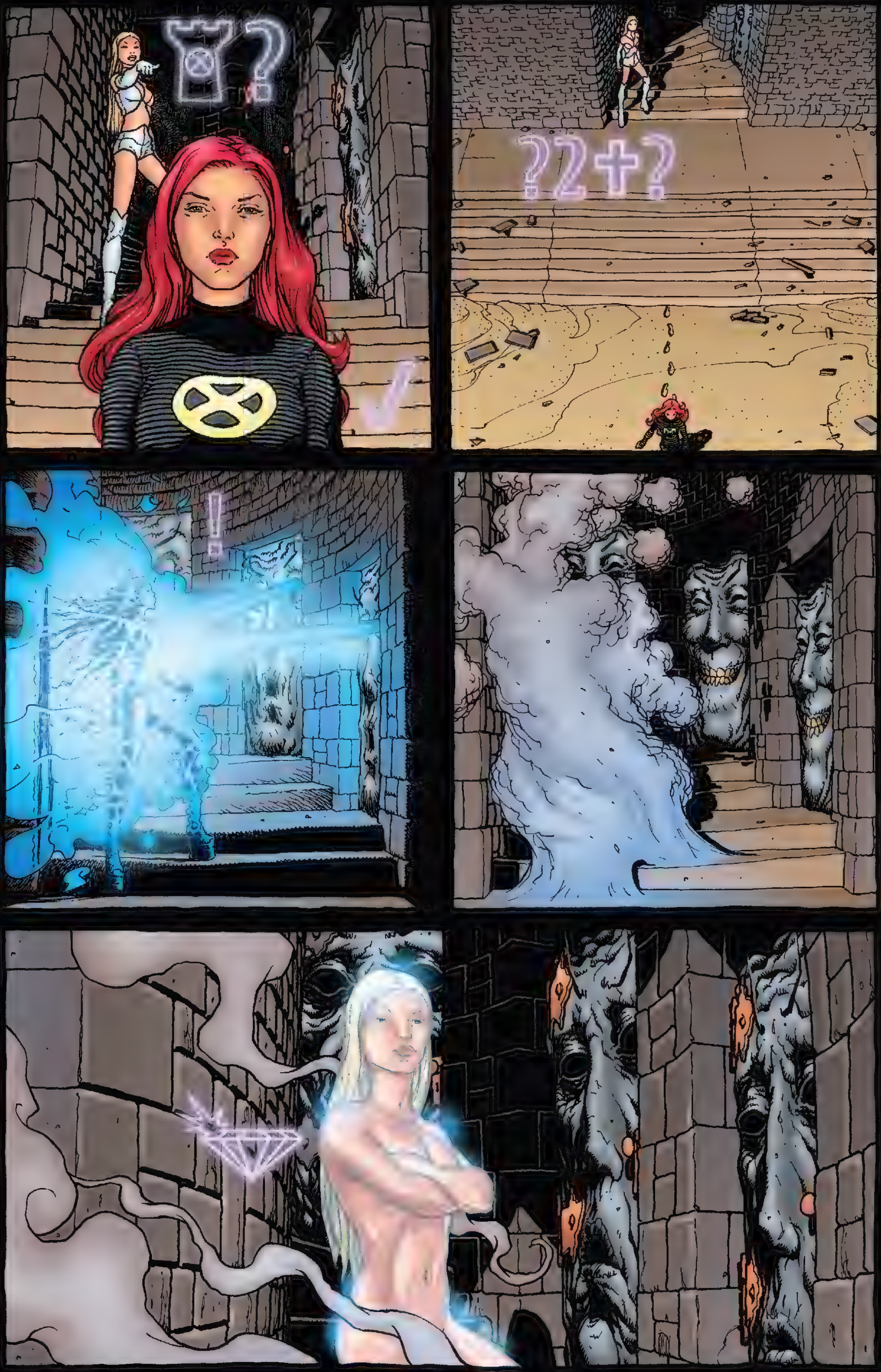

XAVIER
TITUTE
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION
SILENCE:
PSYCHIC RESCUE
IN PROGRESS


SILENCE
SILENCE





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✓
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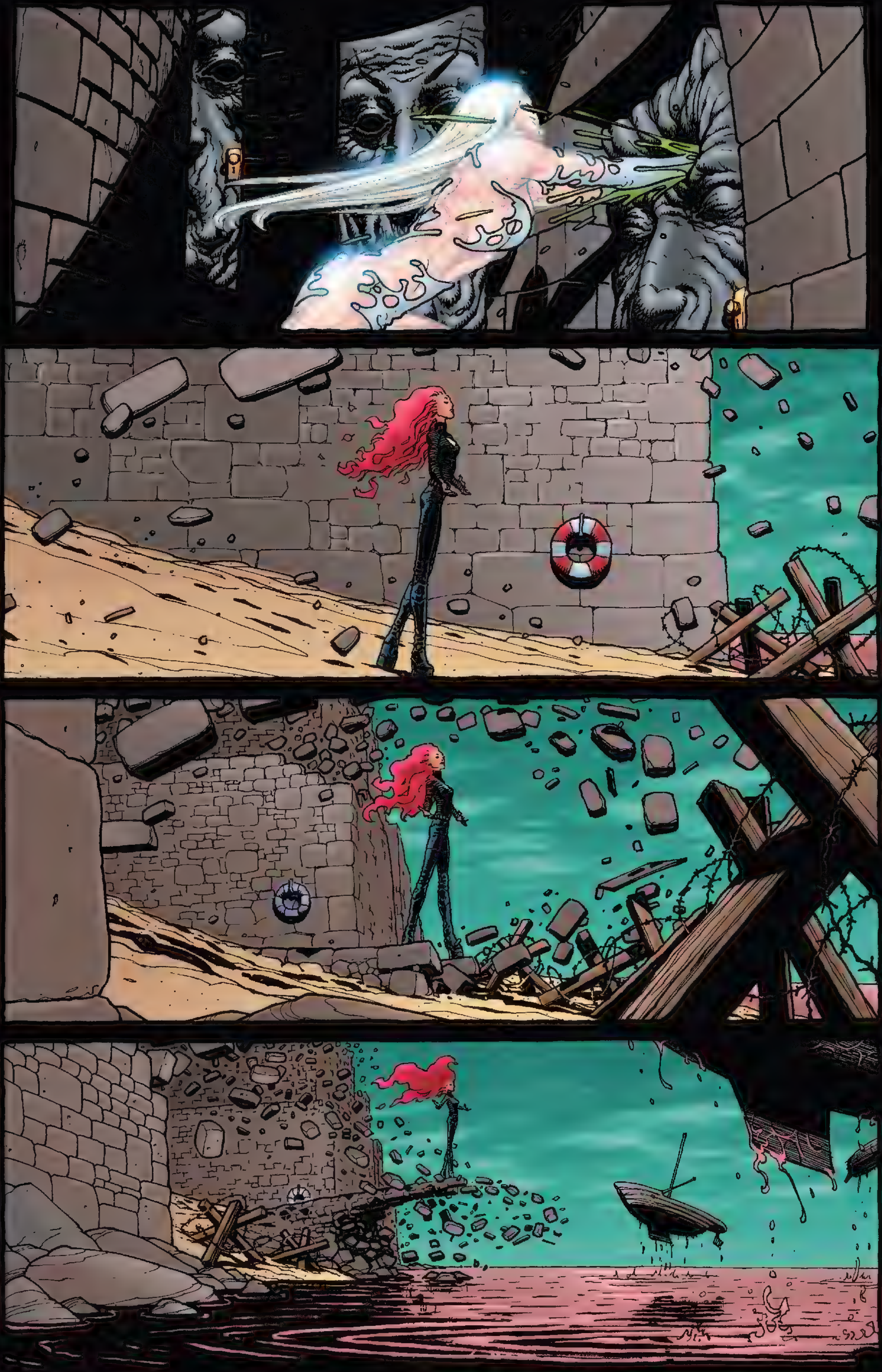
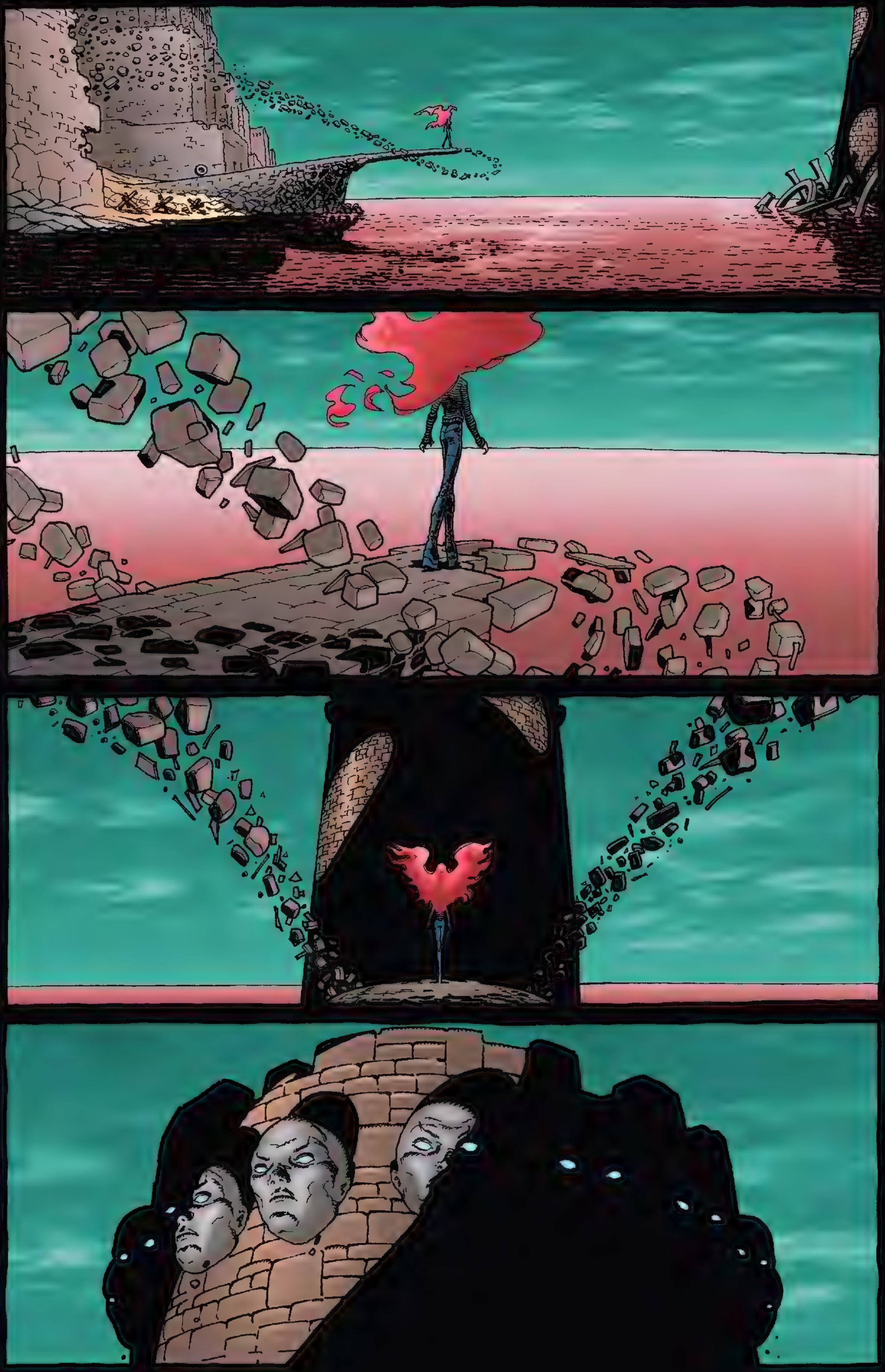
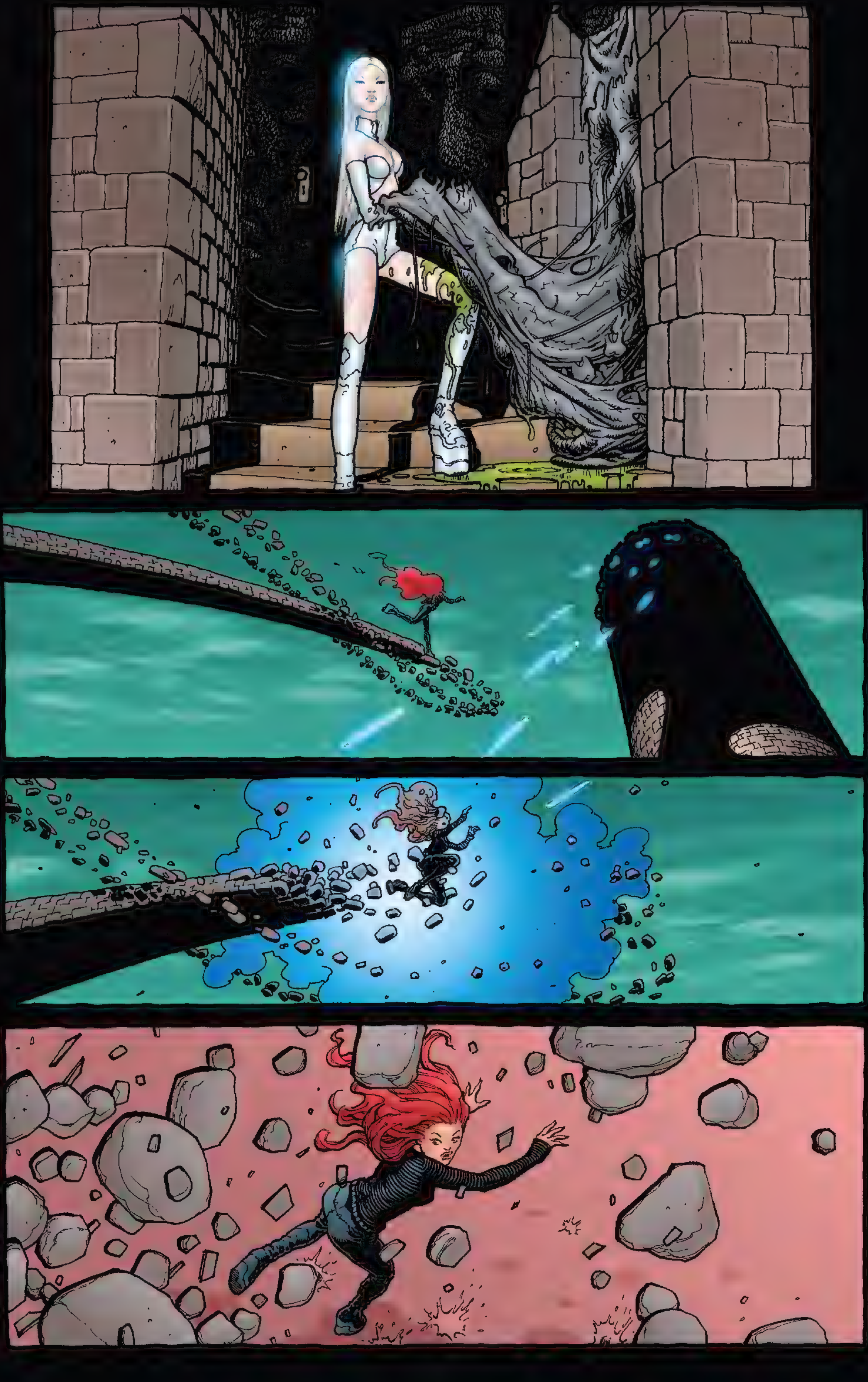
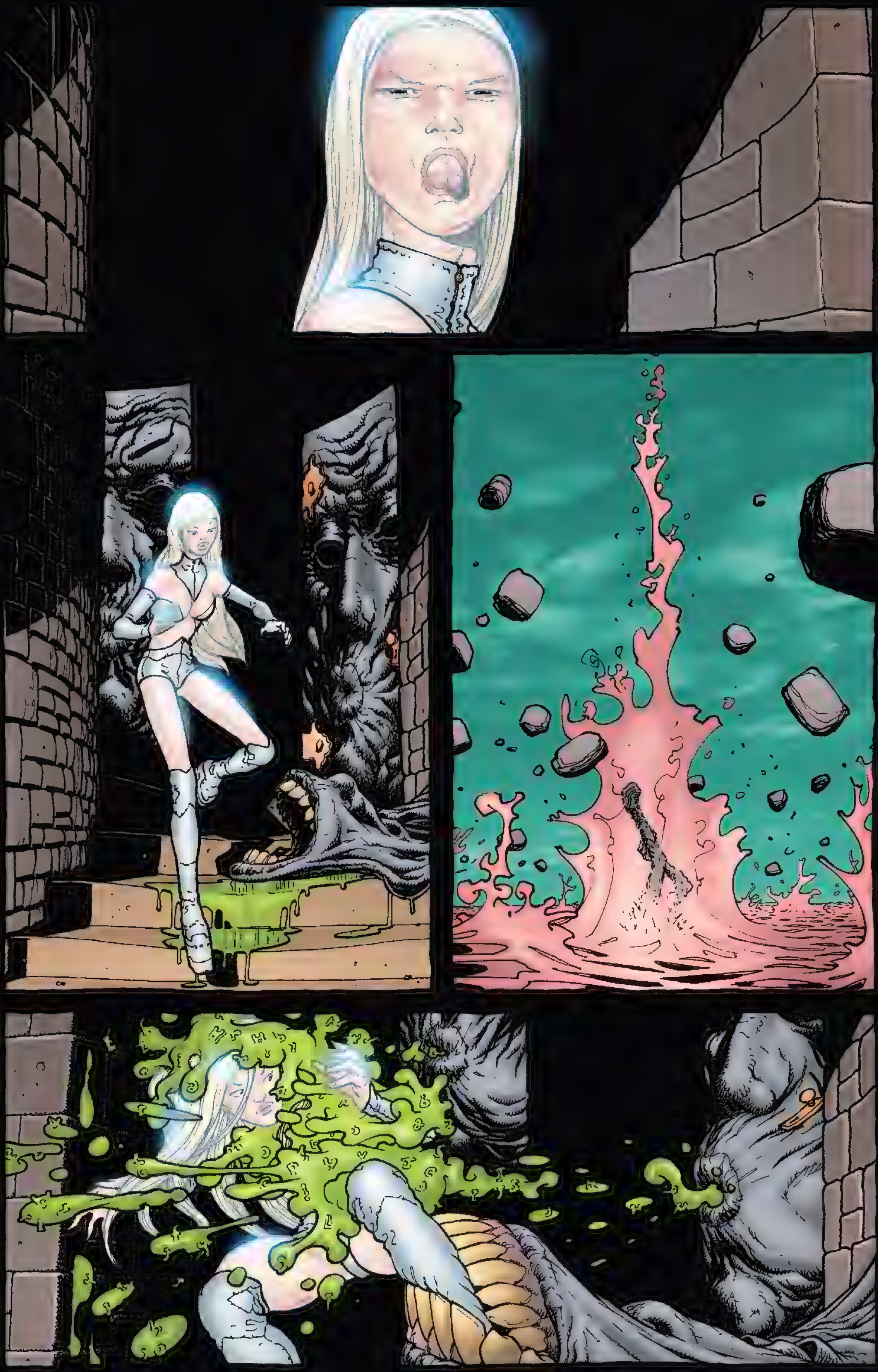
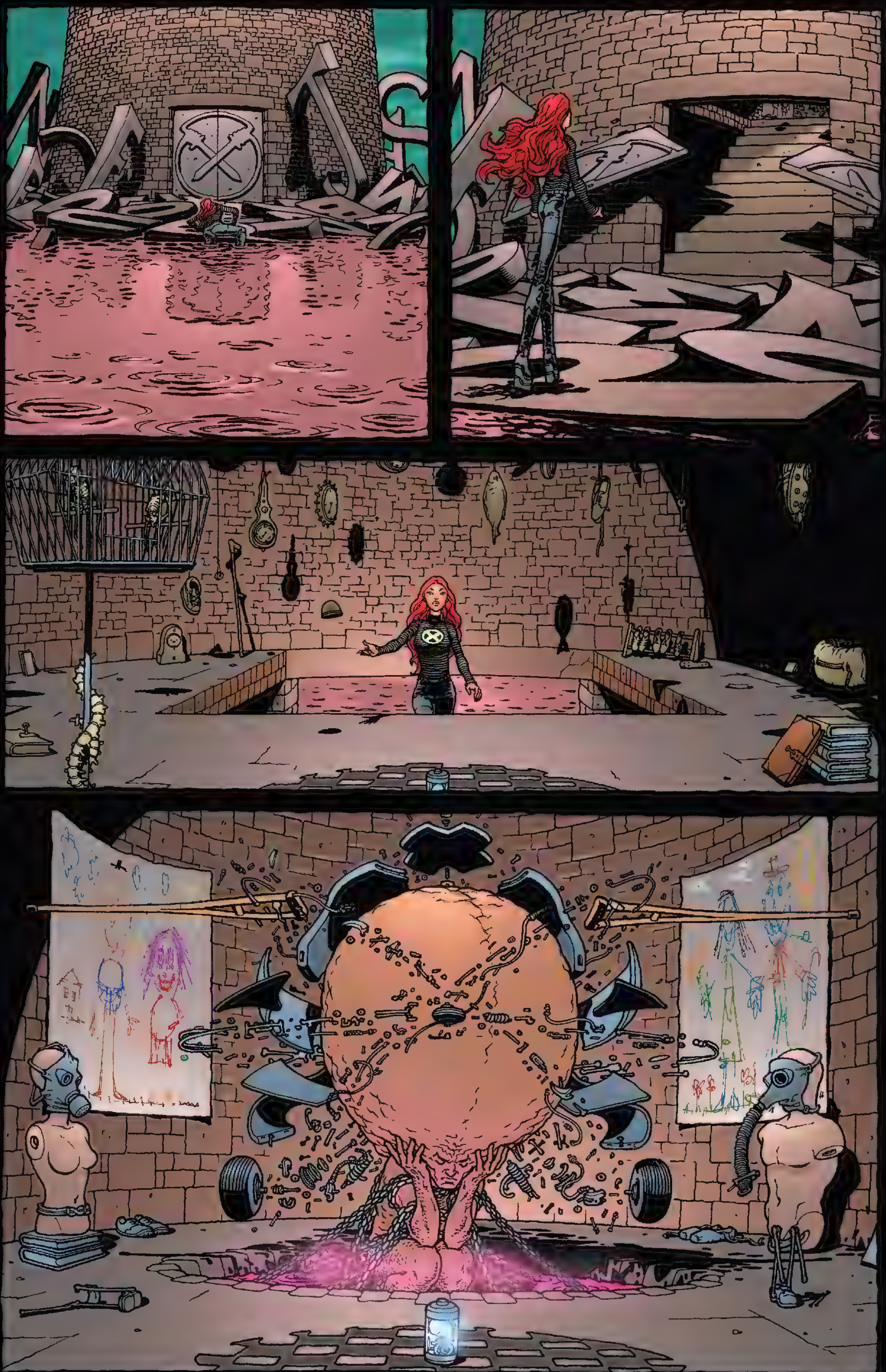
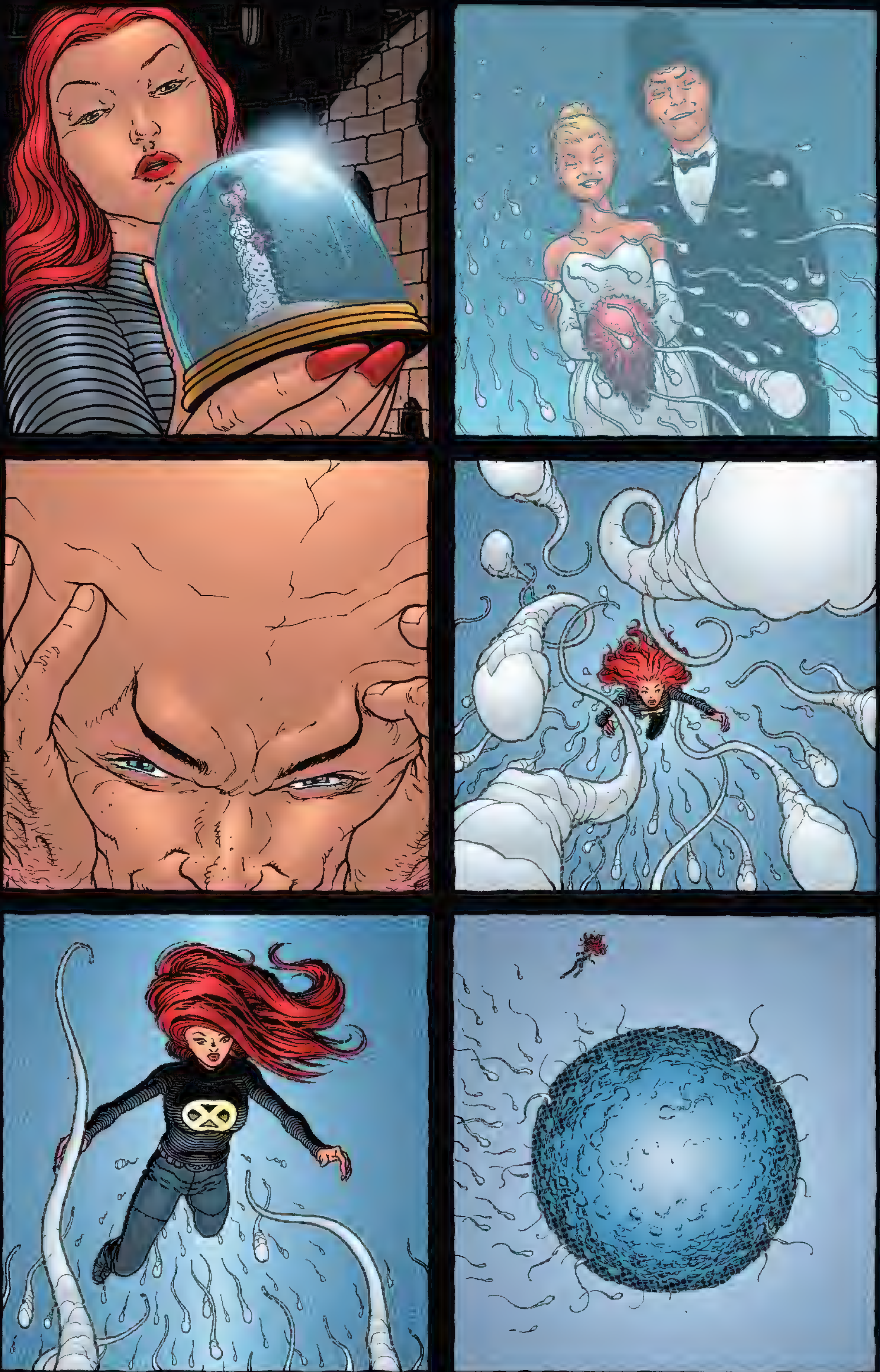


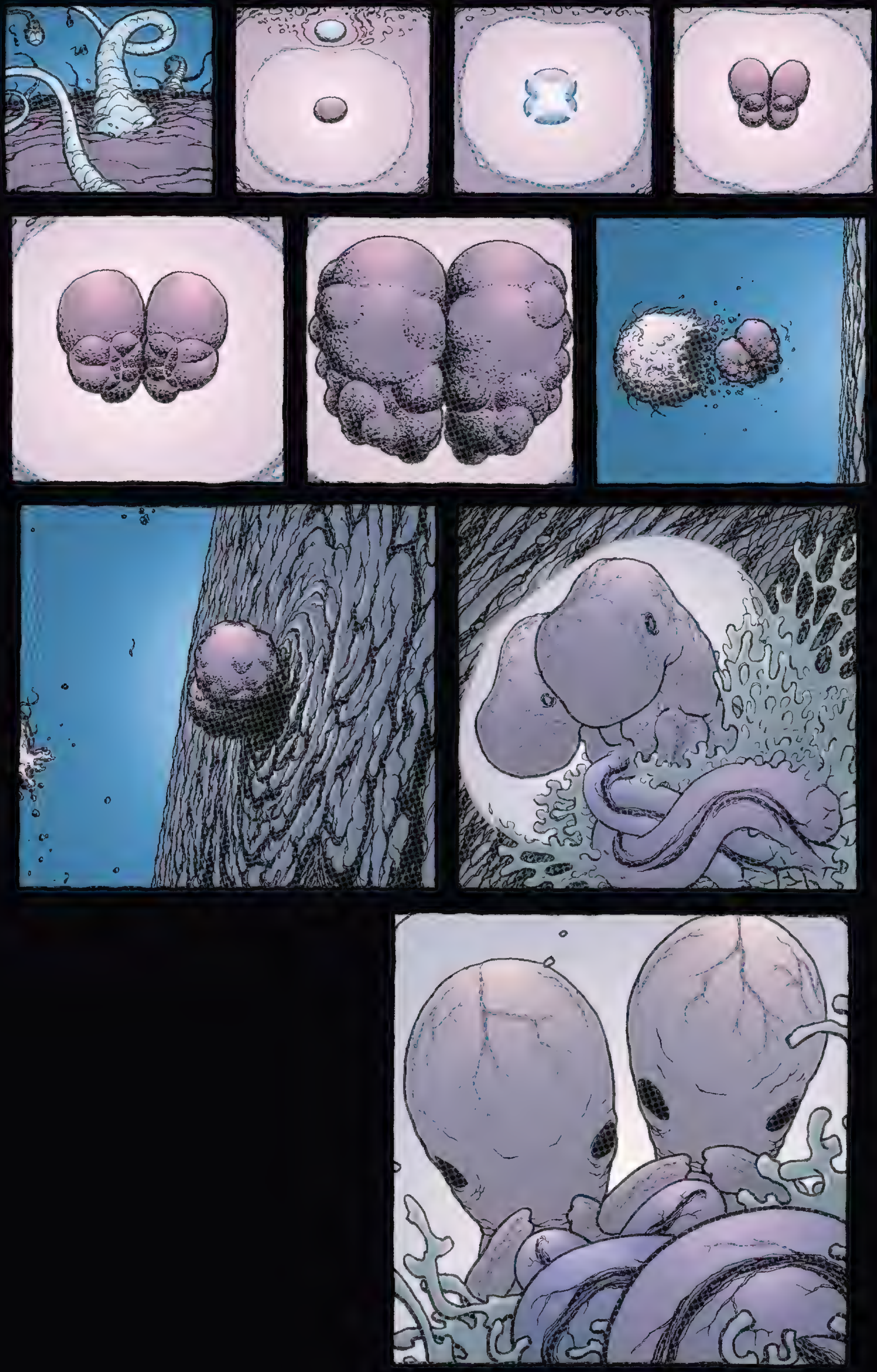


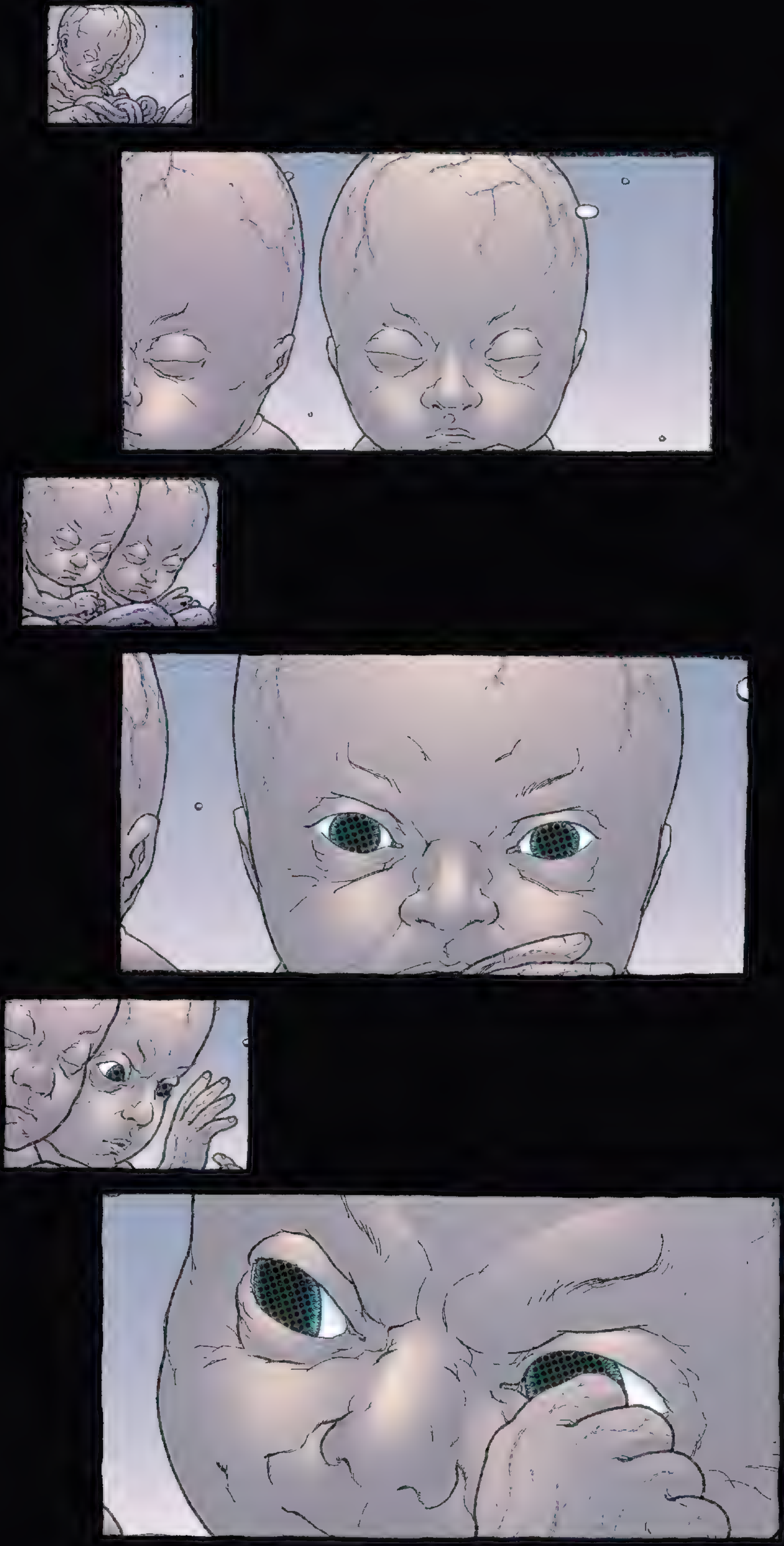


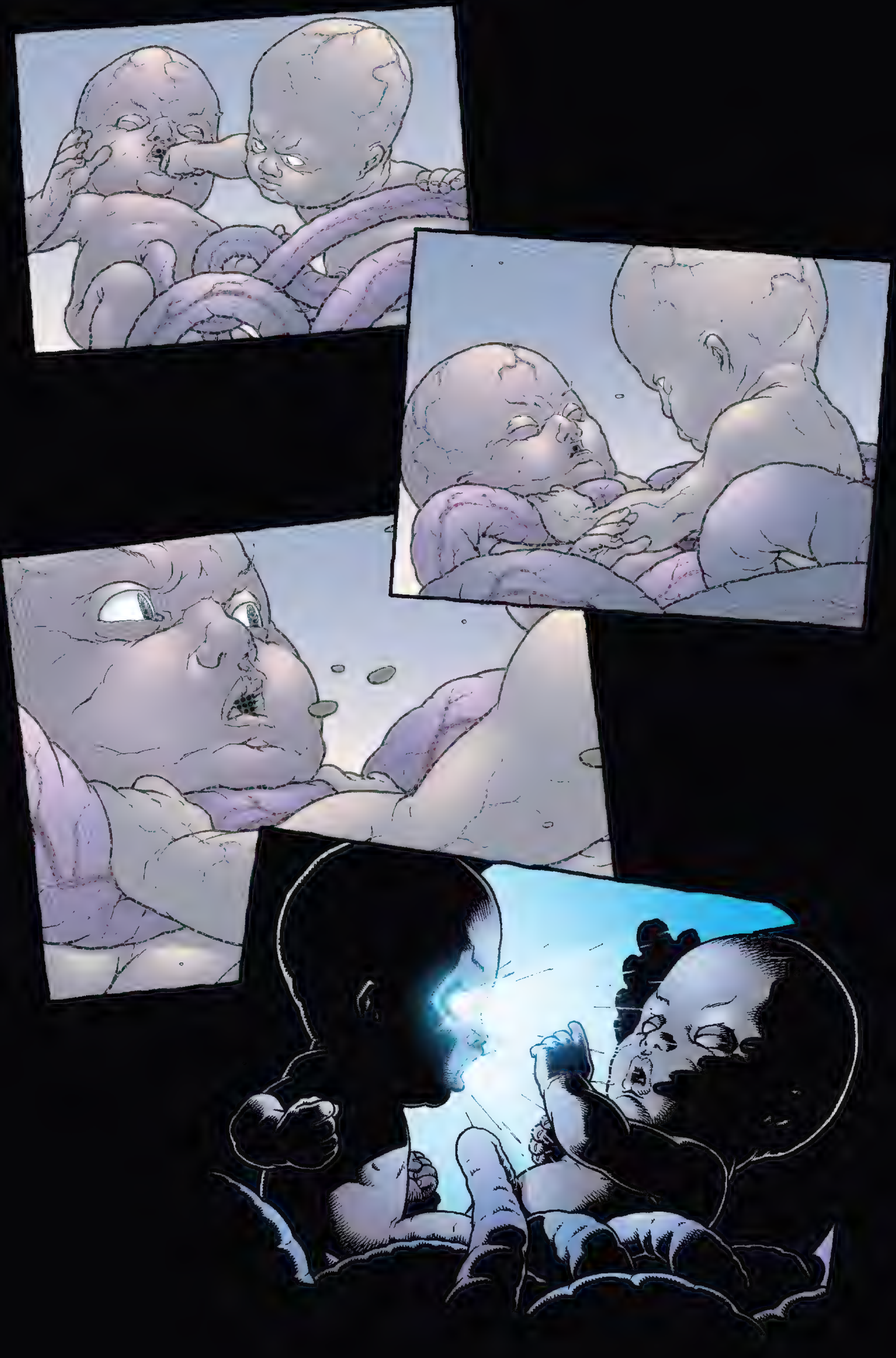


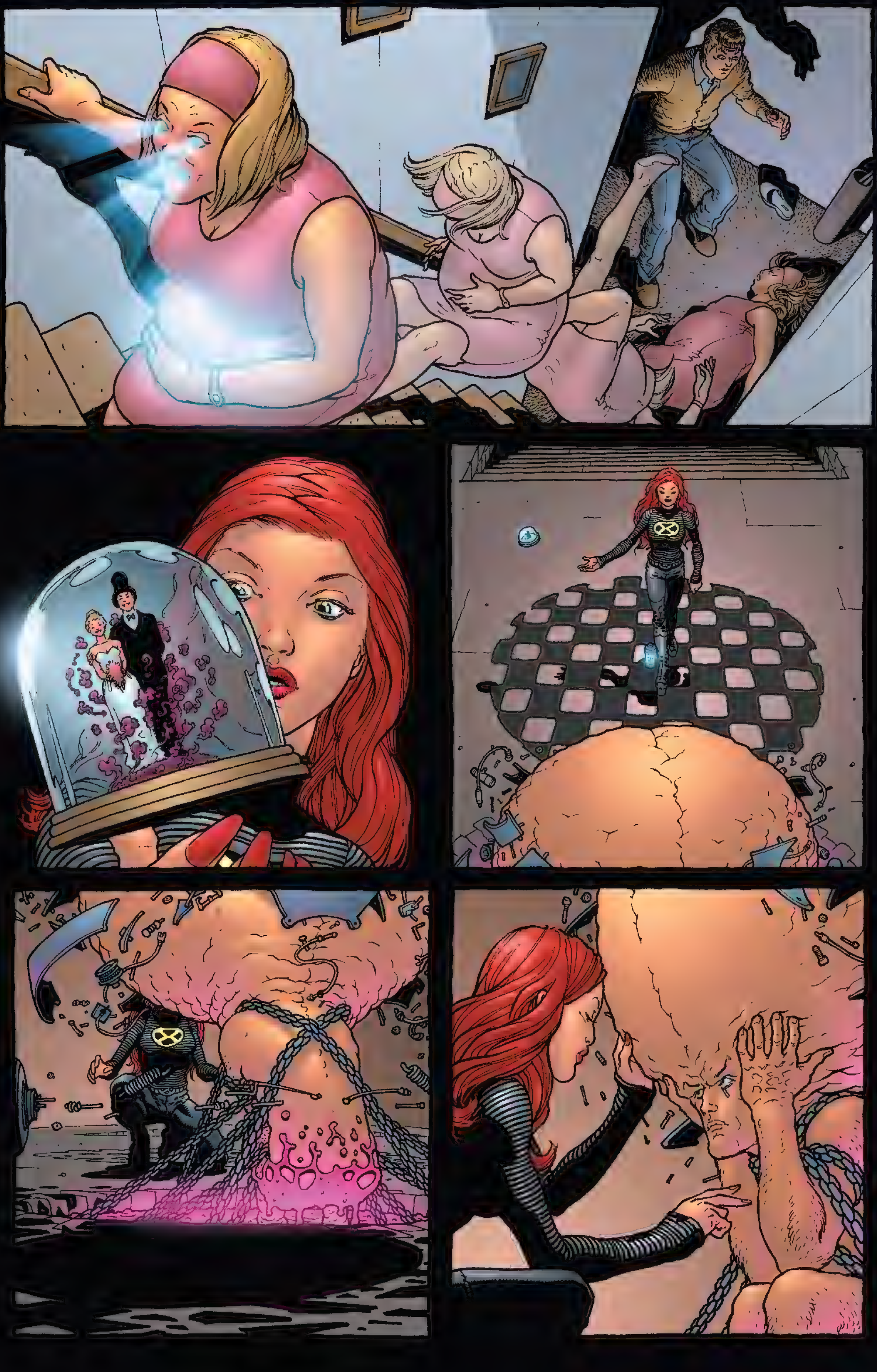


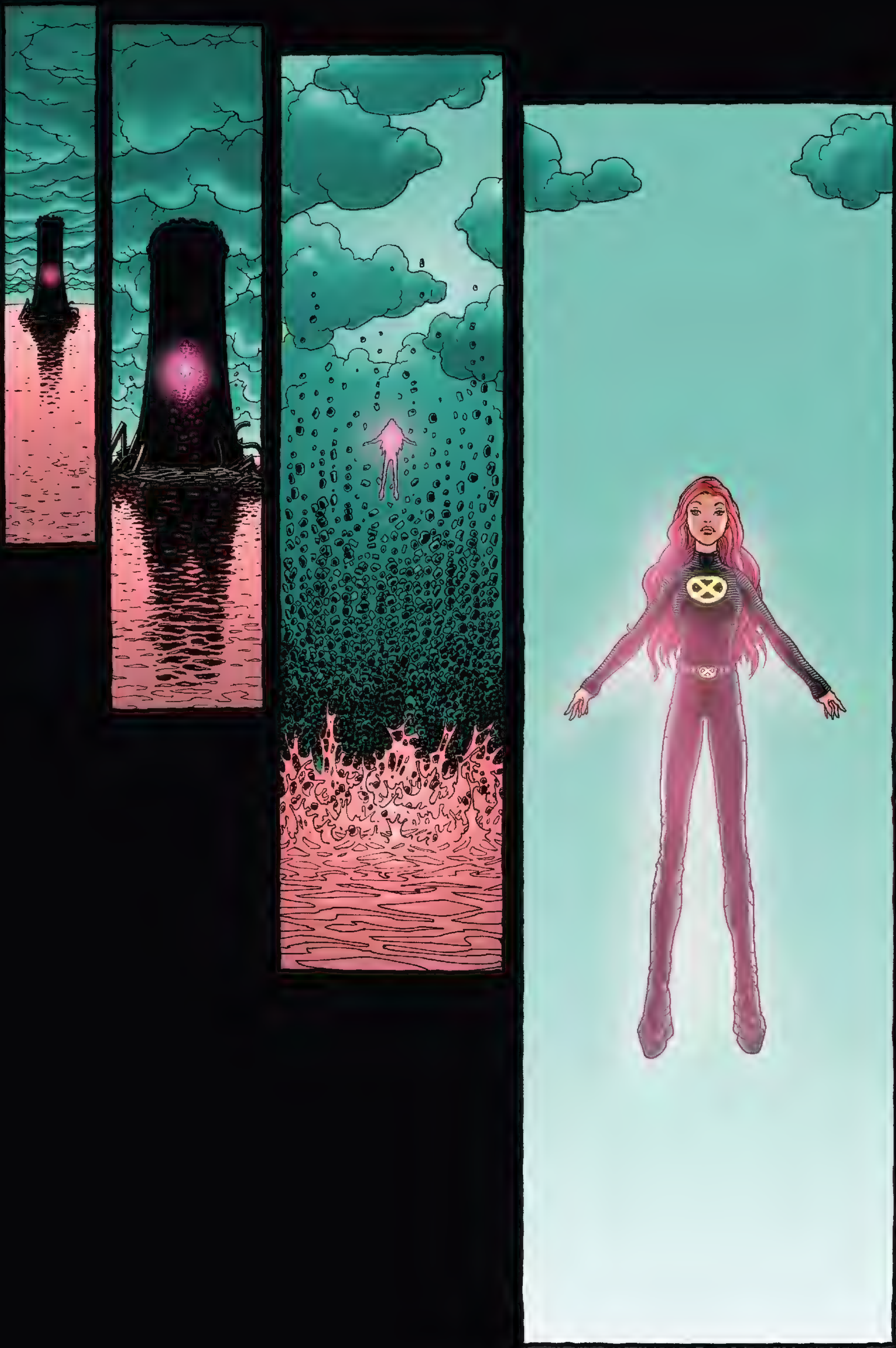


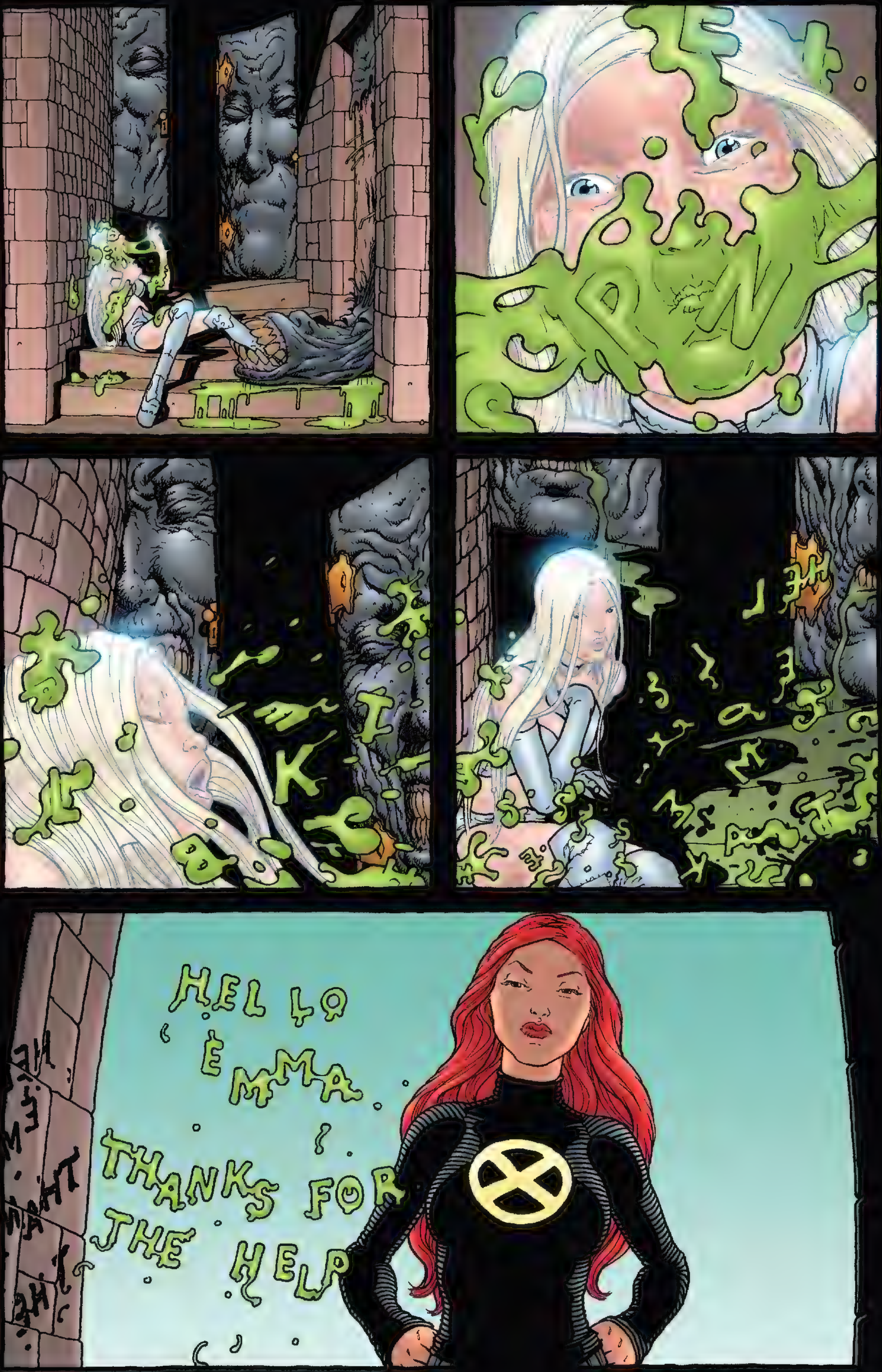


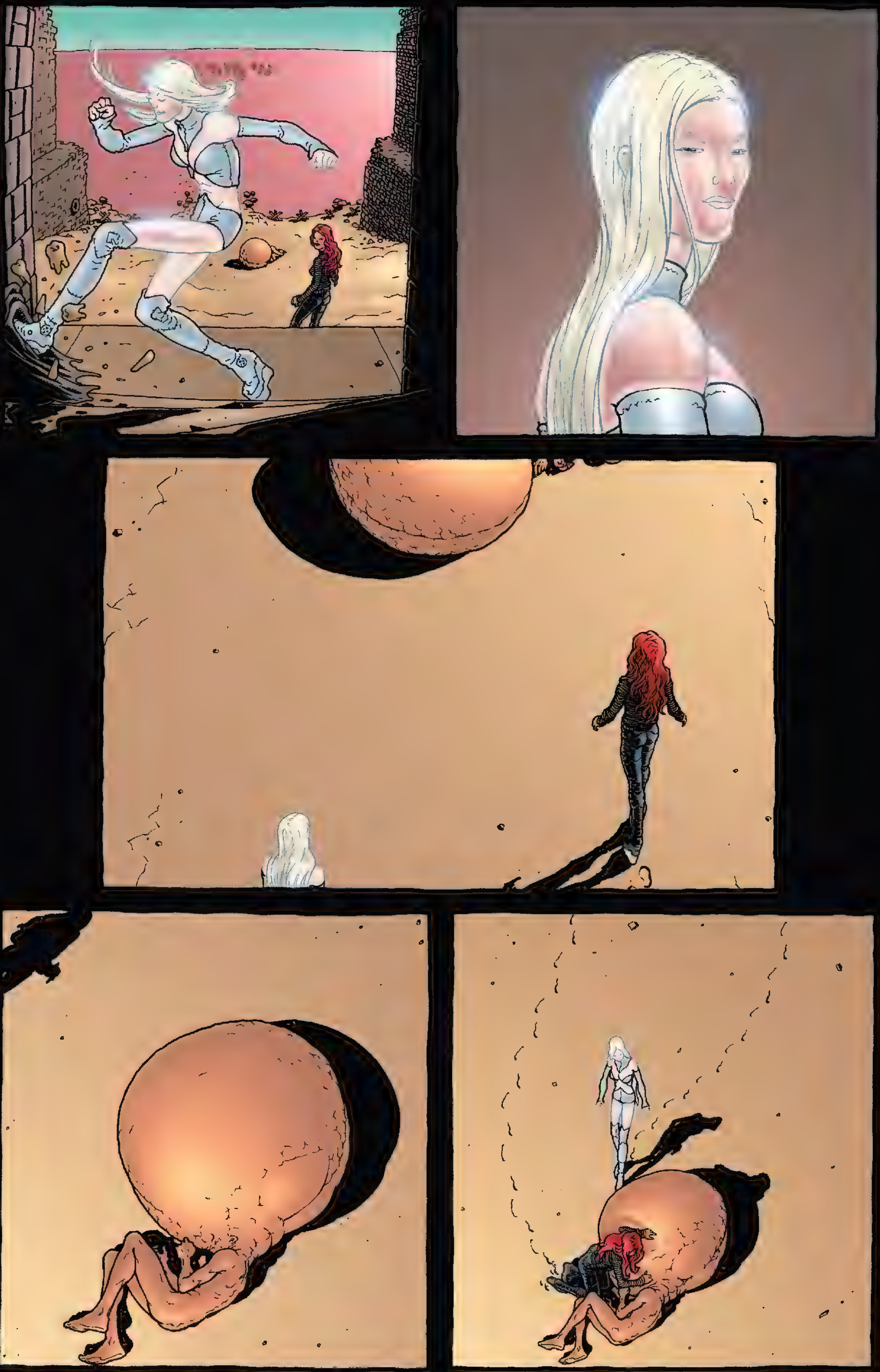


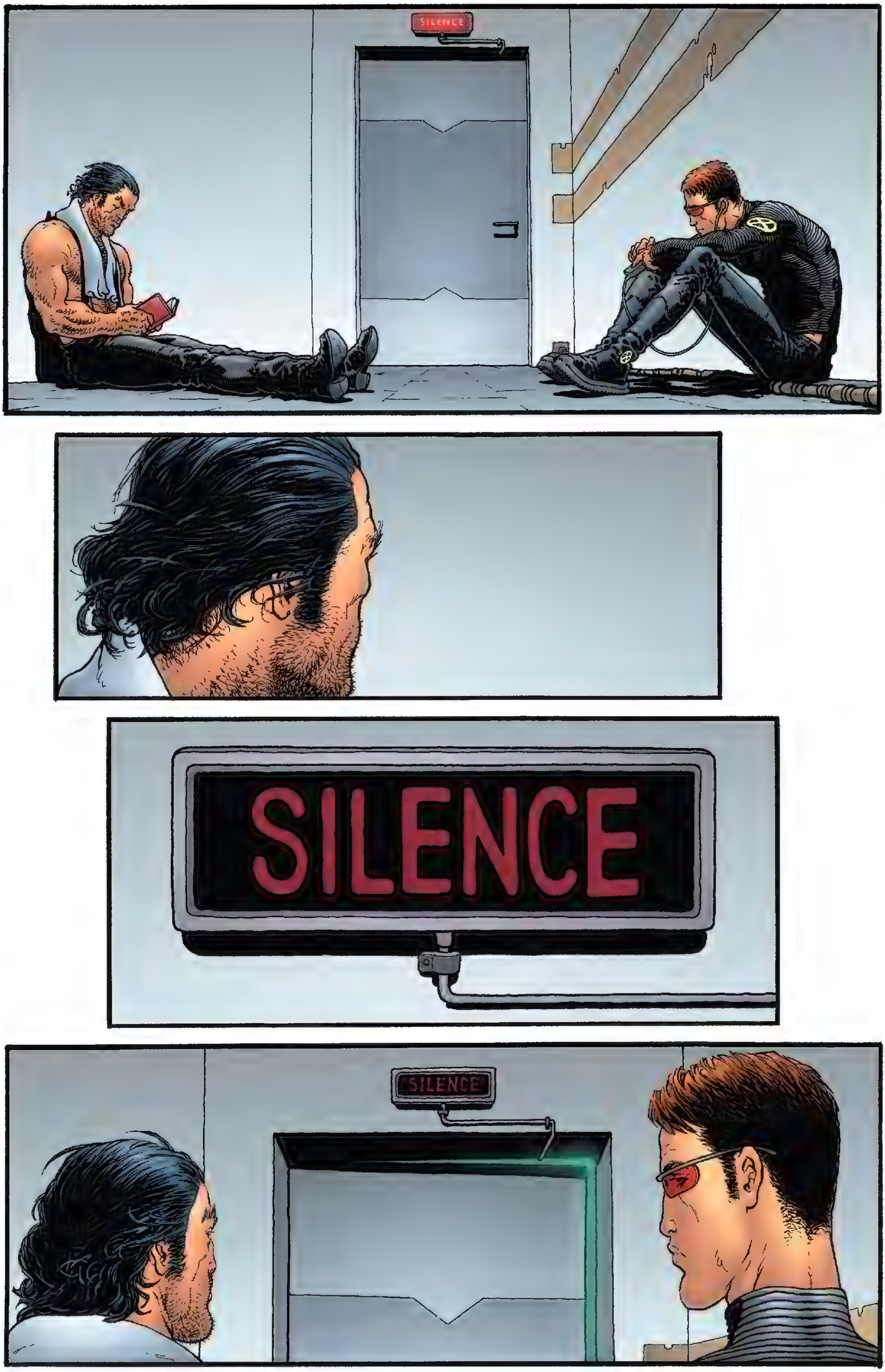


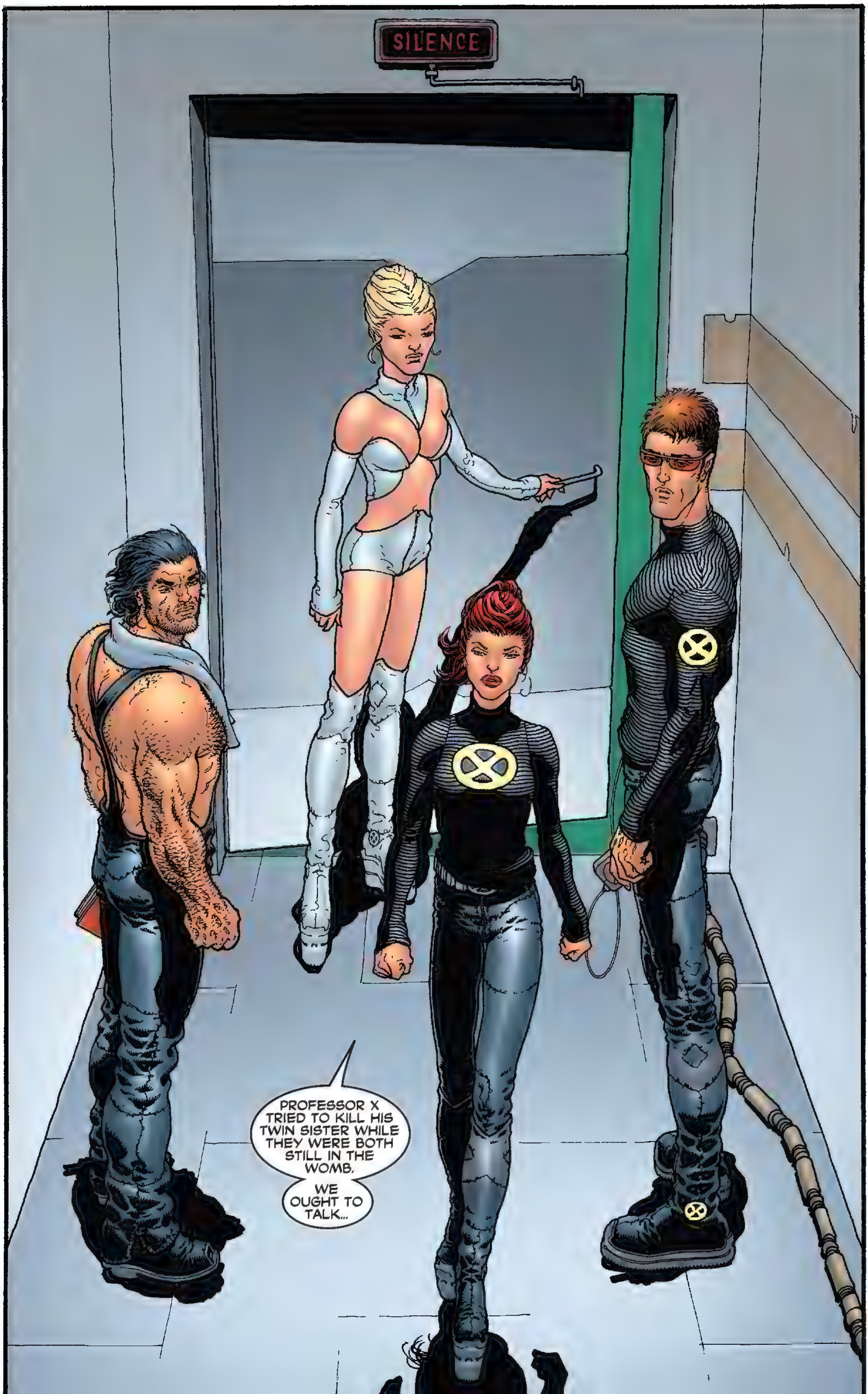


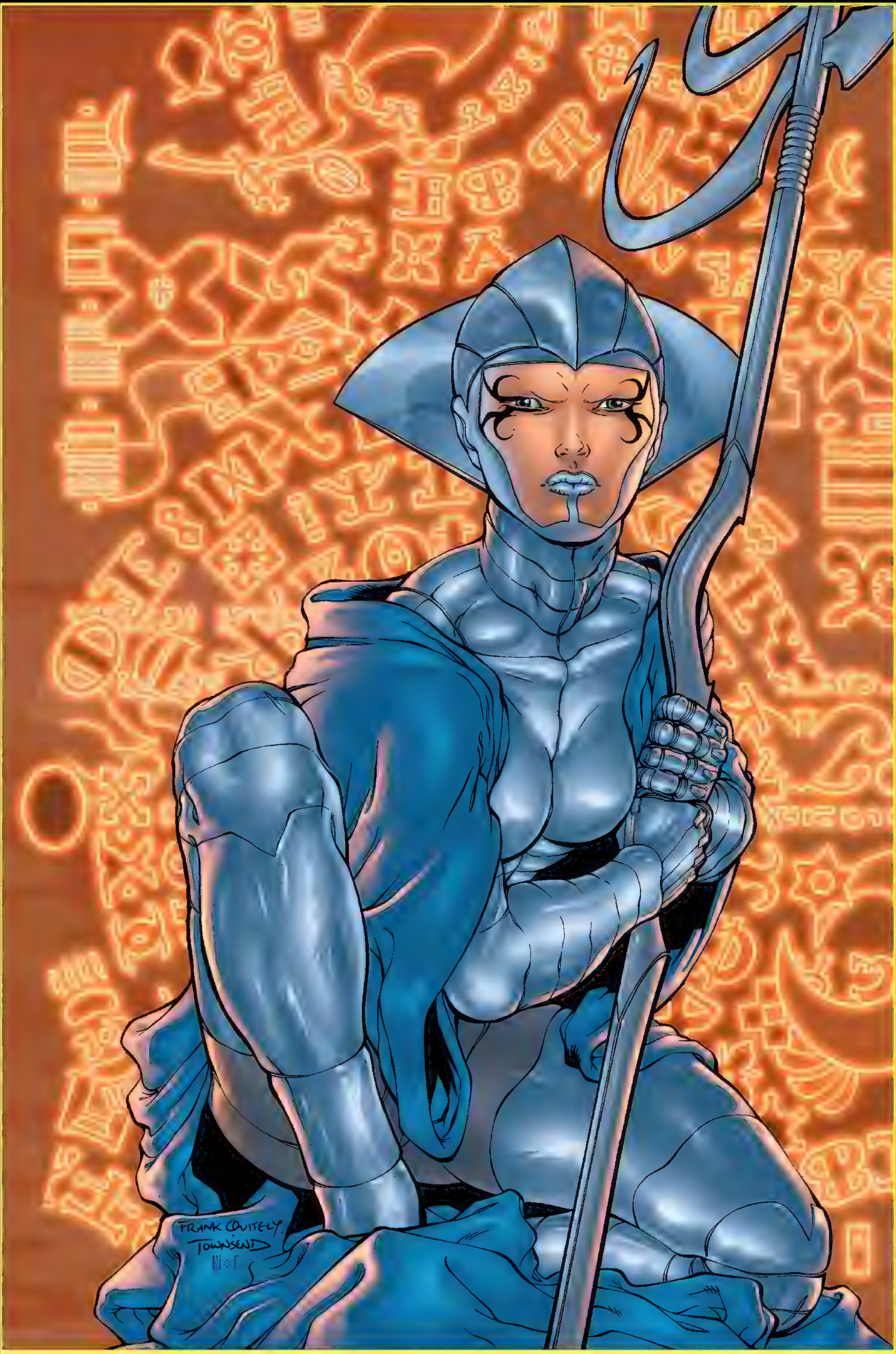



HELLO EMMA
THANKS FOR THE HELP

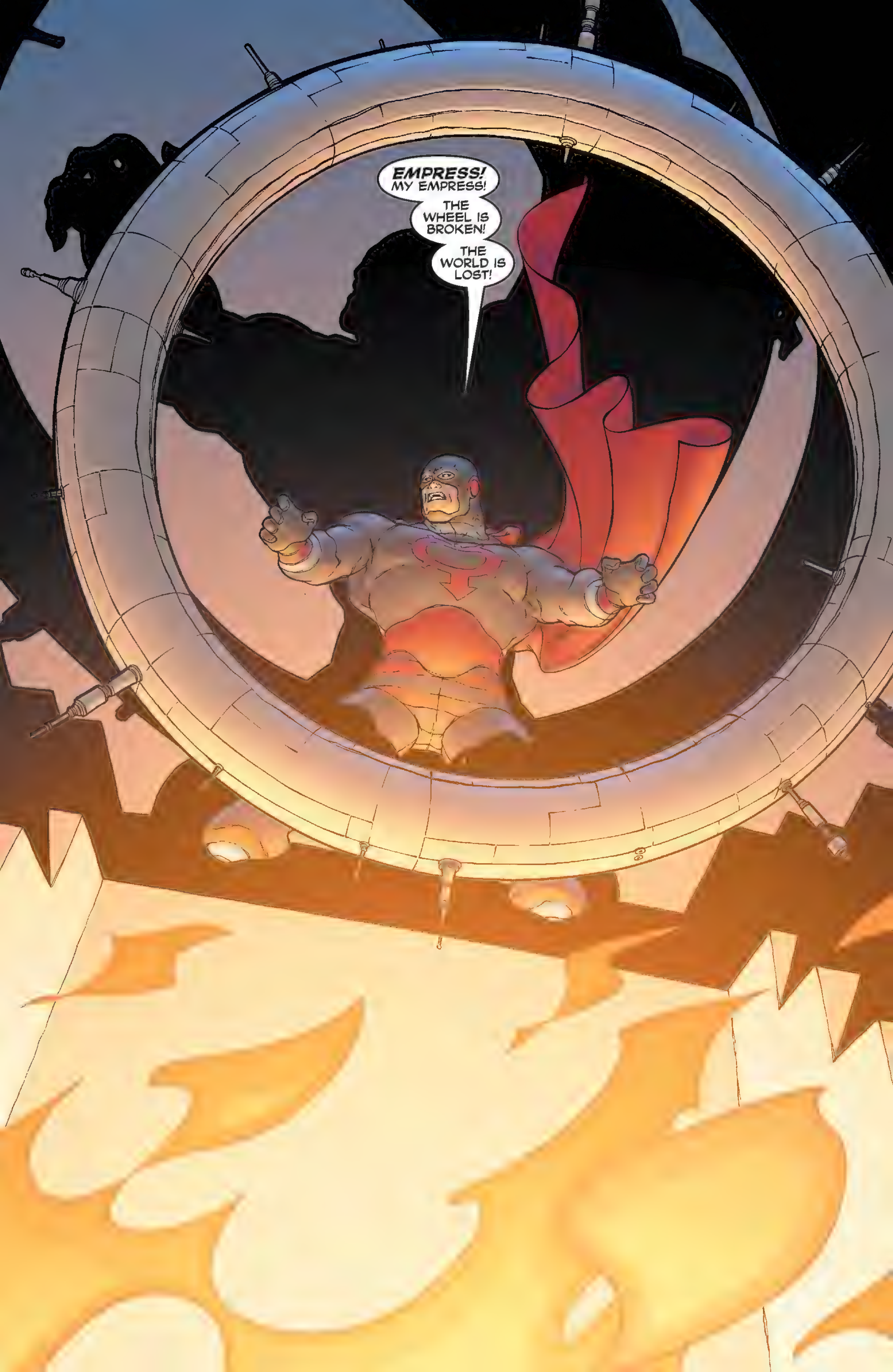


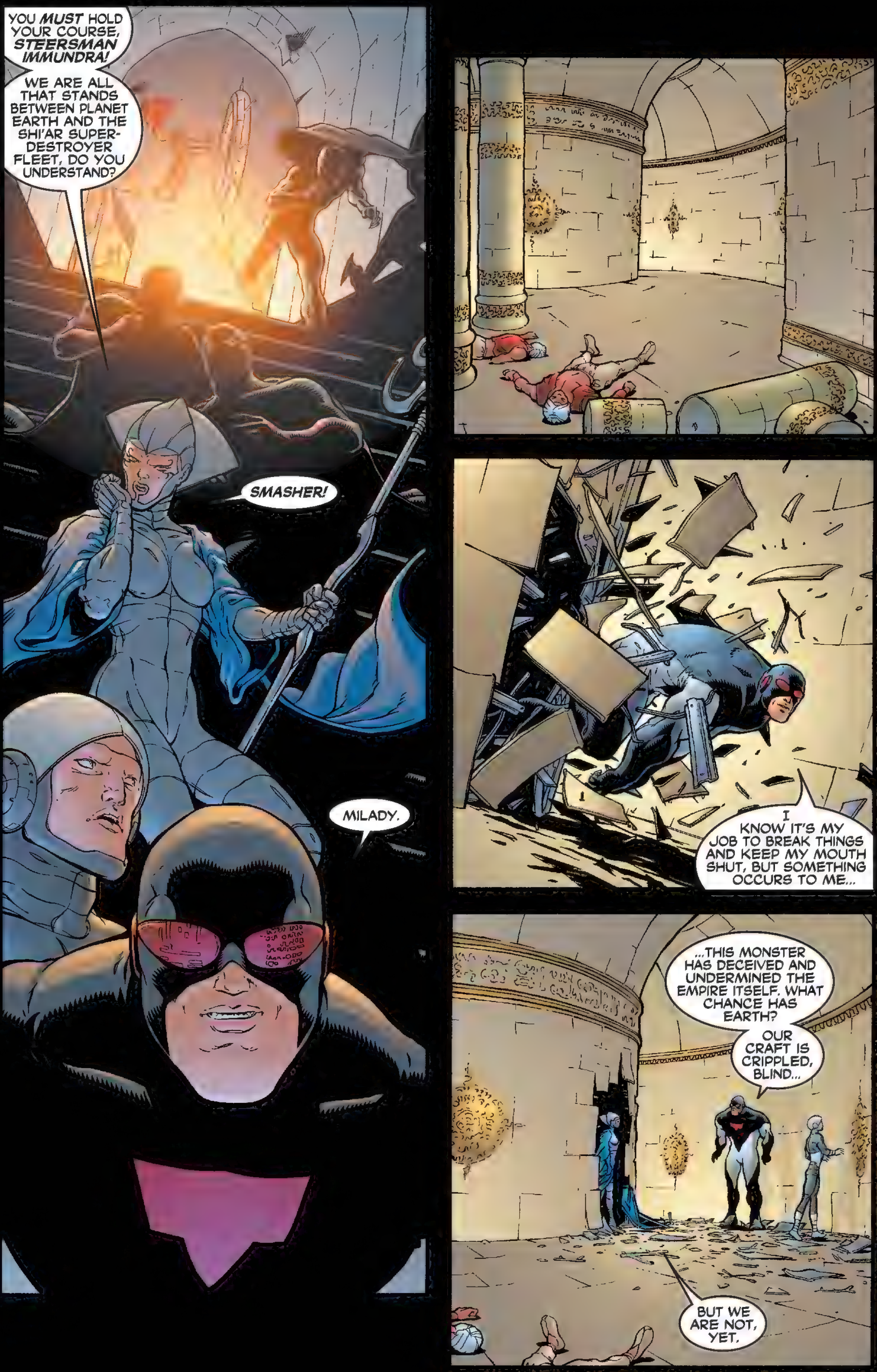

SILENCE
SILENCE
SILENCE

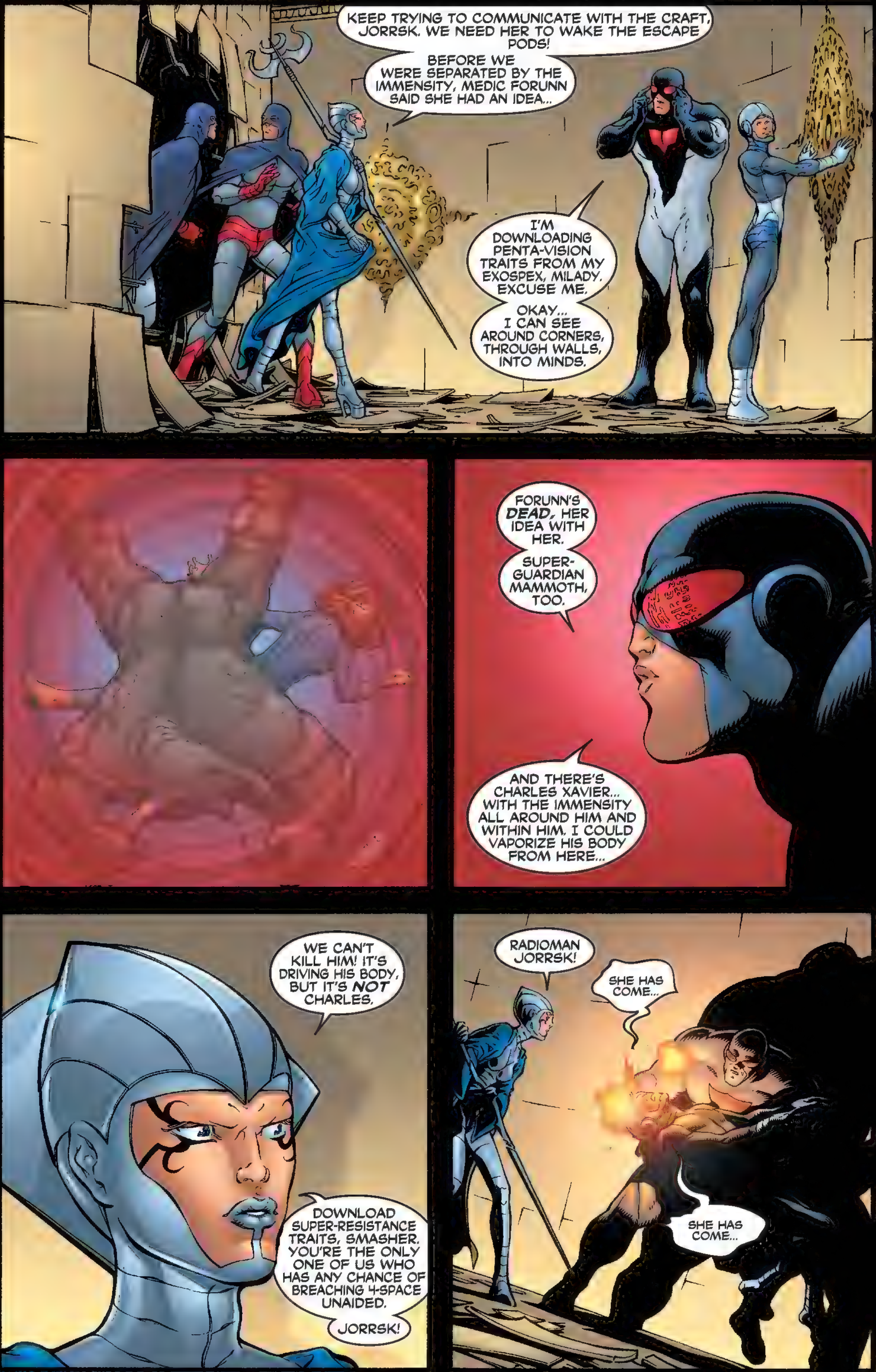

SILENCE
PROFESSOR X TRIED TO KILL HIS TWIN SISTER WHILE THEY WERE BOTH STILL IN THE WOMB.
WE OUGHT TO TALK...

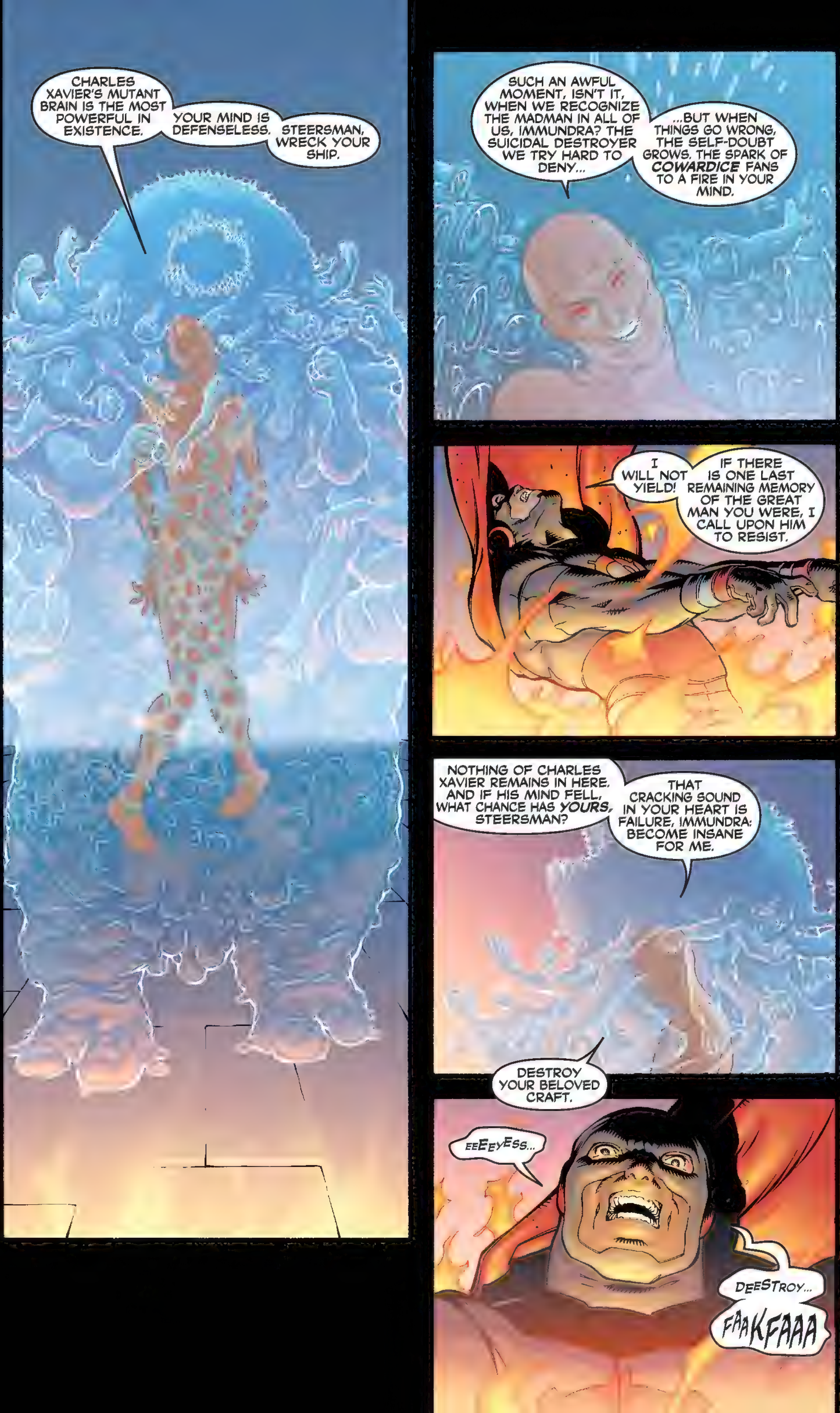

FRANK QUITELY
TOWNSEND

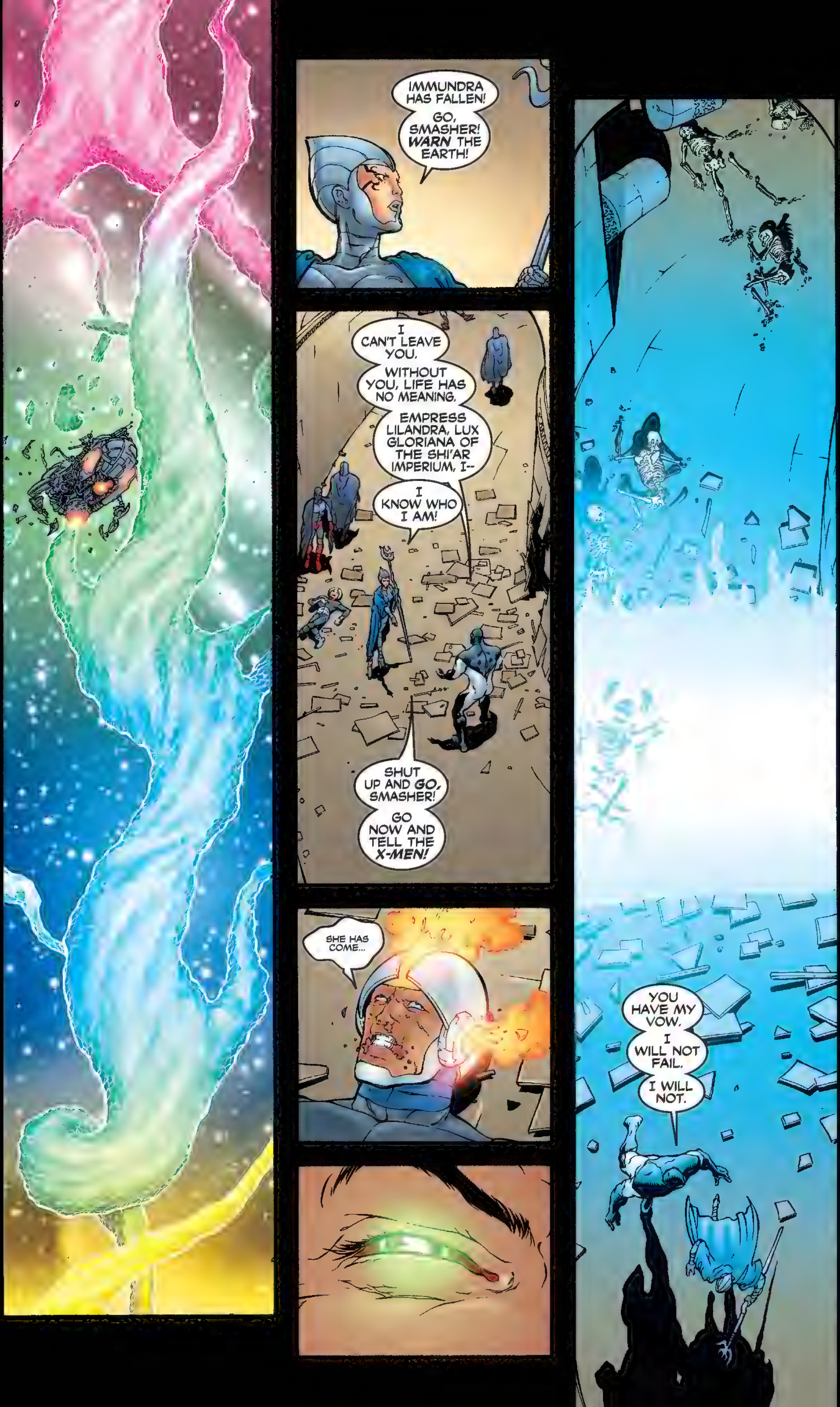
NEW X-MEN #122
"IMPERIAL"

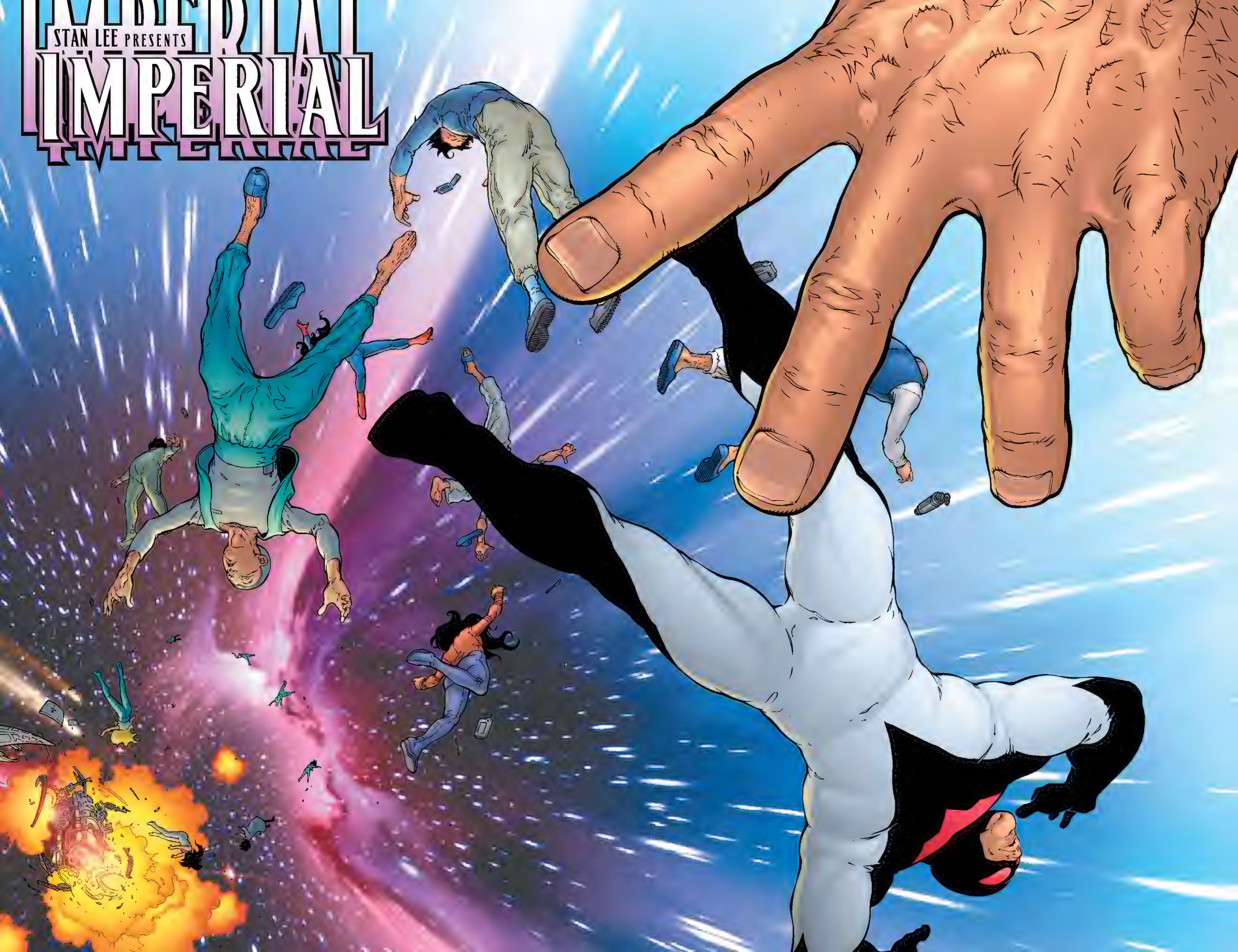

EMPRESS! MY EMPRESS! THE WHEEL IS BROKEN! THE WORLD IS LOST!

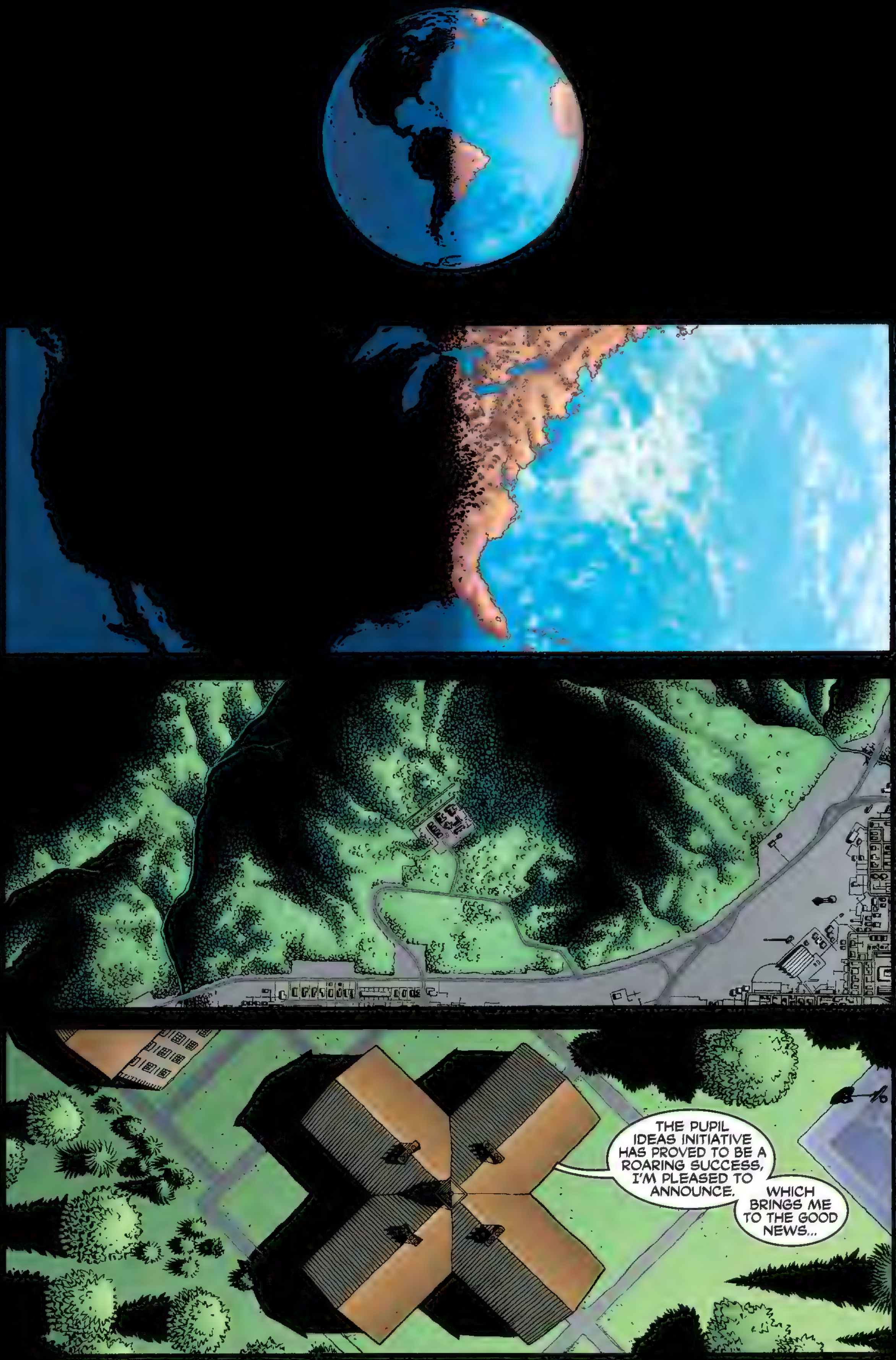

YOU *MUST* HOLD YOUR COURSE, ***STEERSMAN IMMUNDRA!***
WE ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN PLANET EARTH AND THE SHI'AR SUPER-DESTROYER FLEET, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
SMASHER!
MILADY.
I KNOW IT'S MY JOB TO BREAK THINGS AND KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT, BUT SOMETHING OCCURS TO ME...
...THIS MONSTER HAS DECEIVED AND UNDERMINED THE EMPIRE ITSELF. WHAT CHANCE HAS EARTH?
OUR CRAFT IS CRIPPLED, BLIND...
BUT WE ARE NOT, YET.

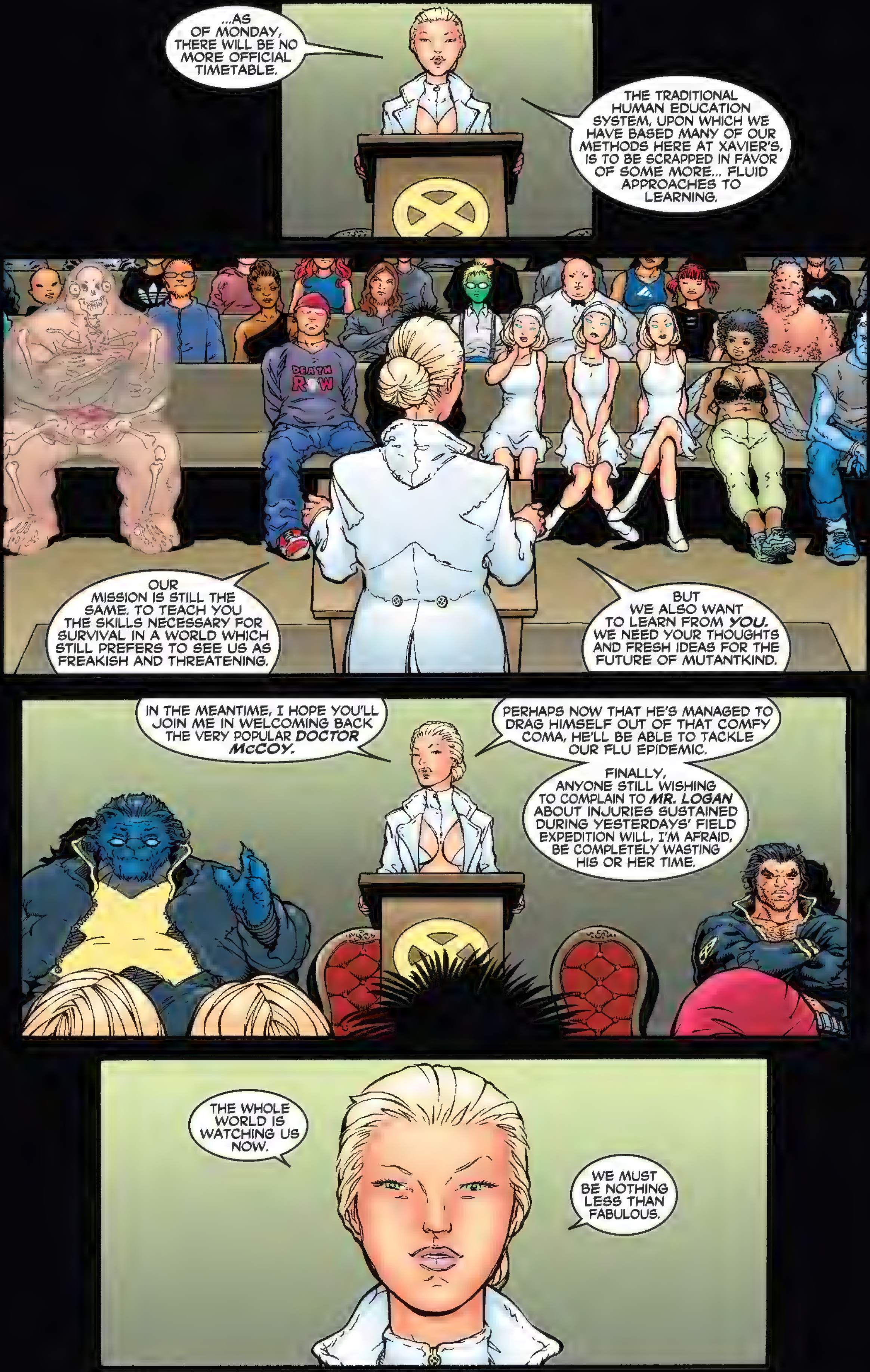

KEEP TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE CRAFT, JORRSK. WE NEED HER TO WAKE THE ESCAPE PODS!
BEFORE WE WERE SEPARATED BY THE IMMENSITY, MEDIC FORUNN SAID SHE HAD AN IDEA...
I'M DOWNLOADING PENTA-VISION TRAITS FROM MY EXOSPEX, MILADY. EXCUSE ME.
OKAY... I CAN SEE AROUND CORNERS, THROUGH WALLS, INTO MINDS.
FORUNN'S *DEAD*, HER IDEA WITH HER.
SUPER-GUARDIAN MAMMOTH, TOO.
AND THERE'S CHARLES XAVIER... WITH THE IMMENSITY ALL AROUND HIM AND WITHIN HIM. I COULD VAPORIZE HIS BODY FROM HERE...
WE CAN'T KILL HIM! IT'S DRIVING HIS BODY, BUT IT'S *NOT* CHARLES.
DOWNLOAD SUPER-RESISTANCE TRAITS, SMASHER. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO HAS ANY CHANCE OF BREACHING 4-SPACE UNAIDED.
JORRSK!
RADIOMAN JORRSK!
SHE HAS COME...
SHE HAS COME...

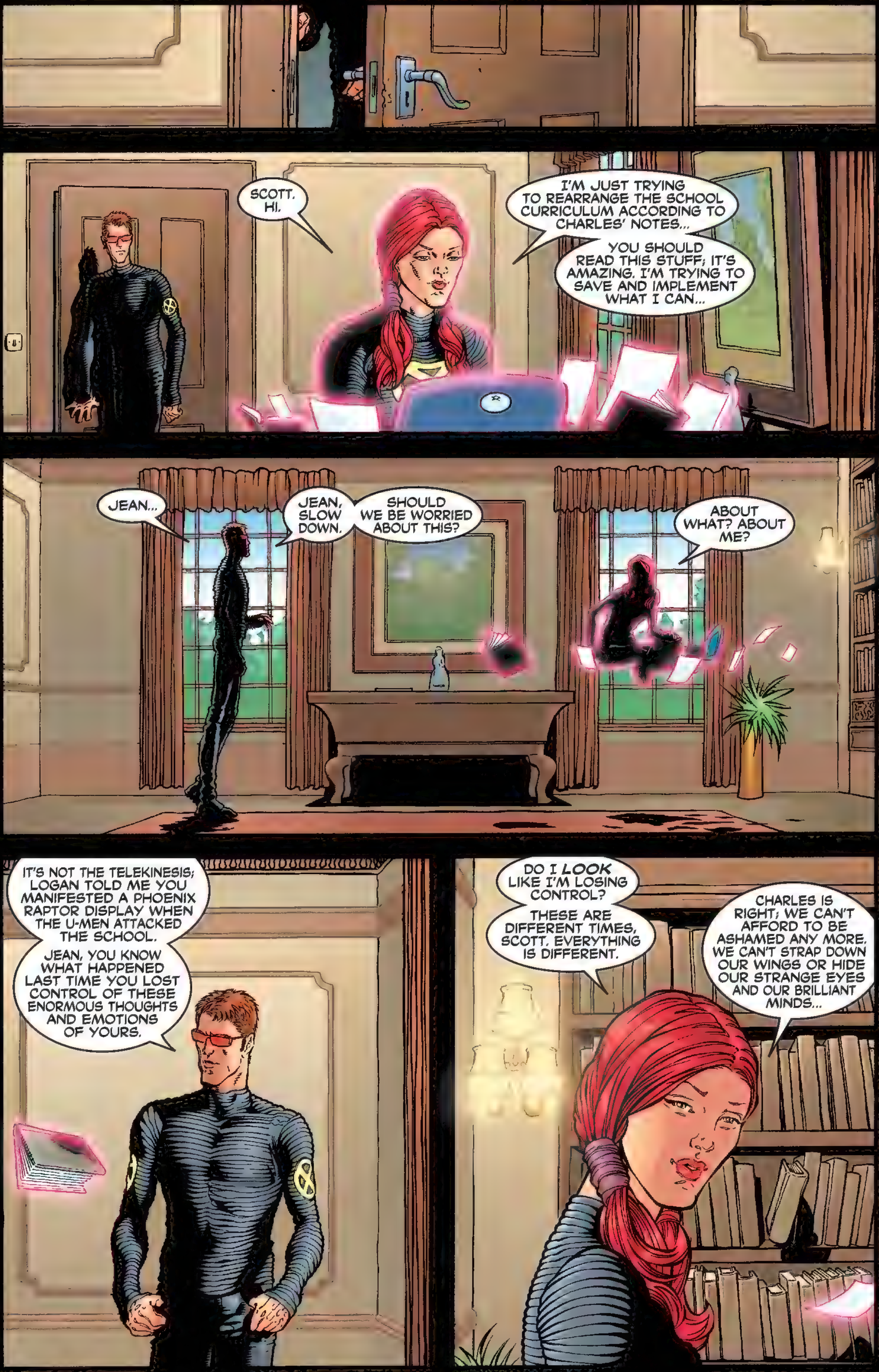

CHARLES XAVIER'S MUTANT BRAIN IS THE MOST POWERFUL IN EXISTENCE.
YOUR MIND IS DEFENSELESS.
STEERSMAN, WRECK YOUR SHIP.
SUCH AN AWFUL MOMENT, ISN'T IT, WHEN WE RECOGNIZE THE MADMAN IN ALL OF US, IMMUNDRA? THE SUICIDAL DESTROYER WE TRY HARD TO DENY...
...BUT WHEN THINGS GO WRONG, THE SELF-DOUBT GROWS. THE SPARK OF *COWARDICE* FANS TO A FIRE IN YOUR MIND.
I WILL NOT YIELD!
IF THERE IS ONE LAST REMAINING MEMORY OF THE GREAT MAN YOU WERE, I CALL UPON HIM TO RESIST.
NOTHING OF CHARLES XAVIER REMAINS IN HERE. AND IF HIS MIND FELL, WHAT CHANCE HAS *YOURS*, STEERSMAN?
THAT CRACKING SOUND IN YOUR HEART IS FAILURE, IMMUNDRA. BECOME INSANE FOR ME.
DESTROY YOUR BELOVED CRAFT.
EEEEYESS...
DEESTROY...
FAAKFAAA

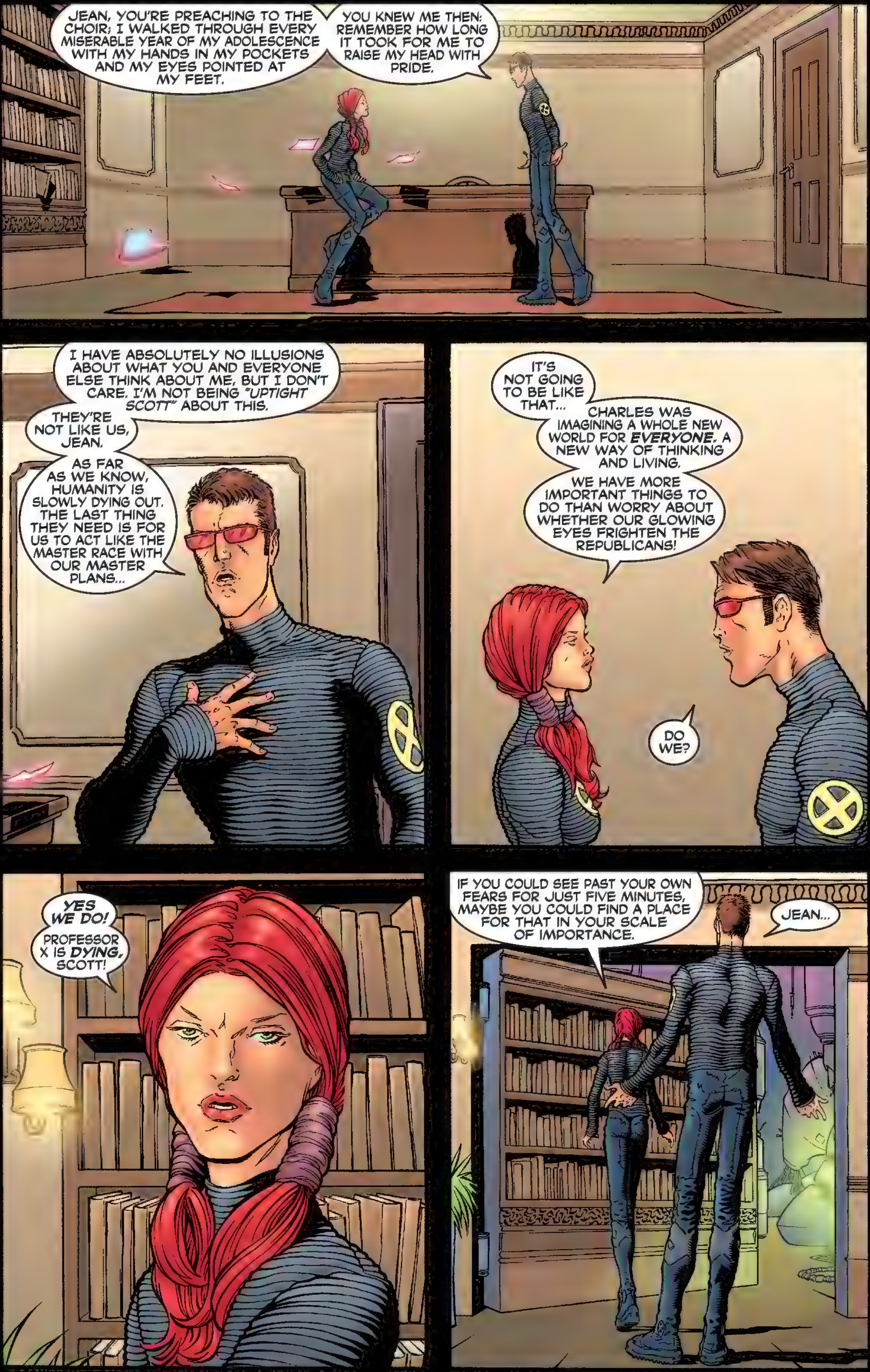

IMMUNDRA HAS FALLEN!
GO, SMASHER! *WARN* THE EARTH!
I CAN'T LEAVE YOU.
WITHOUT YOU, LIFE HAS NO MEANING.
EMPRESS LILANDRA, LUX GLORIANA OF THE SHI'AR IMPERIUM, I--
I KNOW WHO I AM!
SHUT UP AND *GO*, SMASHER!
GO NOW AND TELL THE *X-MEN!*
SHE HAS COME...
YOU HAVE MY VOW.
I WILL NOT FAIL.
I WILL NOT.

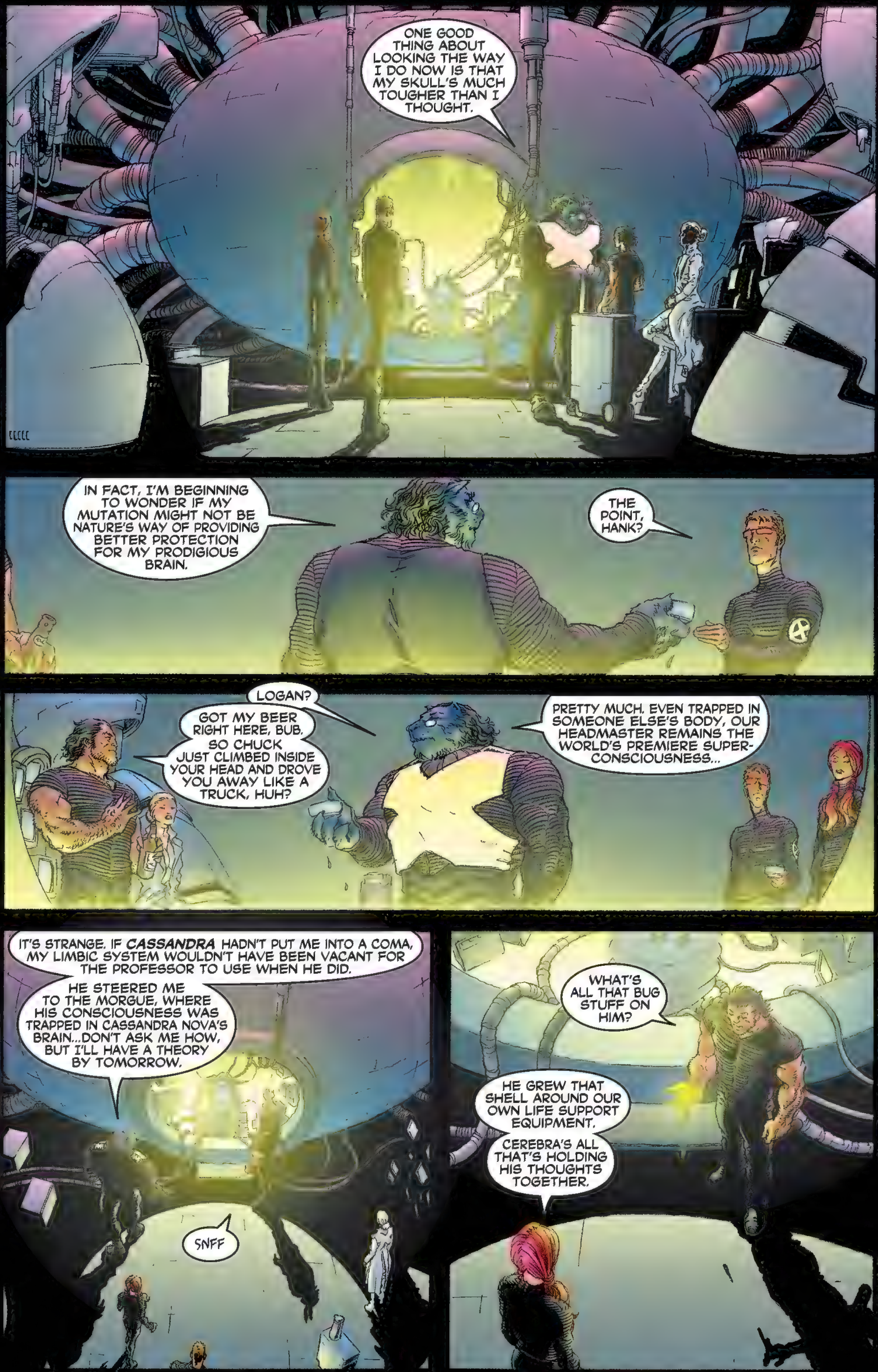

STAN LEE PRESENTS
IMPERIAL

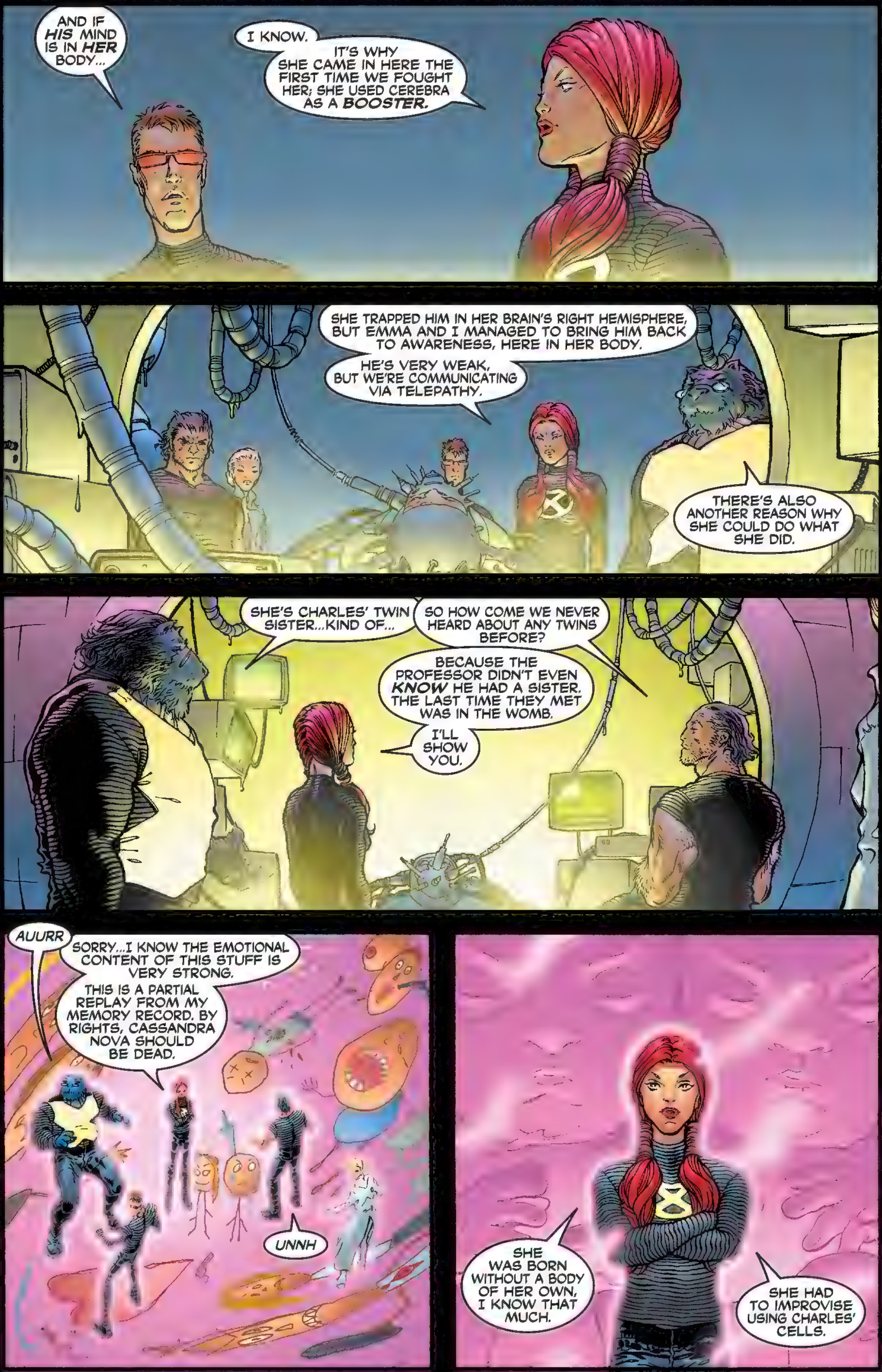

THE PUPIL IDEAS INITIATIVE HAS PROVED TO BE A ROARING SUCCESS, I'M PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE.
WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE GOOD NEWS...

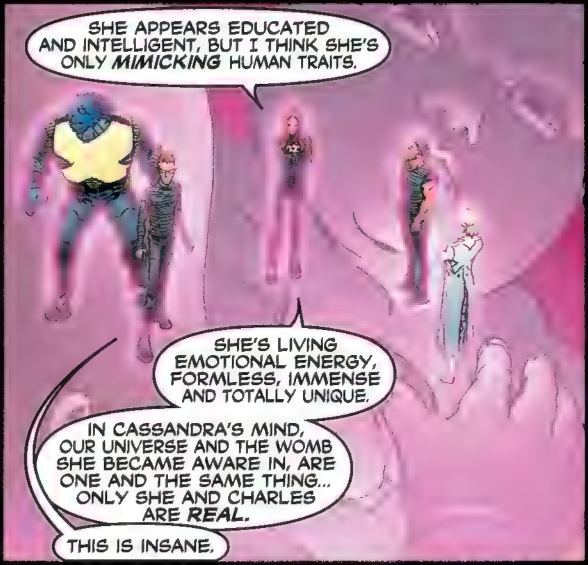

...AS OF MONDAY, THERE WILL BE NO MORE OFFICIAL TIMETABLE.
THE TRADITIONAL HUMAN EDUCATION SYSTEM, UPON WHICH WE HAVE BASED MANY OF OUR METHODS HERE AT XAVIER'S, IS TO BE SCRAPPED IN FAVOR OF SOME MORE... FLUID APPROACHES TO LEARNING.
DEATH ROW
OUR MISSION IS STILL THE SAME. TO TEACH YOU THE SKILLS NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL IN A WORLD WHICH STILL PREFERS TO SEE US AS FREAKISH AND THREATENING.
BUT WE ALSO WANT TO LEARN FROM ***YOU.*** WE NEED YOUR THOUGHTS AND FRESH IDEAS FOR THE FUTURE OF MUTANTKIND.
IN THE MEANTIME, I HOPE YOU'LL JOIN ME IN WELCOMING BACK THE VERY POPULAR ***DOCTOR McCOY.***
PERHAPS NOW THAT HE'S MANAGED TO DRAG HIMSELF OUT OF THAT COMFY COMA, HE'LL BE ABLE TO TACKLE OUR FLU EPIDEMIC.
FINALLY, ANYONE STILL WISHING TO COMPLAIN TO ***MR. LOGAN*** ABOUT INJURIES SUSTAINED DURING YESTERDAYS' FIELD EXPEDITION WILL, I'M AFRAID, BE COMPLETELY WASTING HIS OR HER TIME.
THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING US NOW.
WE MUST BE NOTHING LESS THAN FABULOUS.

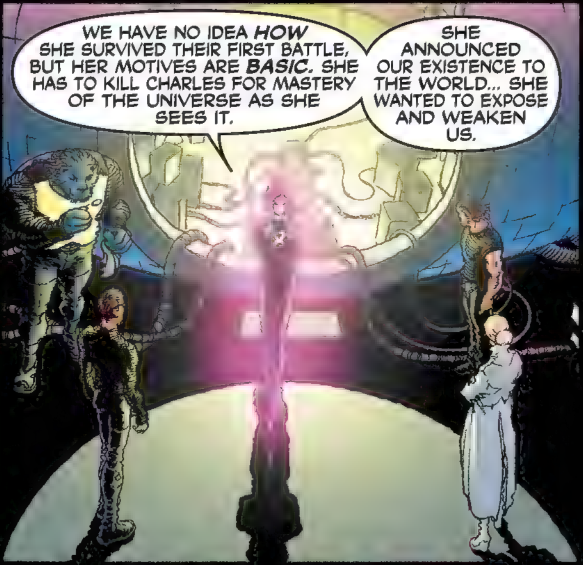

SCOTT. HI.
I'M JUST TRYING TO REARRANGE THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM ACCORDING TO CHARLES' NOTES...
YOU SHOULD READ THIS STUFF; IT'S AMAZING. I'M TRYING TO SAVE AND IMPLEMENT WHAT I CAN...
JEAN...
JEAN, SLOW DOWN.
SHOULD WE BE WORRIED ABOUT THIS?
ABOUT WHAT? ABOUT ME?
IT'S NOT THE TELEKINESIS; LOGAN TOLD ME YOU MANIFESTED A PHOENIX RAPTOR DISPLAY WHEN THE U-MEN ATTACKED THE SCHOOL.
JEAN, YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME YOU LOST CONTROL OF THESE ENORMOUS THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS OF YOURS.
DO I *LOOK* LIKE I'M LOSING CONTROL?
THESE ARE DIFFERENT TIMES, SCOTT. EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT.
CHARLES IS RIGHT; WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE ASHAMED ANY MORE. WE CAN'T STRAP DOWN OUR WINGS OR HIDE OUR STRANGE EYES AND OUR BRILLIANT MINDS...

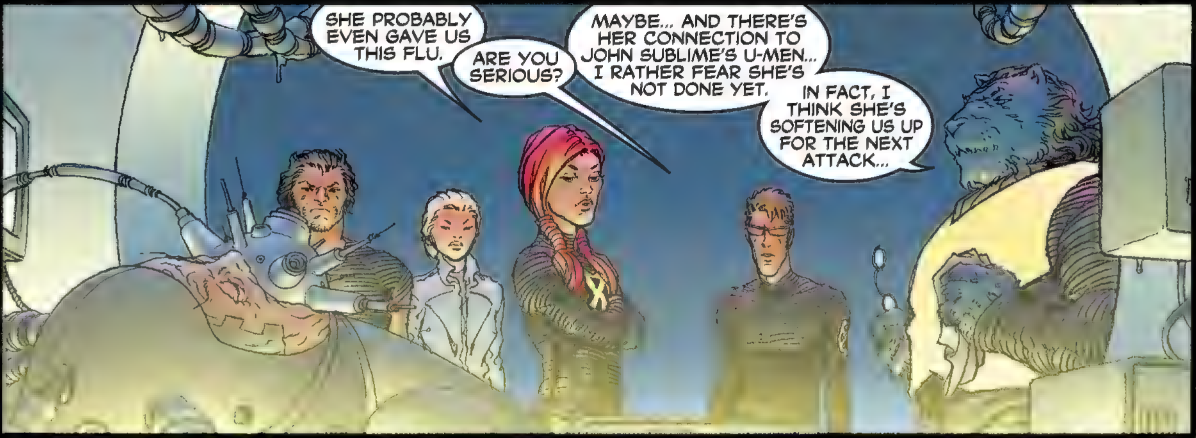

JEAN, YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE CHOIR; I WALKED THROUGH EVERY MISERABLE YEAR OF MY ADOLESCENCE WITH MY HANDS IN MY POCKETS AND MY EYES POINTED AT MY FEET.
YOU KNEW ME THEN: REMEMBER HOW LONG IT TOOK FOR ME TO RAISE MY HEAD WITH PRIDE.
I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT WHAT YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE THINK ABOUT ME, BUT I DON'T CARE. I'M NOT BEING *"UPTIGHT SCOTT"* ABOUT THIS.
THEY'RE NOT LIKE US, JEAN.
AS FAR AS WE KNOW, HUMANITY IS SLOWLY DYING OUT. THE LAST THING THEY NEED IS FOR US TO ACT LIKE THE MASTER RACE WITH OUR MASTER PLANS...
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE LIKE THAT...
CHARLES WAS IMAGINING A WHOLE NEW WORLD FOR ***EVERYONE.*** A NEW WAY OF THINKING AND LIVING.
WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN WORRY ABOUT WHETHER OUR GLOWING EYES FRIGHTEN THE REPUBLICANS!
DO WE?
YES WE DO!
PROFESSOR X IS ***DYING,*** SCOTT!
IF YOU COULD SEE PAST YOUR OWN FEARS FOR JUST FIVE MINUTES, MAYBE YOU COULD FIND A PLACE FOR THAT IN YOUR SCALE OF IMPORTANCE.
JEAN...

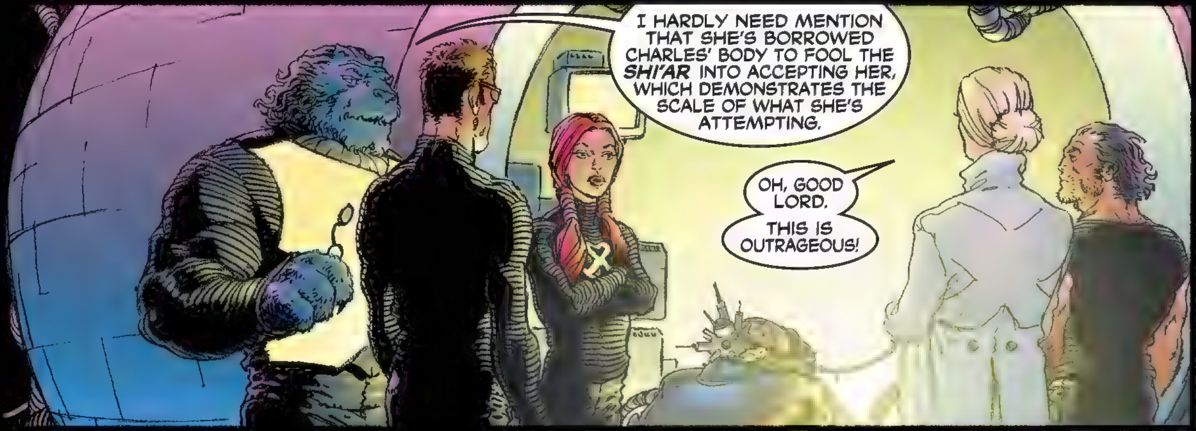

ONE GOOD THING ABOUT LOOKING THE WAY I DO NOW IS THAT MY SKULL'S MUCH TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT.
IN FACT, I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF MY MUTATION MIGHT NOT BE NATURE'S WAY OF PROVIDING BETTER PROTECTION FOR MY PRODIGIOUS BRAIN.
THE POINT, HANK?
LOGAN?
GOT MY BEER RIGHT HERE, BUB.
SO CHUCK JUST CLIMBED INSIDE YOUR HEAD AND DROVE YOU AWAY LIKE A TRUCK, HUH?
PRETTY MUCH. EVEN TRAPPED IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BODY, OUR HEADMASTER REMAINS THE WORLD'S PREMIERE SUPER-CONSCIOUSNESS...
IT'S STRANGE. IF *CASSANDRA* HADN'T PUT ME INTO A COMA, MY LIMBIC SYSTEM WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN VACANT FOR THE PROFESSOR TO USE WHEN HE DID.
HE STEERED ME TO THE MORGUE, WHERE HIS CONSCIOUSNESS WAS TRAPPED IN CASSANDRA NOVA'S BRAIN...DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT I'LL HAVE A THEORY BY TOMORROW.
SNFF
WHAT'S ALL THAT BUG STUFF ON HIM?
HE GREW THAT SHELL AROUND OUR OWN LIFE SUPPORT EQUIPMENT.
CEREBRA'S ALL THAT'S HOLDING HIS THOUGHTS TOGETHER.

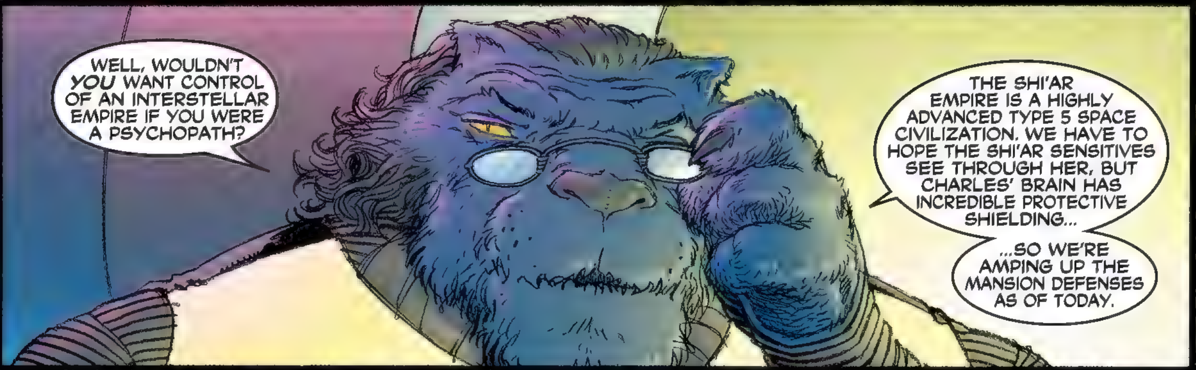

AND IF *HIS* MIND IS IN *HER* BODY...
I KNOW.
IT'S WHY SHE CAME IN HERE THE FIRST TIME WE FOUGHT HER; SHE USED CEREBRA AS A *BOOSTER.*
SHE TRAPPED HIM IN HER BRAIN'S RIGHT HEMISPHERE, BUT EMMA AND I MANAGED TO BRING HIM BACK TO AWARENESS, HERE IN HER BODY.
HE'S VERY WEAK, BUT WE'RE COMMUNICATING VIA TELEPATHY.
THERE'S ALSO ANOTHER REASON WHY SHE COULD DO WHAT SHE DID.
SHE'S CHARLES' TWIN SISTER...KIND OF...
SO HOW COME WE NEVER HEARD ABOUT ANY TWINS BEFORE?
BECAUSE THE PROFESSOR DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW* HE HAD A SISTER. THE LAST TIME THEY MET WAS IN THE WOMB.
I'LL SHOW YOU.
AUURR
SORRY...I KNOW THE EMOTIONAL CONTENT OF THIS STUFF IS VERY STRONG.
THIS IS A PARTIAL REPLAY FROM MY MEMORY RECORD. BY RIGHTS, CASSANDRA NOVA SHOULD BE DEAD.
UNNH
SHE WAS BORN WITHOUT A BODY OF HER OWN, I KNOW THAT MUCH.
SHE HAD TO IMPROVISE USING CHARLES' CELLS.

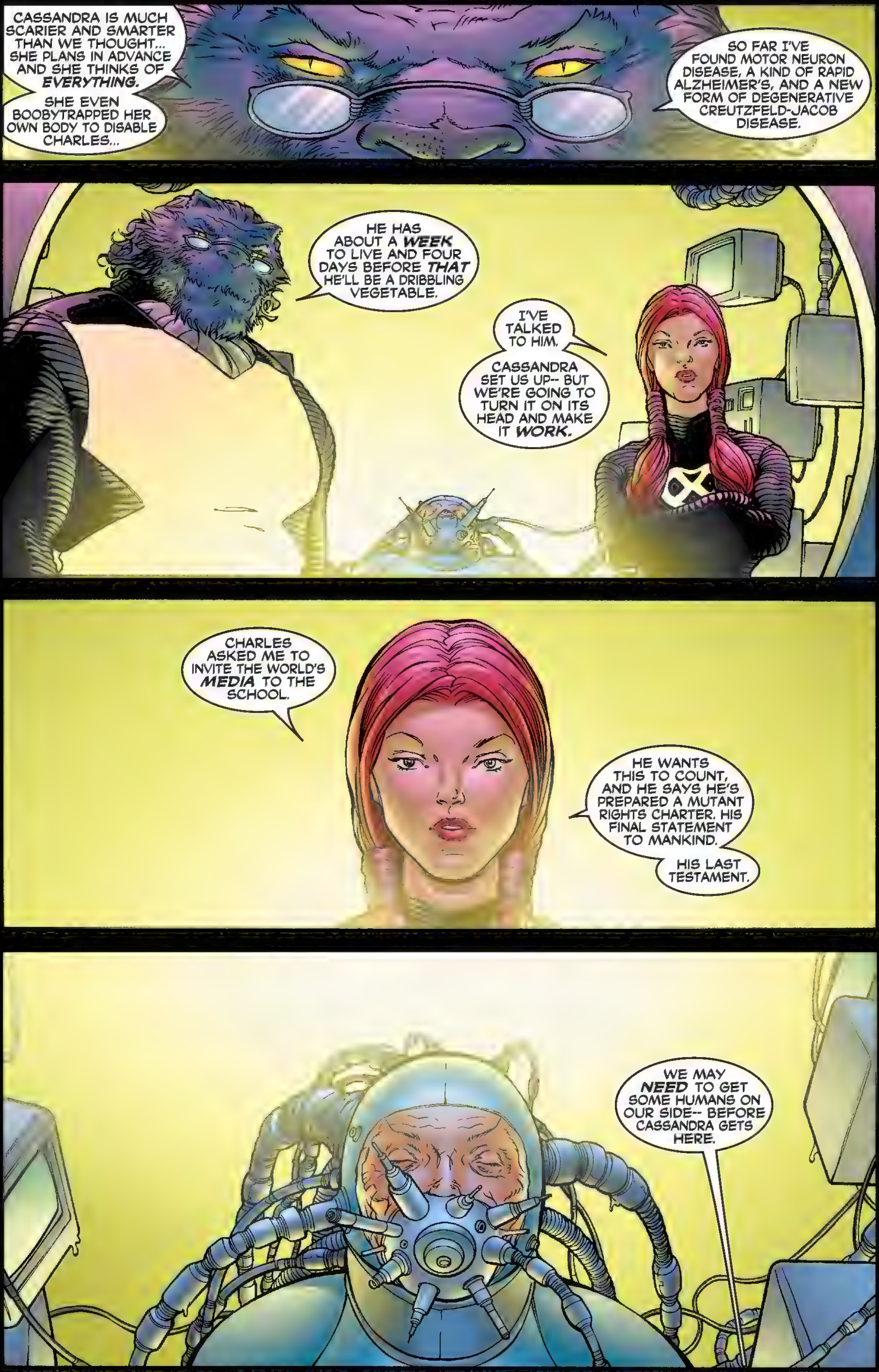

SHE APPEARS EDUCATED AND INTELLIGENT, BUT I THINK SHE'S ONLY *MIMICKING* HUMAN TRAITS.
SHE'S LIVING EMOTIONAL ENERGY, FORMLESS, IMMENSE AND TOTALLY UNIQUE.
IN CASSANDRA'S MIND, OUR UNIVERSE AND THE WOMB SHE BECAME AWARE IN, ARE ONE AND THE SAME THING... ONLY SHE AND CHARLES ARE *REAL.*
THIS IS INSANE.

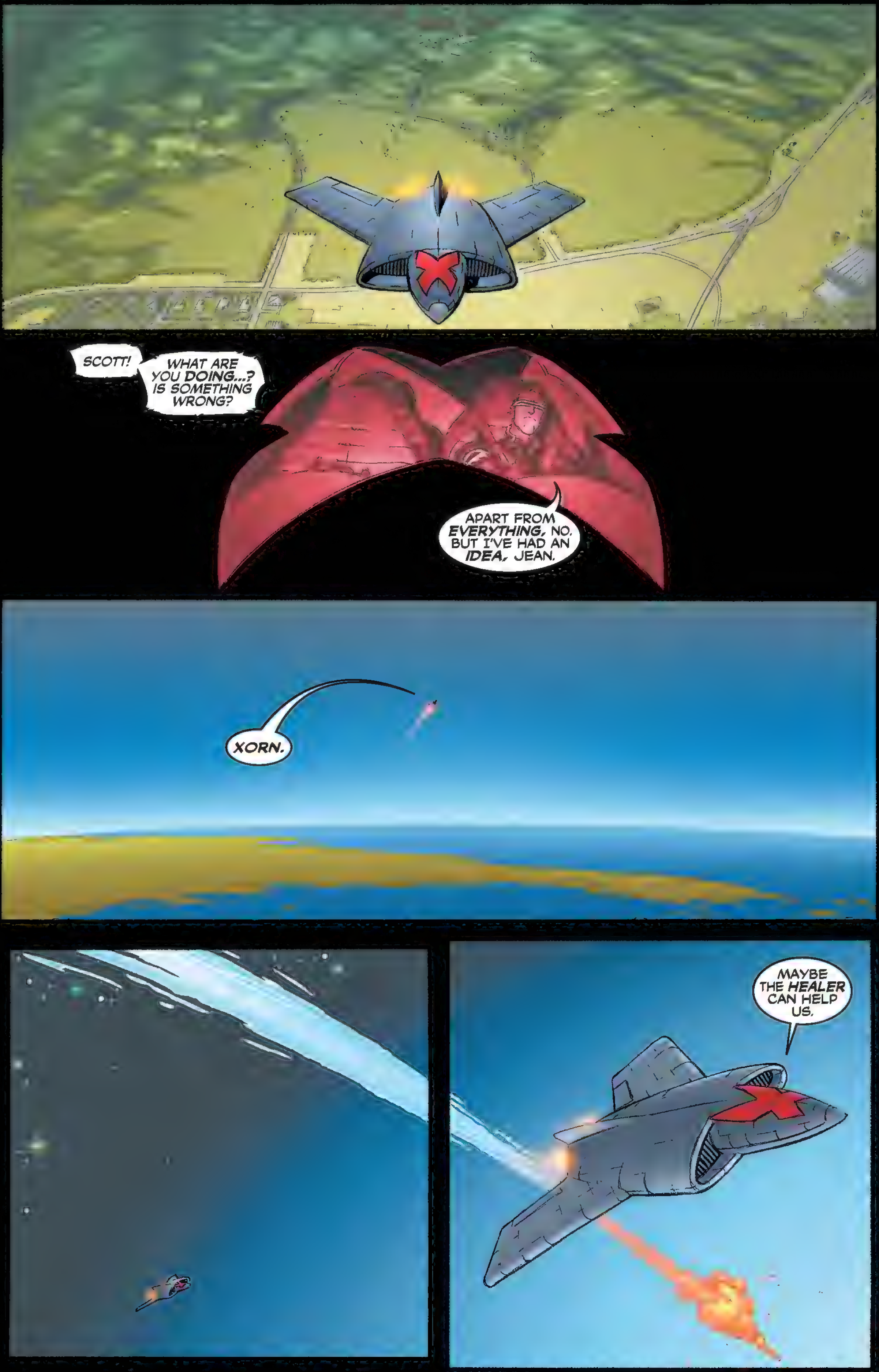

WE HAVE NO IDEA *HOW* SHE SURVIVED THEIR FIRST BATTLE, BUT HER MOTIVES ARE *BASIC.* SHE HAS TO KILL CHARLES FOR MASTERY OF THE UNIVERSE AS SHE SEES IT.
SHE ANNOUNCED OUR EXISTENCE TO THE WORLD... SHE WANTED TO EXPOSE AND WEAKEN US.

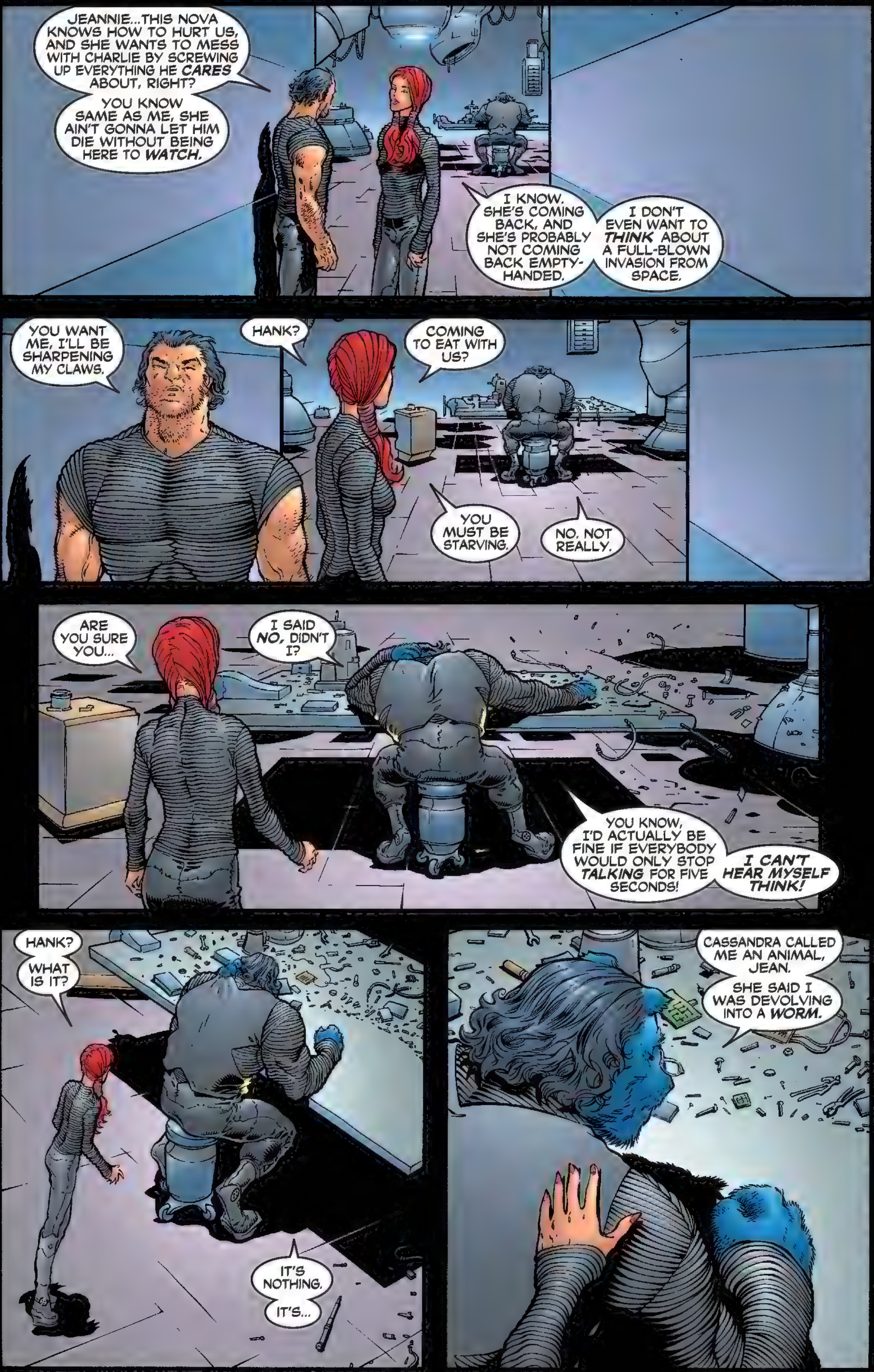

SHE PROBABLY EVEN GAVE US THIS FLU.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
MAYBE... AND THERE'S HER CONNECTION TO JOHN SUBLIME'S U-MEN... I RATHER FEAR SHE'S NOT DONE YET.
IN FACT, I THINK SHE'S SOFTENING US UP FOR THE NEXT ATTACK...

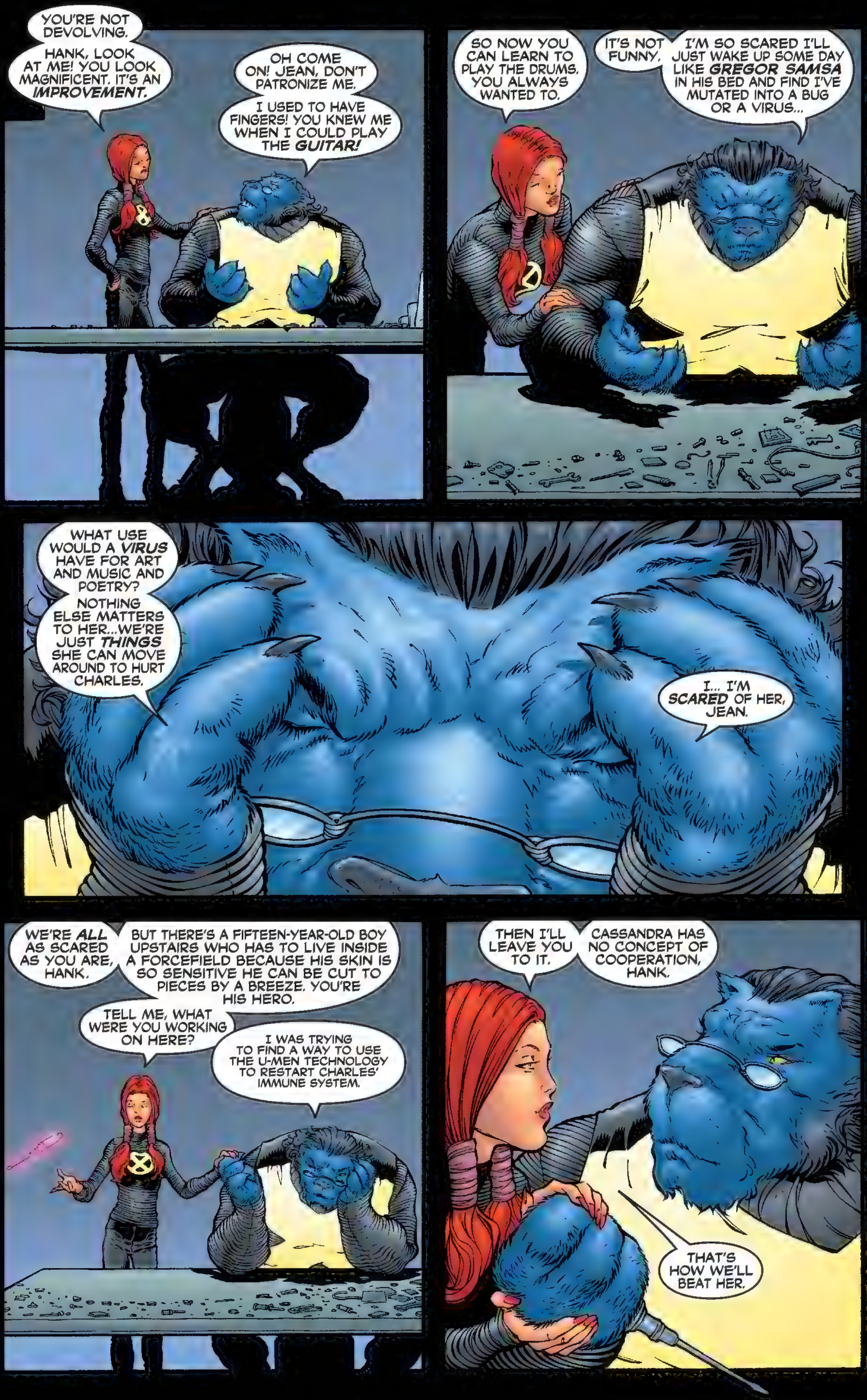

I HARDLY NEED MENTION THAT SHE'S BORROWED CHARLES' BODY TO FOOL THE *SHI'AR* INTO ACCEPTING HER, WHICH DEMONSTRATES THE SCALE OF WHAT SHE'S ATTEMPTING.
OH, GOOD LORD.
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

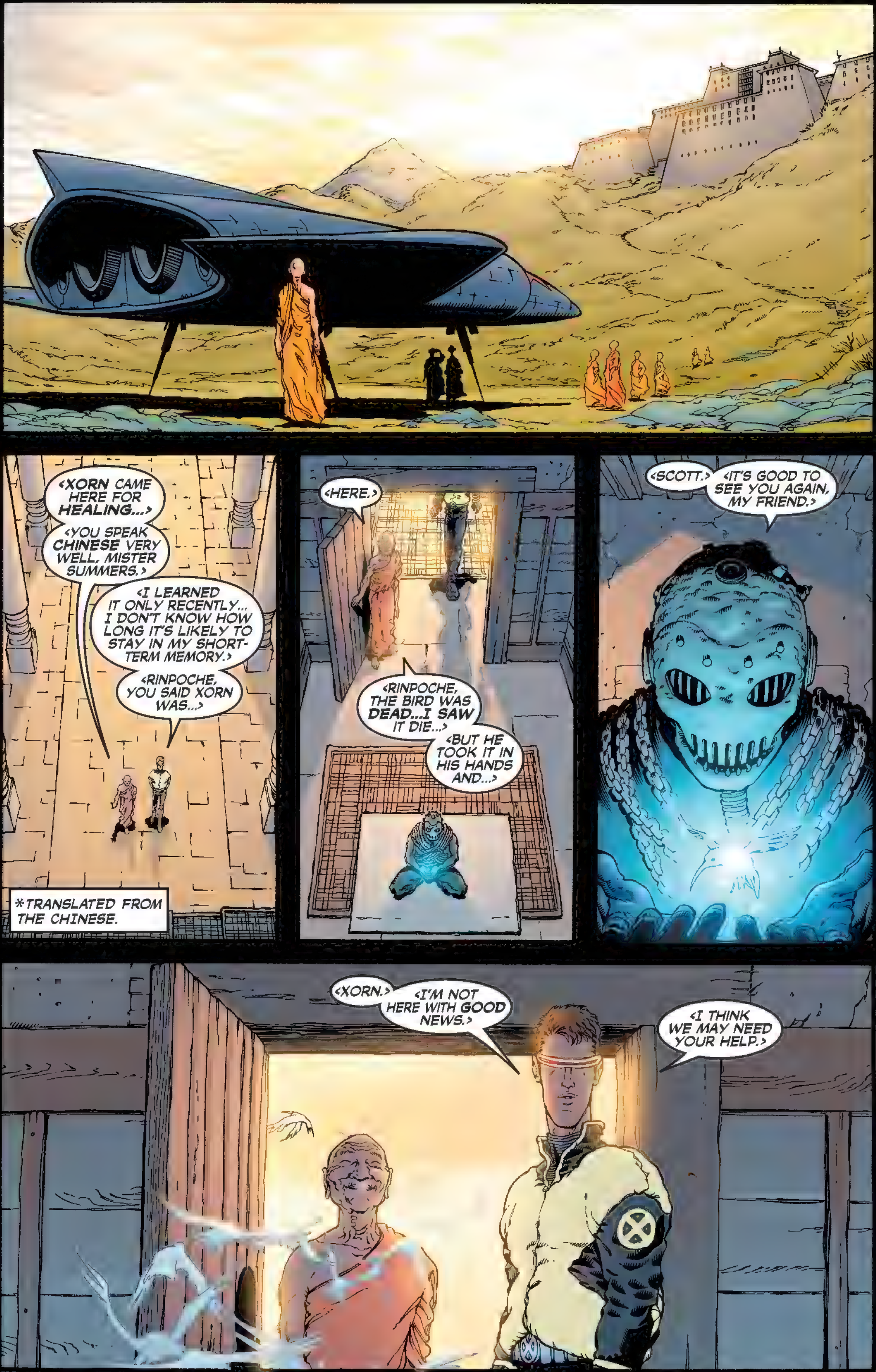

WELL, WOULDN'T *YOU* WANT CONTROL OF AN INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE IF YOU WERE A PSYCHOPATH?
THE SHI'AR EMPIRE IS A HIGHLY ADVANCED TYPE 5 SPACE CIVILIZATION. WE HAVE TO HOPE THE SHI'AR SENSITIVES SEE THROUGH HER, BUT CHARLES' BRAIN HAS INCREDIBLE PROTECTIVE SHIELDING...
...SO WE'RE AMPING UP THE MANSION DEFENSES AS OF TODAY.

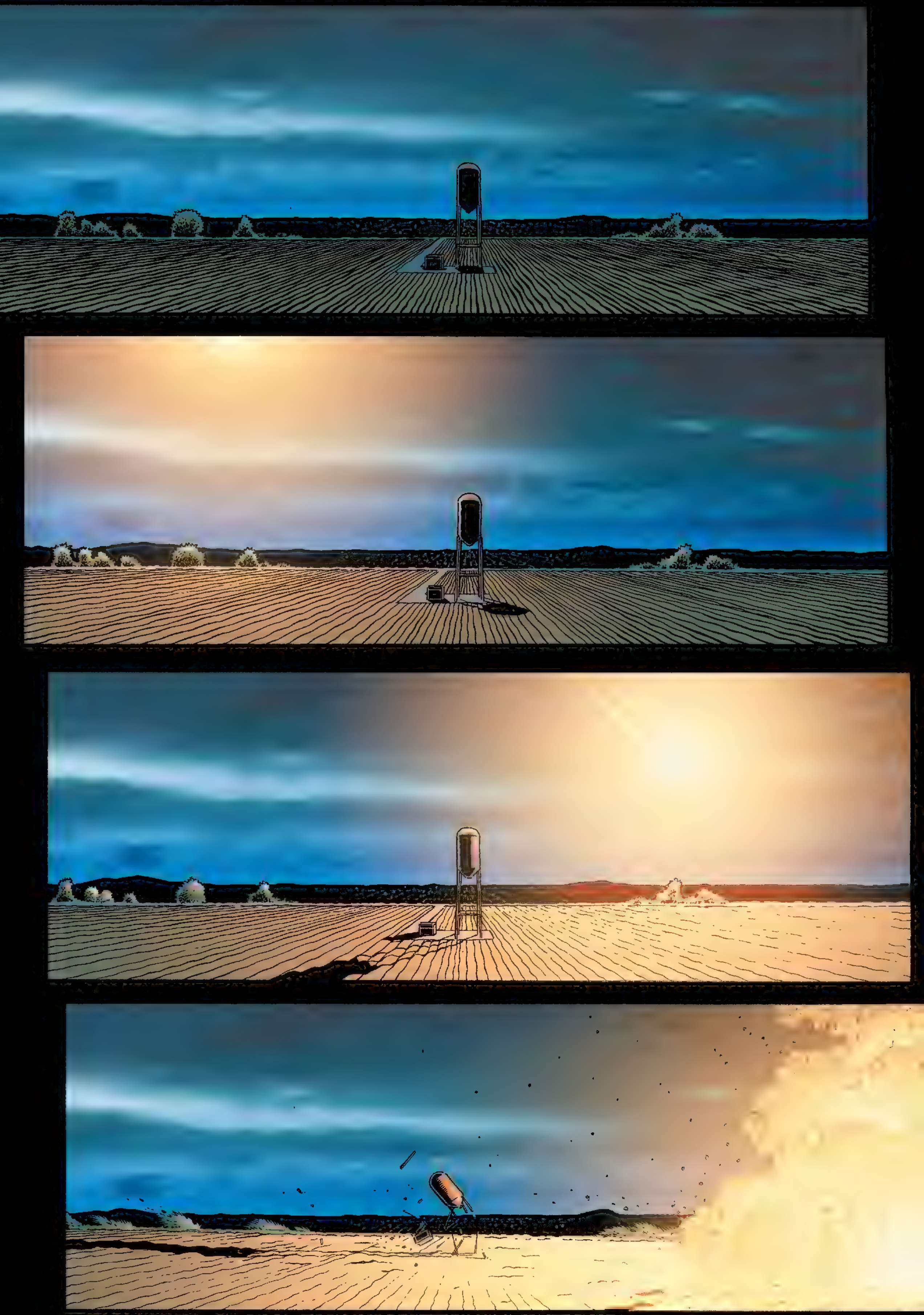

CASSANDRA IS MUCH SCARIER AND SMARTER THAN WE THOUGHT... SHE PLANS IN ADVANCE AND SHE THINKS OF *EVERYTHING.*
SHE EVEN BOOBYTRAPPED HER OWN BODY TO DISABLE CHARLES...
SO FAR I'VE FOUND MOTOR NEURON DISEASE, A KIND OF RAPID ALZHEIMER'S, AND A NEW FORM OF DEGENERATIVE CREUTZFELD-JACOB DISEASE.
HE HAS ABOUT A *WEEK* TO LIVE AND FOUR DAYS BEFORE *THAT* HE'LL BE A DRIBBLING VEGETABLE.
I'VE TALKED TO HIM.
CASSANDRA SET US UP-- BUT WE'RE GOING TO TURN IT ON ITS HEAD AND MAKE IT *WORK.*
CHARLES ASKED ME TO INVITE THE WORLD'S *MEDIA* TO THE SCHOOL.
HE WANTS THIS TO COUNT, AND HE SAYS HE'S PREPARED A MUTANT RIGHTS CHARTER. HIS FINAL STATEMENT TO MANKIND.
HIS LAST TESTAMENT.
WE MAY *NEED* TO GET SOME HUMANS ON OUR SIDE-- BEFORE CASSANDRA GETS HERE.

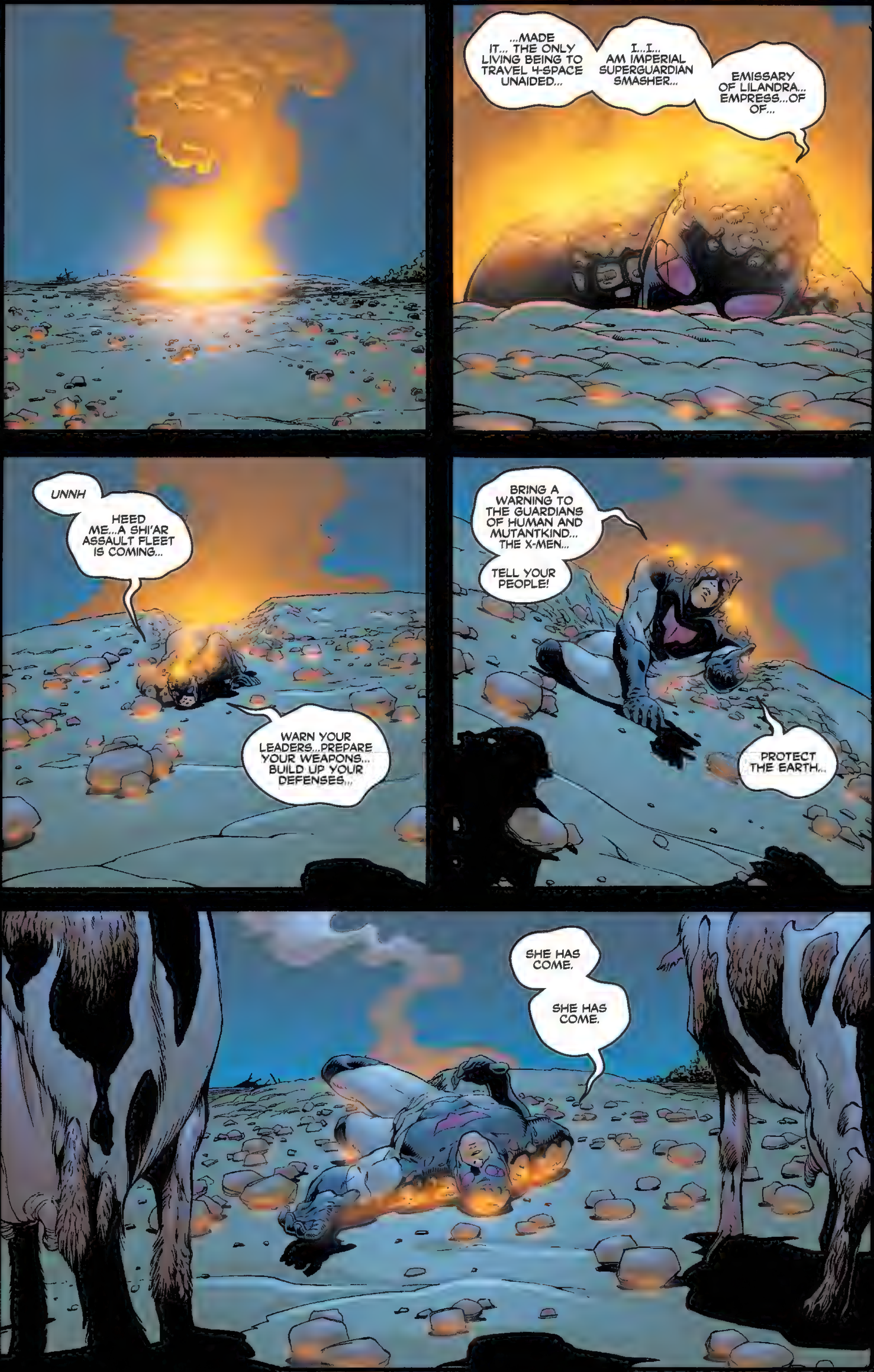

SCOTT!
WHAT ARE YOU **DOING...?** IS SOMETHING WRONG?
APART FROM ***EVERYTHING,*** NO. BUT I'VE HAD AN ***IDEA,*** JEAN.
XORN.
MAYBE THE ***HEALER*** CAN HELP US.

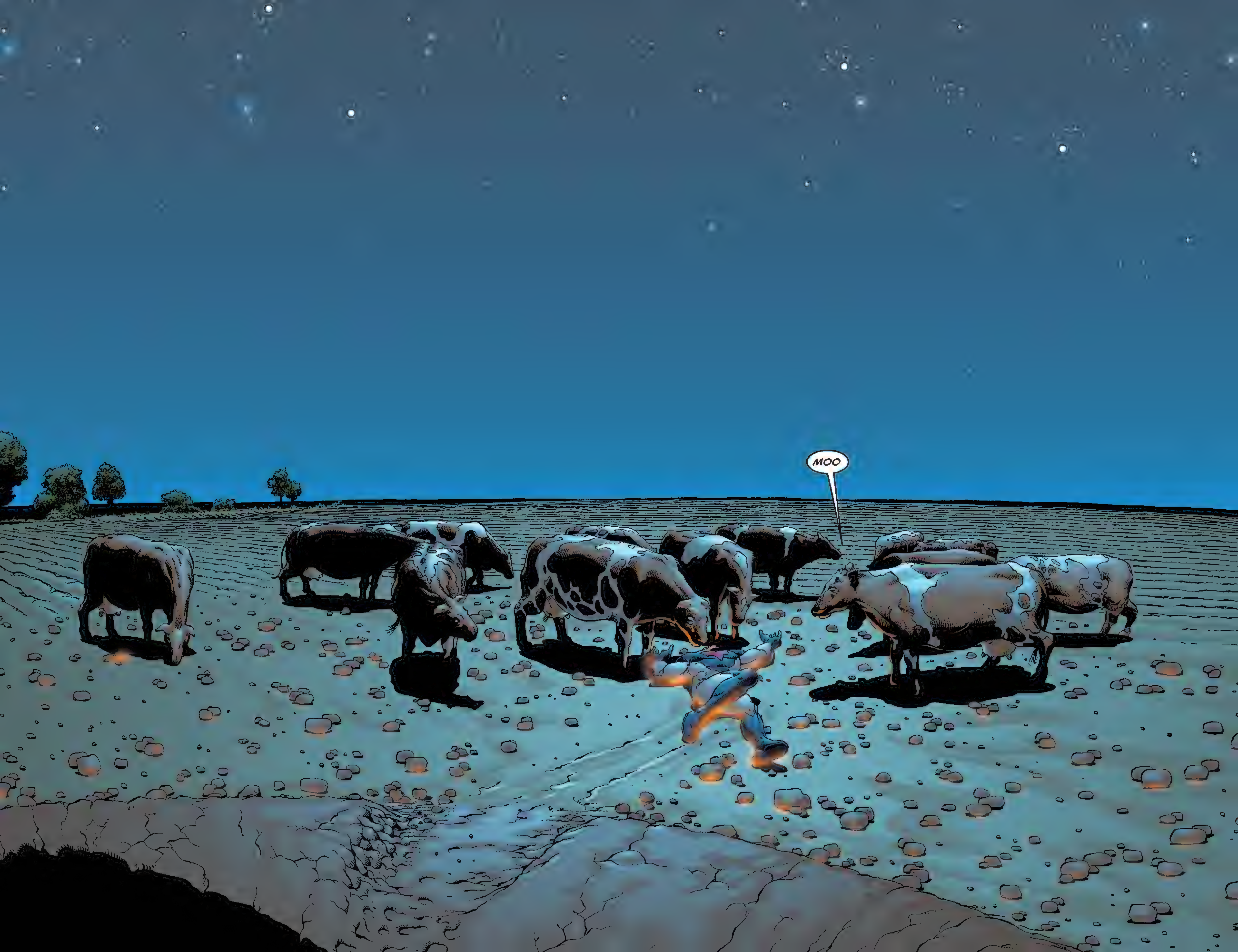

JEANNIE...THIS NOVA KNOWS HOW TO HURT US, AND SHE WANTS TO MESS WITH CHARLIE BY SCREWING UP EVERYTHING HE *CARES* ABOUT, RIGHT?
YOU KNOW SAME AS ME, SHE AIN'T GONNA LET HIM DIE WITHOUT BEING HERE TO *WATCH.*
I KNOW. SHE'S COMING BACK, AND SHE'S PROBABLY NOT COMING BACK EMPTY-HANDED.
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO *THINK* ABOUT A FULL-BLOWN INVASION FROM SPACE.
YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE SHARPENING MY CLAWS.
HANK?
COMING TO EAT WITH US?
YOU MUST BE STARVING.
NO, NOT REALLY.
ARE YOU SURE YOU...
I SAID *NO,* DIDN'T I?
YOU KNOW, I'D ACTUALLY BE FINE IF EVERYBODY WOULD ONLY STOP *TALKING* FOR FIVE SECONDS!
I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!
HANK?
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S NOTHING.
IT'S...
CASSANDRA CALLED ME AN ANIMAL, JEAN.
SHE SAID I WAS DEVOLVING INTO A *WORM.*

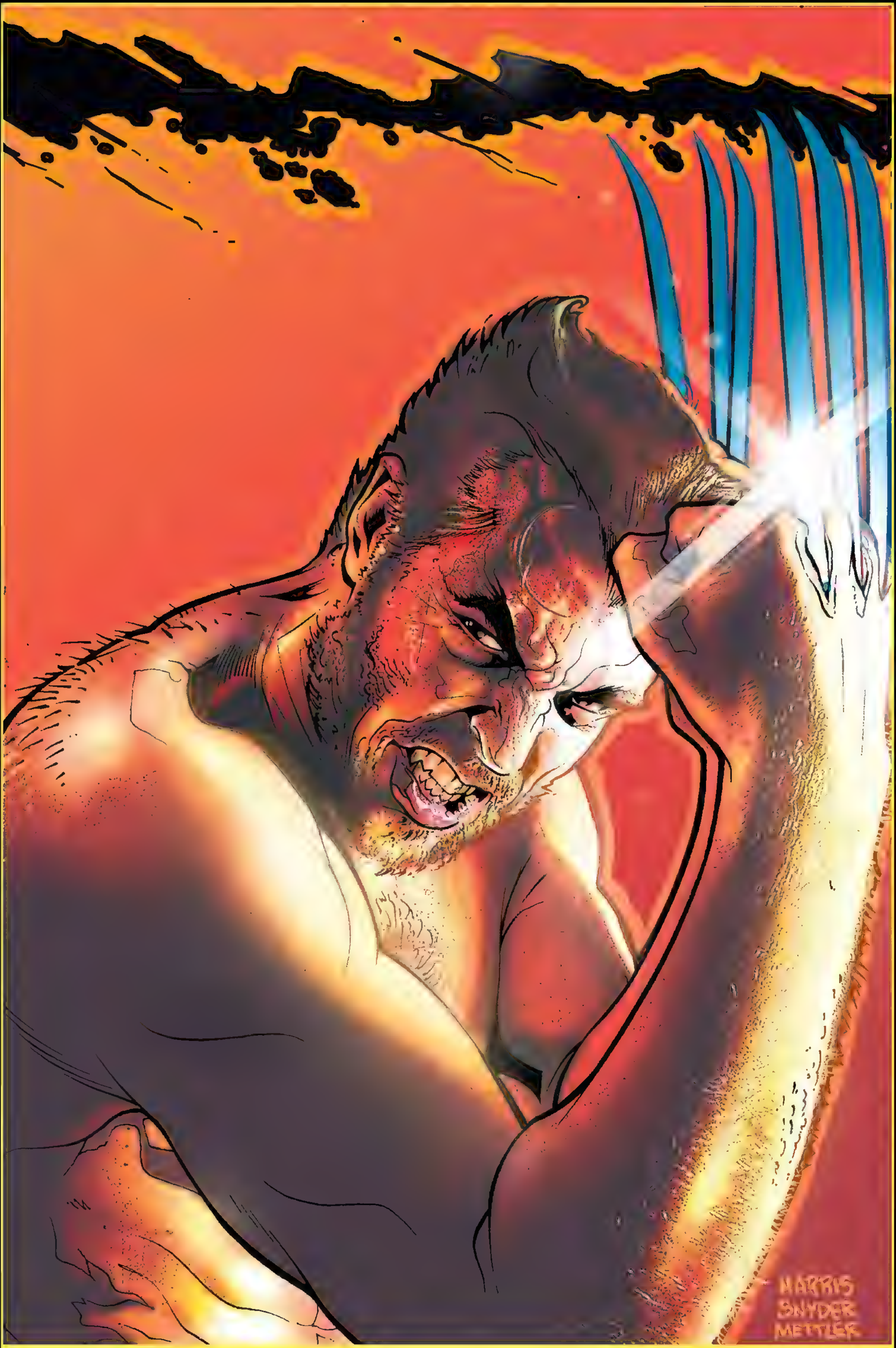

YOU'RE NOT DEVOLVING.
HANK, LOOK AT ME! YOU LOOK MAGNIFICENT. IT'S AN *IMPROVEMENT.*
OH COME ON! JEAN, DON'T PATRONIZE ME.
I USED TO HAVE FINGERS! YOU KNEW ME WHEN I COULD PLAY THE *GUITAR!*
SO NOW YOU CAN LEARN TO PLAY THE DRUMS. YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO.
IT'S NOT FUNNY.
I'M SO SCARED I'LL JUST WAKE UP SOME DAY LIKE *GREGOR SAMSA* IN HIS BED AND FIND I'VE MUTATED INTO A BUG OR A VIRUS...
WHAT USE WOULD A *VIRUS* HAVE FOR ART AND MUSIC AND POETRY?
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS TO HER...WE'RE JUST *THINGS* SHE CAN MOVE AROUND TO HURT CHARLES.
I... I'M *SCARED* OF HER, JEAN.
WE'RE *ALL* AS SCARED AS YOU ARE, HANK.
BUT THERE'S A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY UPSTAIRS WHO HAS TO LIVE INSIDE A FORCEFIELD BECAUSE HIS SKIN IS SO SENSITIVE HE CAN BE CUT TO PIECES BY A BREEZE. YOU'RE HIS HERO.
TELL ME, WHAT WERE YOU WORKING ON HERE?
I WAS TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO USE THE U-MEN TECHNOLOGY TO RESTART CHARLES' IMMUNE SYSTEM.
THEN I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT.
CASSANDRA HAS NO CONCEPT OF COOPERATION, HANK.
THAT'S HOW WE'LL BEAT HER.


<XORN CAME HERE FOR HEALING...>
<YOU SPEAK CHINESE VERY WELL, MISTER SUMMERS.>
<I LEARNED IT ONLY RECENTLY... I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT'S LIKELY TO STAY IN MY SHORT-TERM MEMORY.>
<RINPOCHE, YOU SAID XORN WAS...>
*TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE.
<HERE.>
<RINPOCHE, THE BIRD WAS DEAD...I SAW IT DIE...>
<BUT HE TOOK IT IN HIS HANDS AND...>
<SCOTT.>
<IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MY FRIEND.>
<XORN.>
<I'M NOT HERE WITH GOOD NEWS.>
<I THINK WE MAY NEED YOUR HELP.>

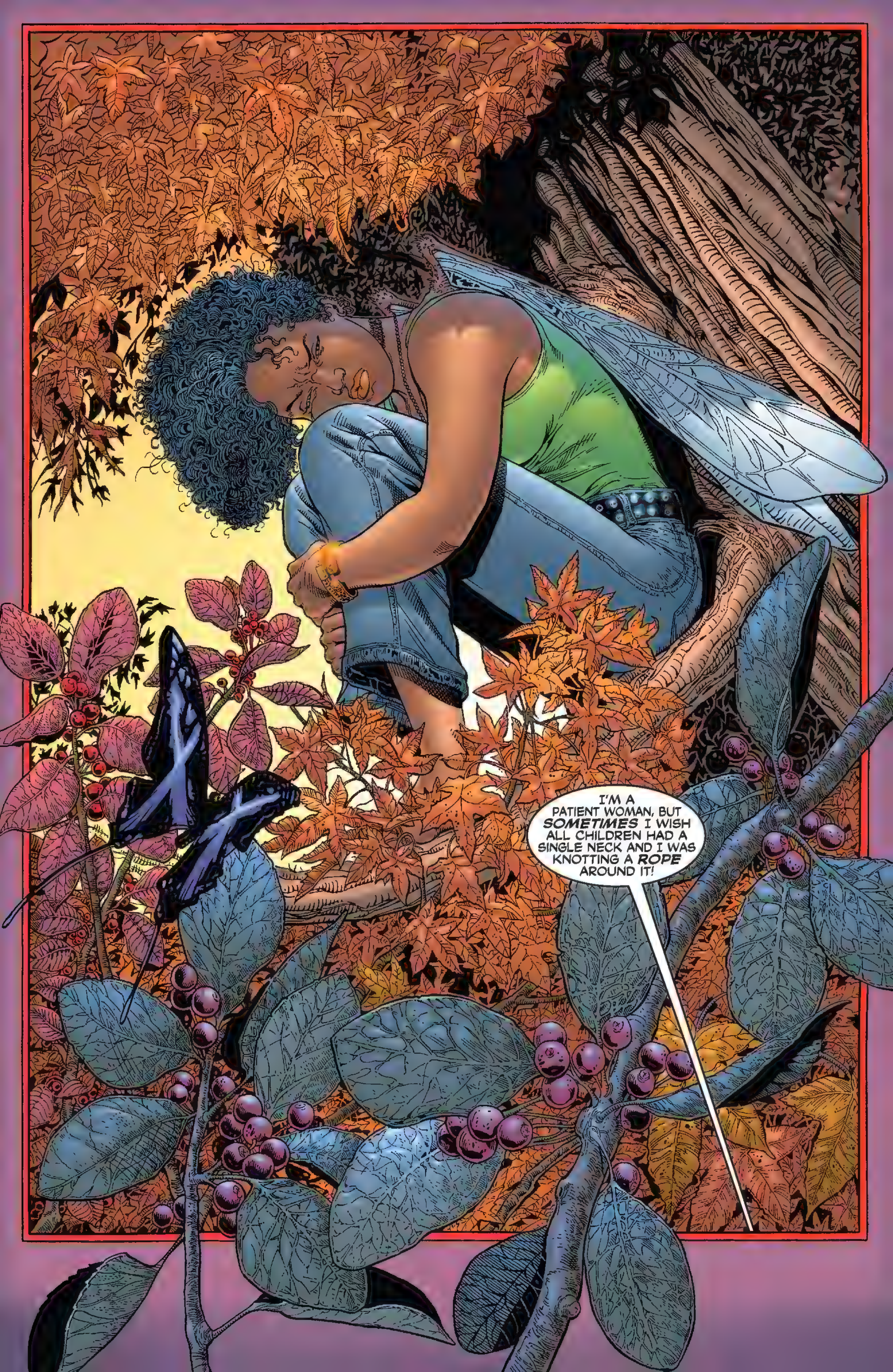


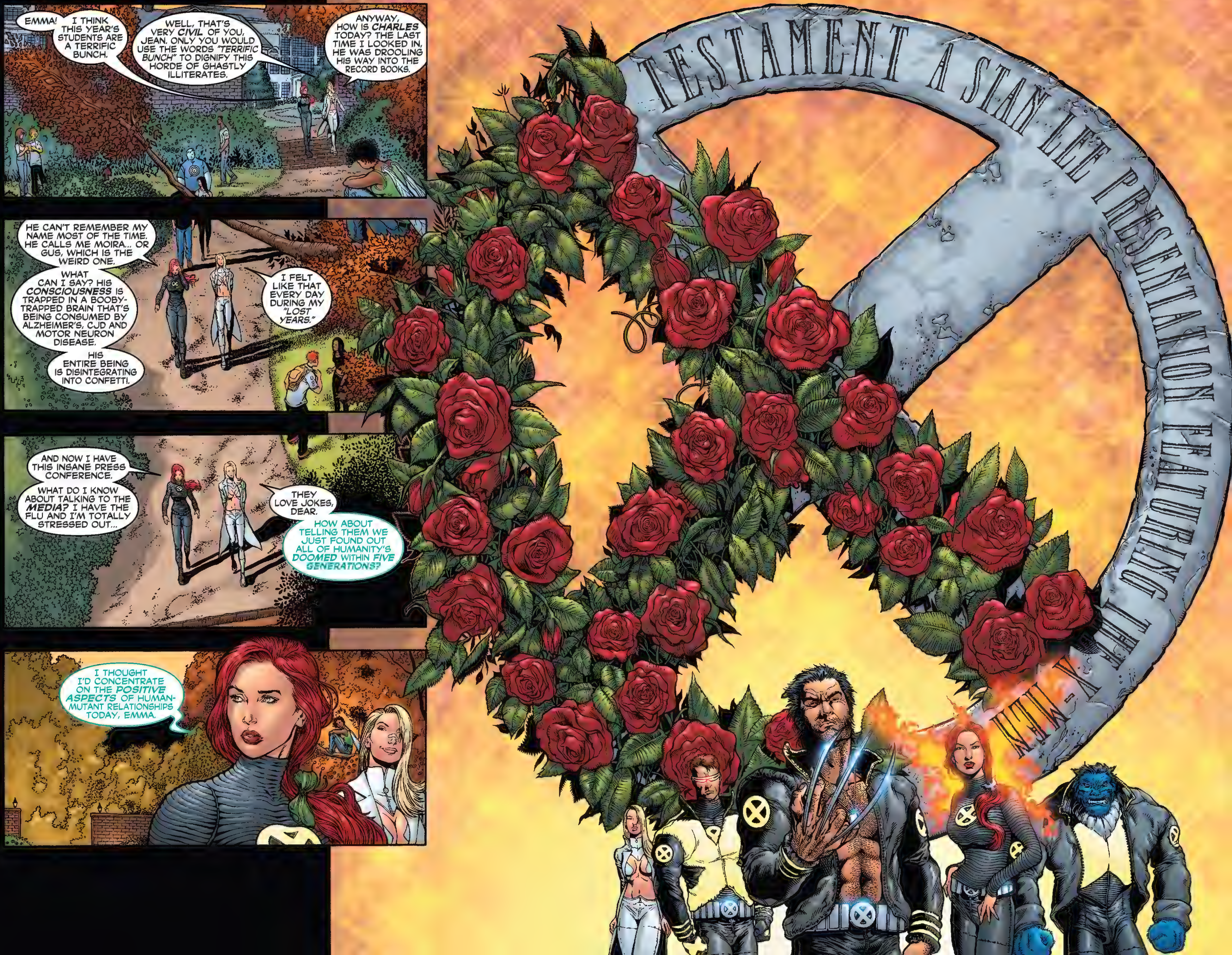

...MADE IT... THE ONLY LIVING BEING TO TRAVEL 4-SPACE UNAIDED...
I...I... AM IMPERIAL SUPERGUARDIAN SMASHER...
EMISSARY OF LILANDRA... EMPRESS...OF OF...
UNNH
HEED ME...A SHI'AR ASSAULT FLEET IS COMING...
WARN YOUR LEADERS...PREPARE YOUR WEAPONS... BUILD UP YOUR DEFENSES...
BRING A WARNING TO THE GUARDIANS OF HUMAN AND MUTANTKIND... THE X-MEN...
TELL YOUR PEOPLE!
PROTECT THE EARTH...
SHE HAS COME.
SHE HAS COME.

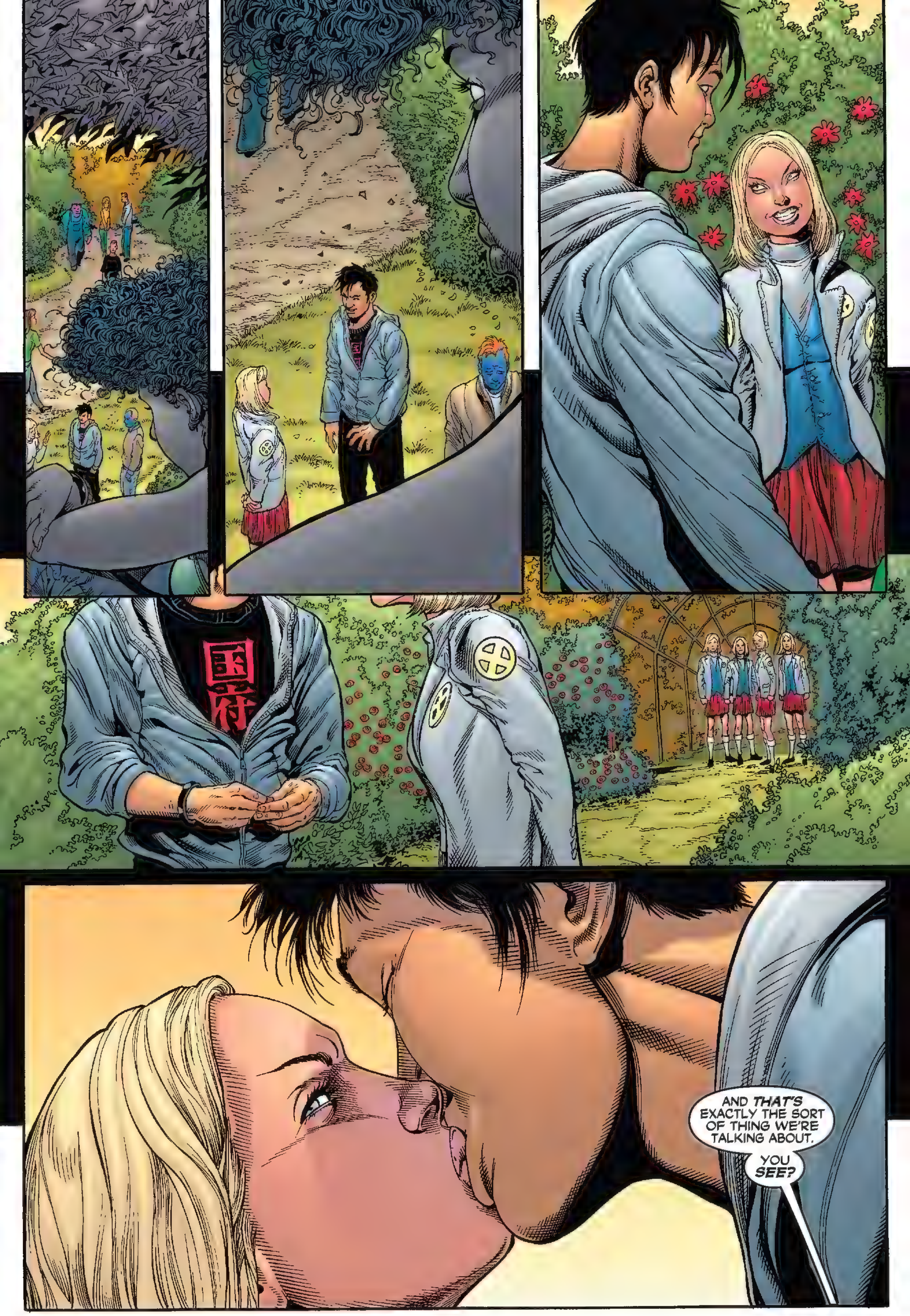

MOO

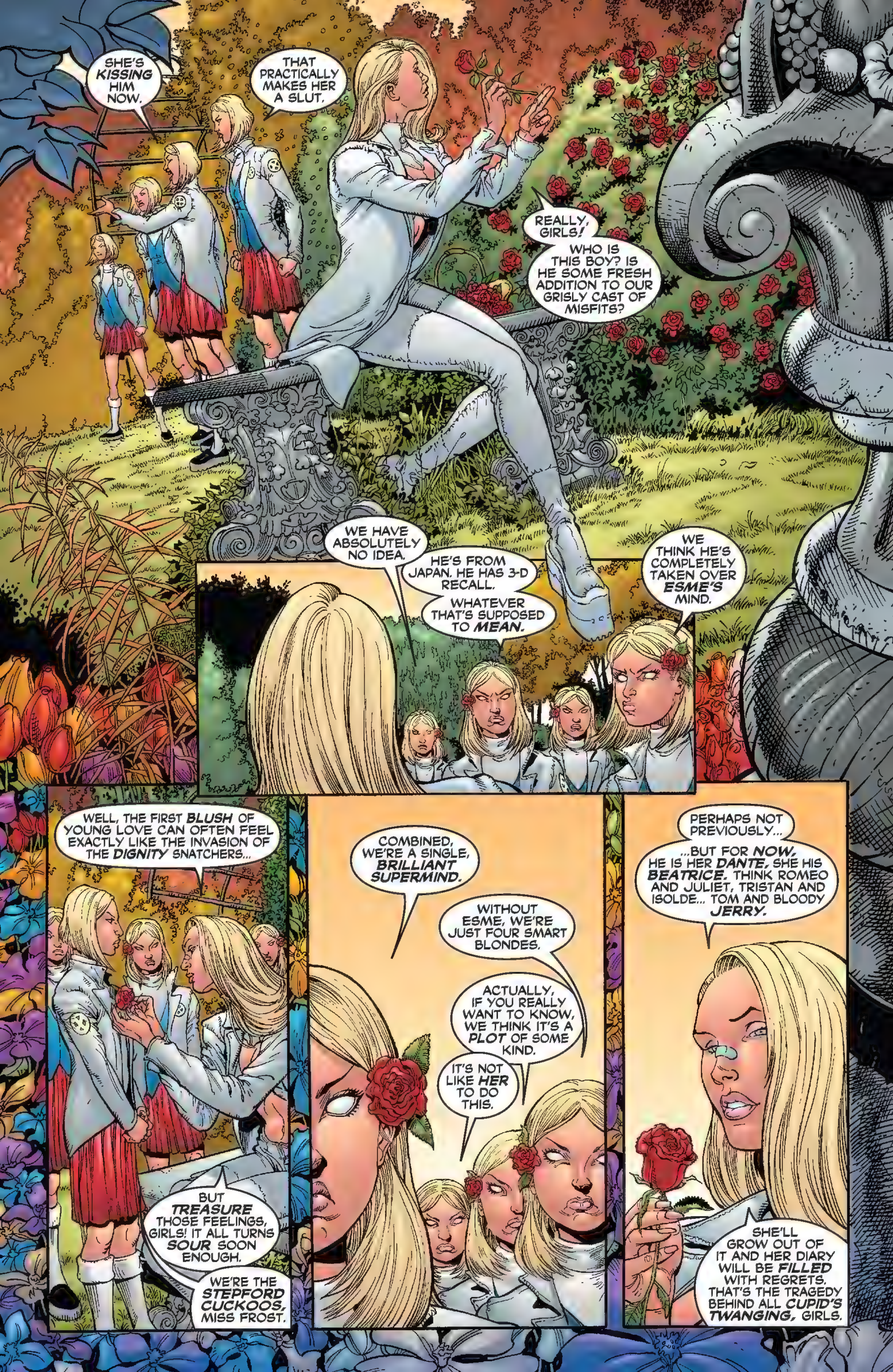

HARRIS
SNYDER
METTLER

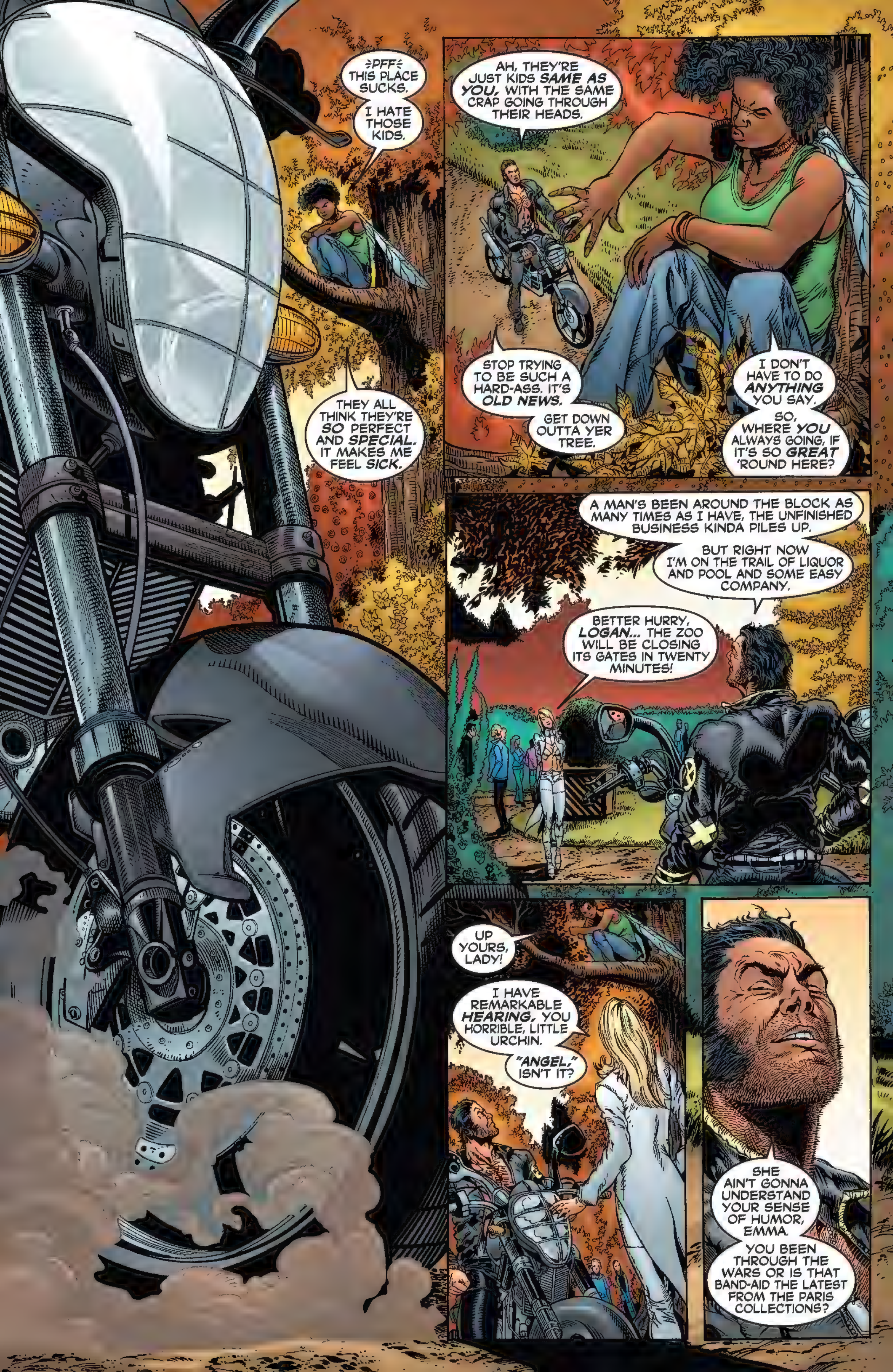
NEW X-MEN #123
"TESTAMENT"

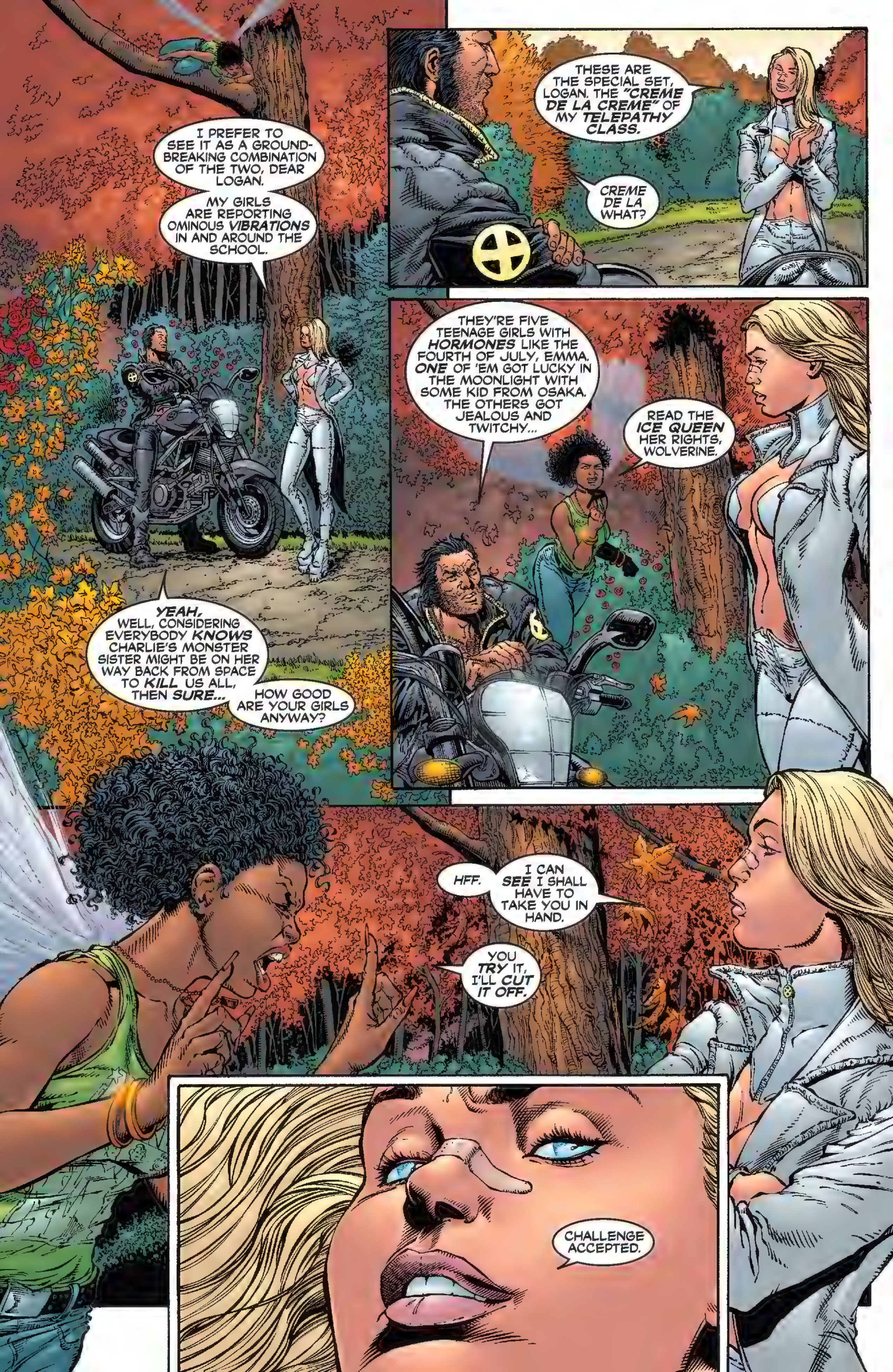

I'M A PATIENT WOMAN, BUT ***SOMETIMES*** I WISH ALL CHILDREN HAD A SINGLE NECK AND I WAS KNOTTING A ***ROPE*** AROUND IT!

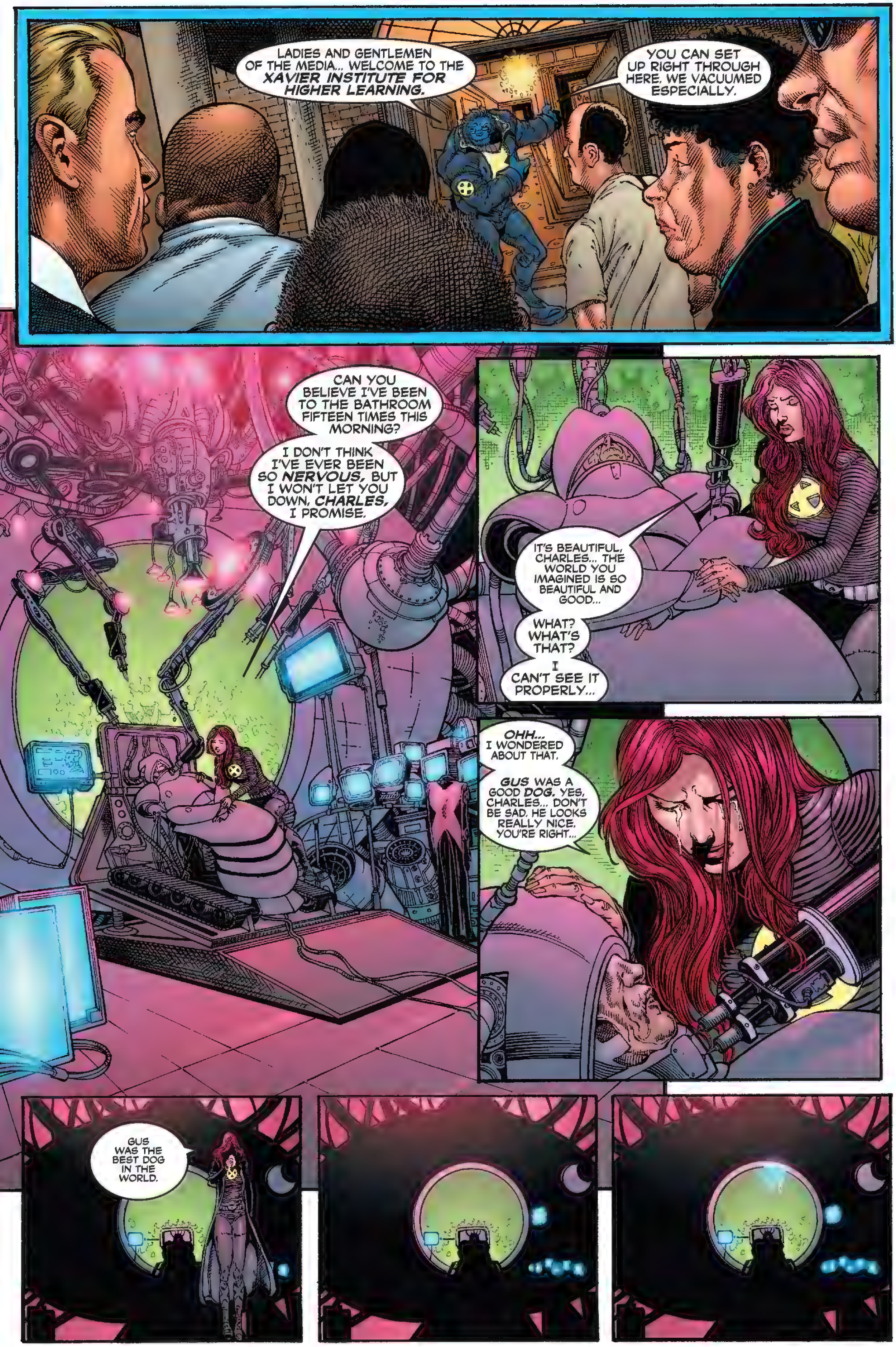

EMMA!
I THINK THIS YEAR'S STUDENTS ARE A TERRIFIC BUNCH.
WELL, THAT'S VERY *CIVIL* OF YOU, JEAN. ONLY YOU WOULD USE THE WORDS *"TERRIFIC BUNCH"* TO DIGNIFY THIS HORDE OF GHASTLY ILLITERATES.
ANYWAY, HOW IS *CHARLES* TODAY? THE LAST TIME I LOOKED IN, HE WAS DROOLING HIS WAY INTO THE RECORD BOOKS.
HE CAN'T REMEMBER MY NAME MOST OF THE TIME. HE CALLS ME MOIRA... OR GUS, WHICH IS THE WEIRD ONE.
WHAT CAN I SAY? HIS *CONSCIOUSNESS* IS TRAPPED IN A BOOBY-TRAPPED BRAIN THAT'S BEING CONSUMED BY ALZHEIMER'S, CJD AND MOTOR NEURON DISEASE.
HIS ENTIRE BEING IS DISINTEGRATING INTO CONFETTI.
I FELT LIKE THAT EVERY DAY DURING MY *"LOST YEARS."*
AND NOW I HAVE THIS INSANE PRESS CONFERENCE.
WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT TALKING TO THE *MEDIA?* I HAVE THE FLU AND I'M TOTALLY STRESSED OUT...
THEY LOVE JOKES, DEAR.
HOW ABOUT TELLING THEM WE JUST FOUND OUT ALL OF HUMANITY'S *DOOMED* WITHIN *FIVE GENERATIONS?*
I THOUGHT I'D CONCENTRATE ON THE *POSITIVE ASPECTS* OF HUMAN-MUTANT RELATIONSHIPS TODAY, EMMA.
TESTAMENT A STAN LEE PRESENTATION FEATURING THE X-MEN

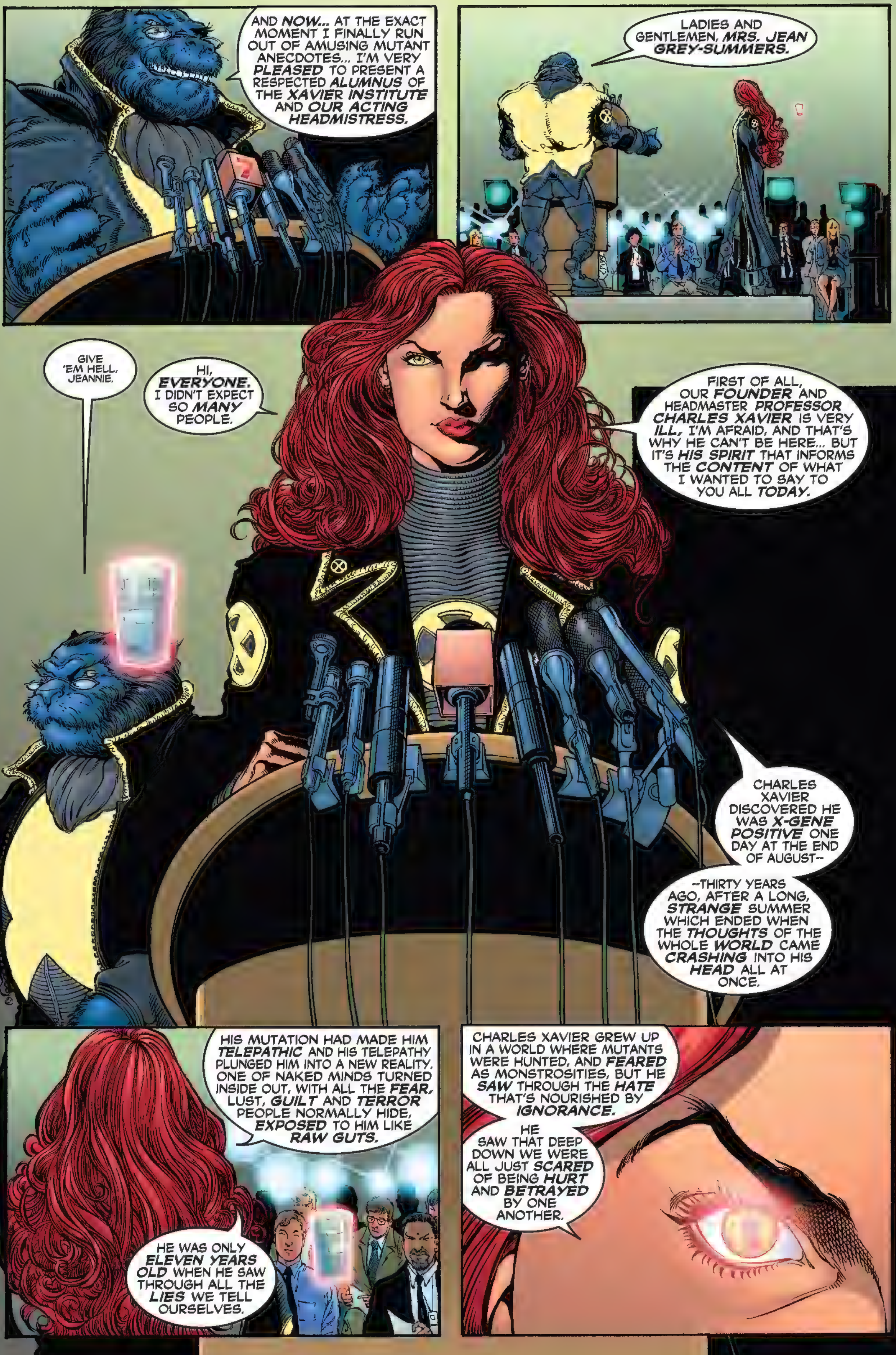

AND THAT'S EXACTLY THE SORT OF THING WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.
YOU SEE?

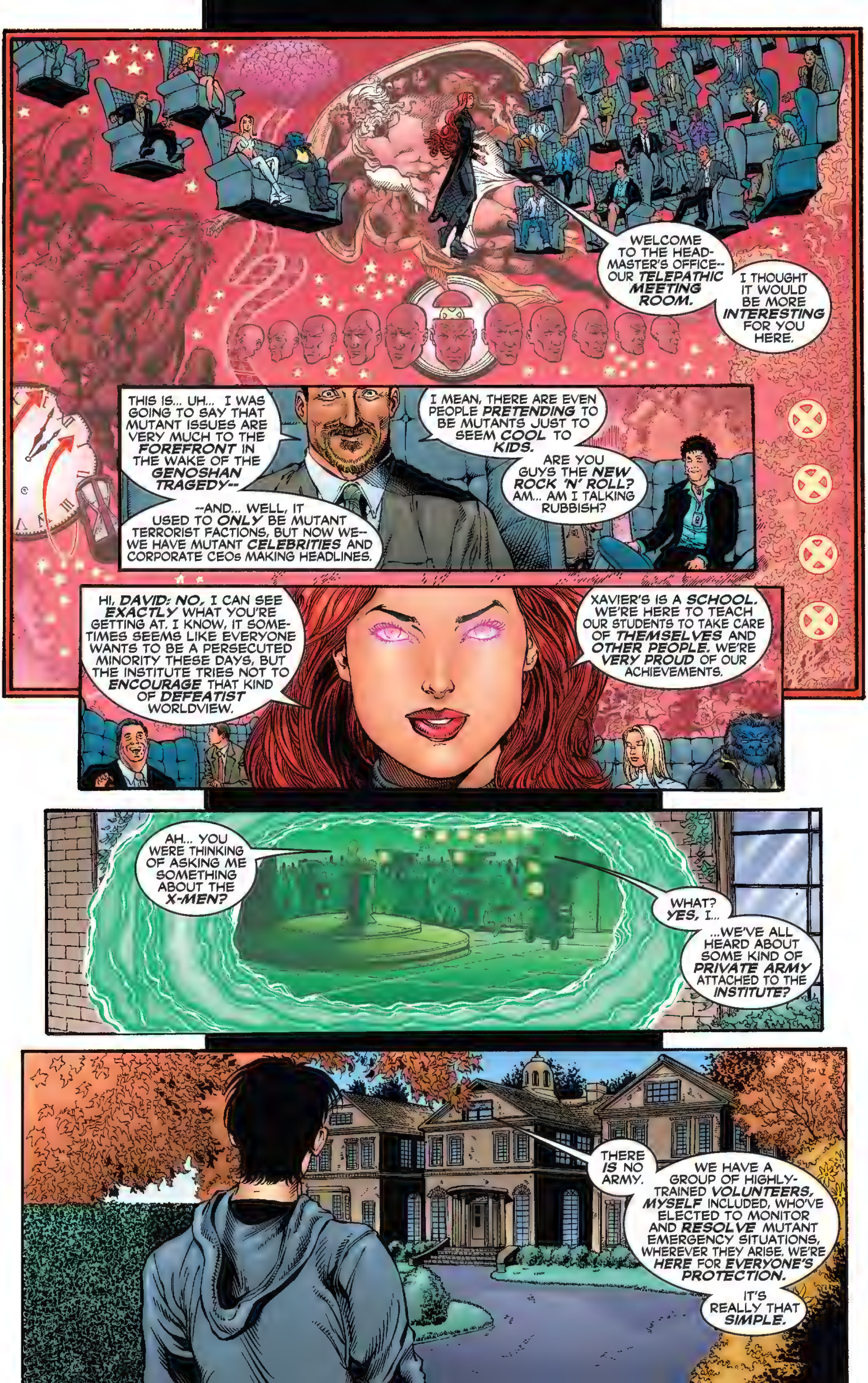

SHE'S *KISSING* HIM NOW.
THAT PRACTICALLY MAKES HER A SLUT.
REALLY, GIRLS!
WHO IS THIS BOY? IS HE SOME FRESH ADDITION TO OUR GRISLY CAST OF MISFITS?
WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA.
HE'S FROM JAPAN. HE HAS 3-D RECALL.
WHATEVER THAT'S SUPPOSED TO *MEAN.*
WE THINK HE'S COMPLETELY TAKEN OVER *ESME'S* MIND.
WELL, THE FIRST *BLUSH* OF YOUNG LOVE CAN OFTEN FEEL EXACTLY LIKE THE INVASION OF THE *DIGNITY* SNATCHERS...
BUT *TREASURE* THOSE FEELINGS, GIRLS! IT ALL TURNS *SOUR* SOON ENOUGH.
WE'RE THE *STEPFORD CUCKOOS,* MISS FROST.
COMBINED, WE'RE A SINGLE, *BRILLIANT SUPERMIND.*
WITHOUT ESME, WE'RE JUST FOUR SMART BLONDES.
ACTUALLY, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, WE THINK IT'S A *PLOT* OF SOME KIND.
IT'S NOT LIKE *HER* TO DO THIS.
PERHAPS NOT PREVIOUSLY...
...BUT FOR *NOW,* HE IS HER *DANTE,* SHE HIS *BEATRICE.* THINK ROMEO AND JULIET, TRISTAN AND ISOLDE... TOM AND BLOODY *JERRY.*
SHE'LL GROW OUT OF IT AND HER DIARY WILL BE *FILLED* WITH REGRETS. THAT'S THE TRAGEDY BEHIND ALL *CUPID'S TWANGING,* GIRLS.

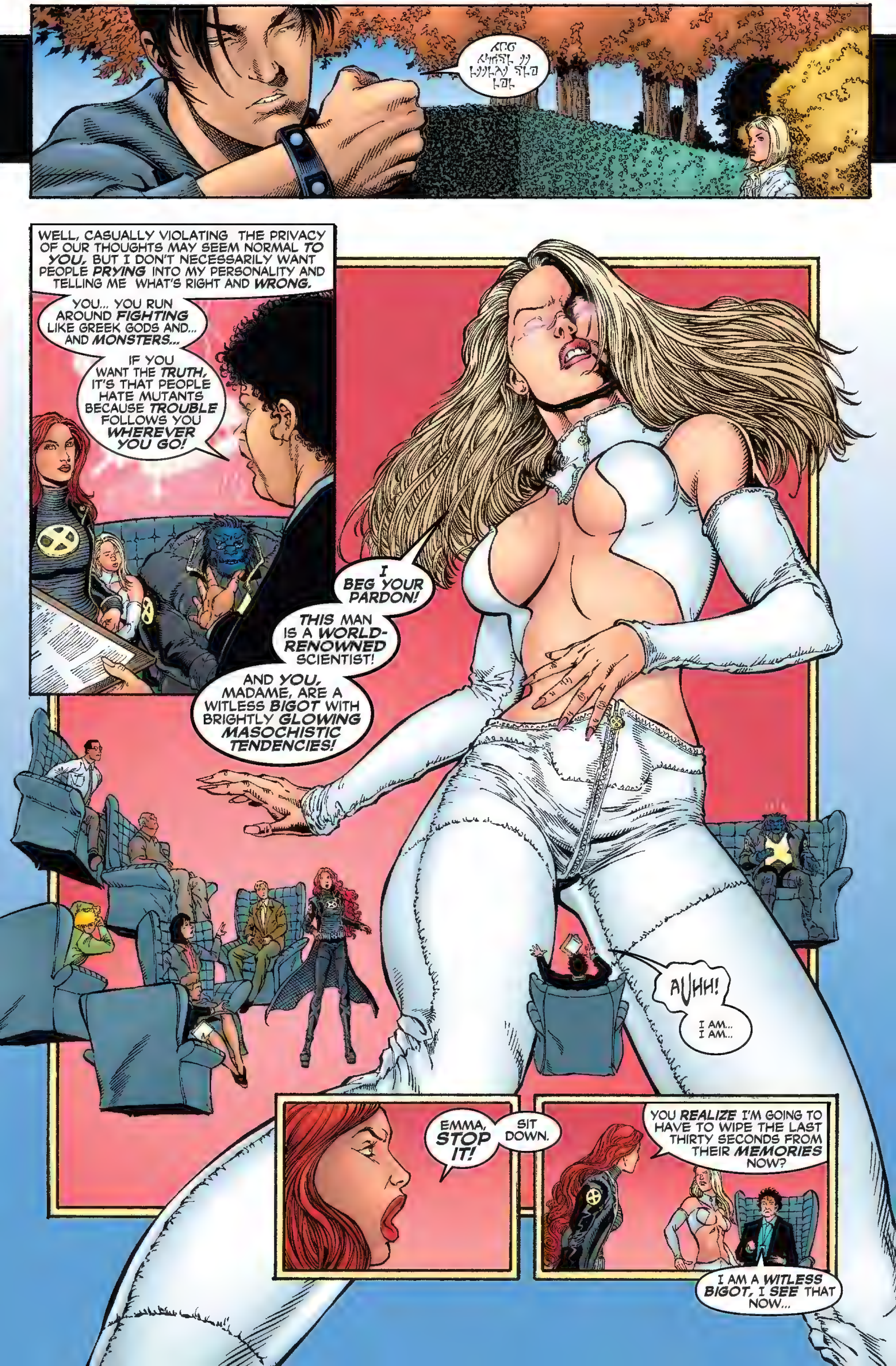

⩾PFF⩽ THIS PLACE SUCKS.
I HATE THOSE KIDS.
THEY ALL THINK THEY'RE SO PERFECT AND SPECIAL. IT MAKES ME FEEL SICK.
AH, THEY'RE JUST KIDS SAME AS YOU, WITH THE SAME CRAP GOING THROUGH THEIR HEADS.
STOP TRYING TO BE SUCH A HARD-ASS. IT'S OLD NEWS.
GET DOWN OUTTA YER TREE.
I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING YOU SAY.
SO, WHERE YOU ALWAYS GOING, IF IT'S SO GREAT 'ROUND HERE?
A MAN'S BEEN AROUND THE BLOCK AS MANY TIMES AS I HAVE, THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS KINDA PILES UP.
BUT RIGHT NOW I'M ON THE TRAIL OF LIQUOR AND POOL AND SOME EASY COMPANY.
BETTER HURRY, LOGAN... THE ZOO WILL BE CLOSING ITS GATES IN TWENTY MINUTES!
UP YOURS, LADY!
I HAVE REMARKABLE HEARING, YOU HORRIBLE, LITTLE URCHIN.
"ANGEL," ISN'T IT?
SHE AIN'T GONNA UNDERSTAND YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, EMMA.
YOU BEEN THROUGH THE WARS OR IS THAT BAND-AID THE LATEST FROM THE PARIS COLLECTIONS?

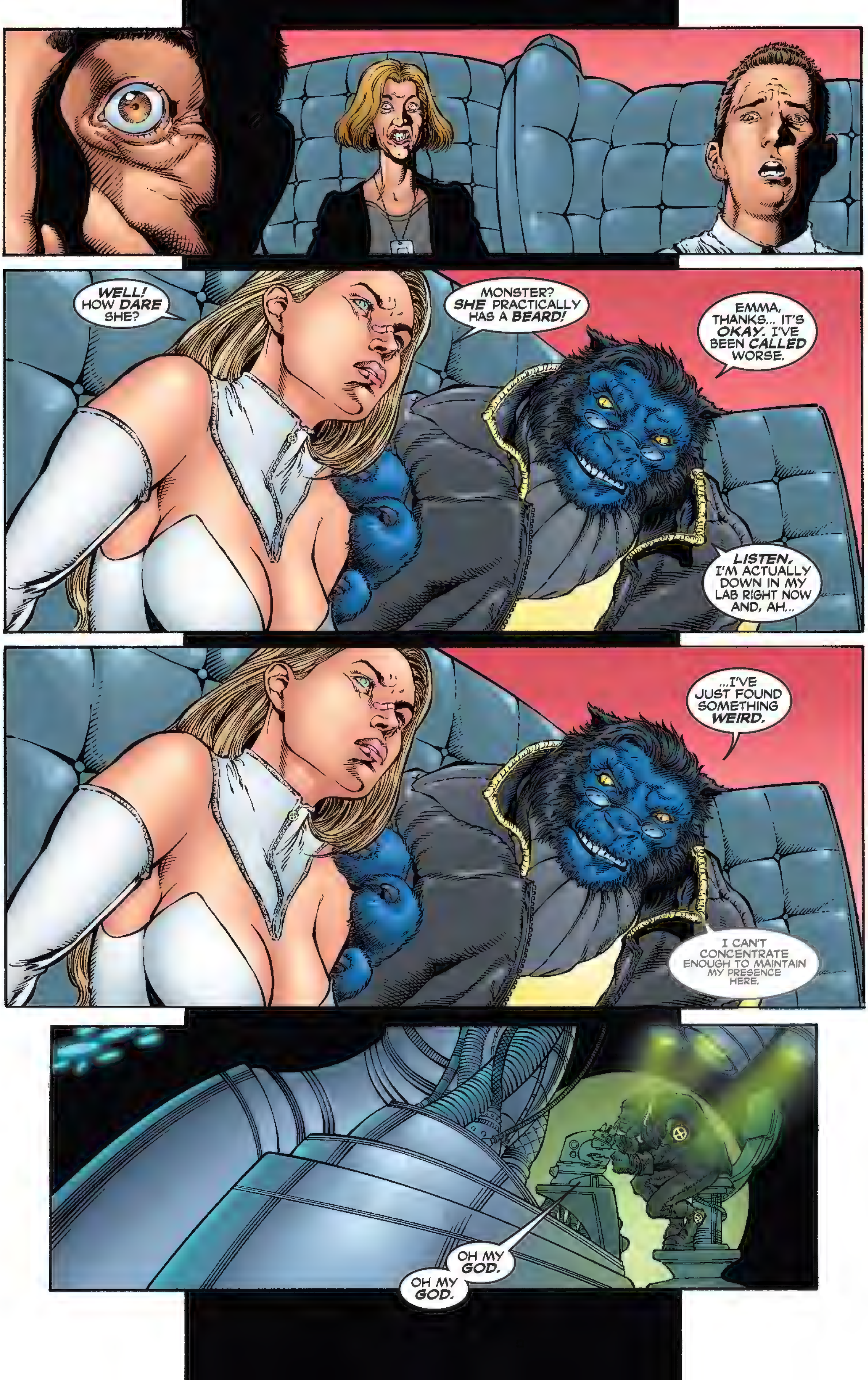

I PREFER TO SEE IT AS A GROUND-BREAKING COMBINATION OF THE TWO, DEAR LOGAN.
MY GIRLS ARE REPORTING OMINOUS *VIBRATIONS* IN AND AROUND THE SCHOOL.
YEAH, WELL, CONSIDERING EVERYBODY *KNOWS* CHARLIE'S MONSTER SISTER MIGHT BE ON HER WAY BACK FROM SPACE TO *KILL* US ALL, THEN *SURE...*
HOW GOOD ARE YOUR GIRLS ANYWAY?
THESE ARE THE SPECIAL SET, LOGAN, THE *"CREME DE LA CREME"* OF MY *TELEPATHY CLASS.*
CREME DE LA WHAT?
THEY'RE FIVE TEENAGE GIRLS WITH *HORMONES* LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY, EMMA. *ONE* OF 'EM GOT LUCKY IN THE MOONLIGHT WITH SOME KID FROM OSAKA. THE OTHERS GOT JEALOUS AND TWITCHY...
READ THE *ICE QUEEN* HER RIGHTS, WOLVERINE.
HFF.
I CAN *SEE* I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN HAND.
YOU *TRY* IT, I'LL *CUT IT OFF.*
CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

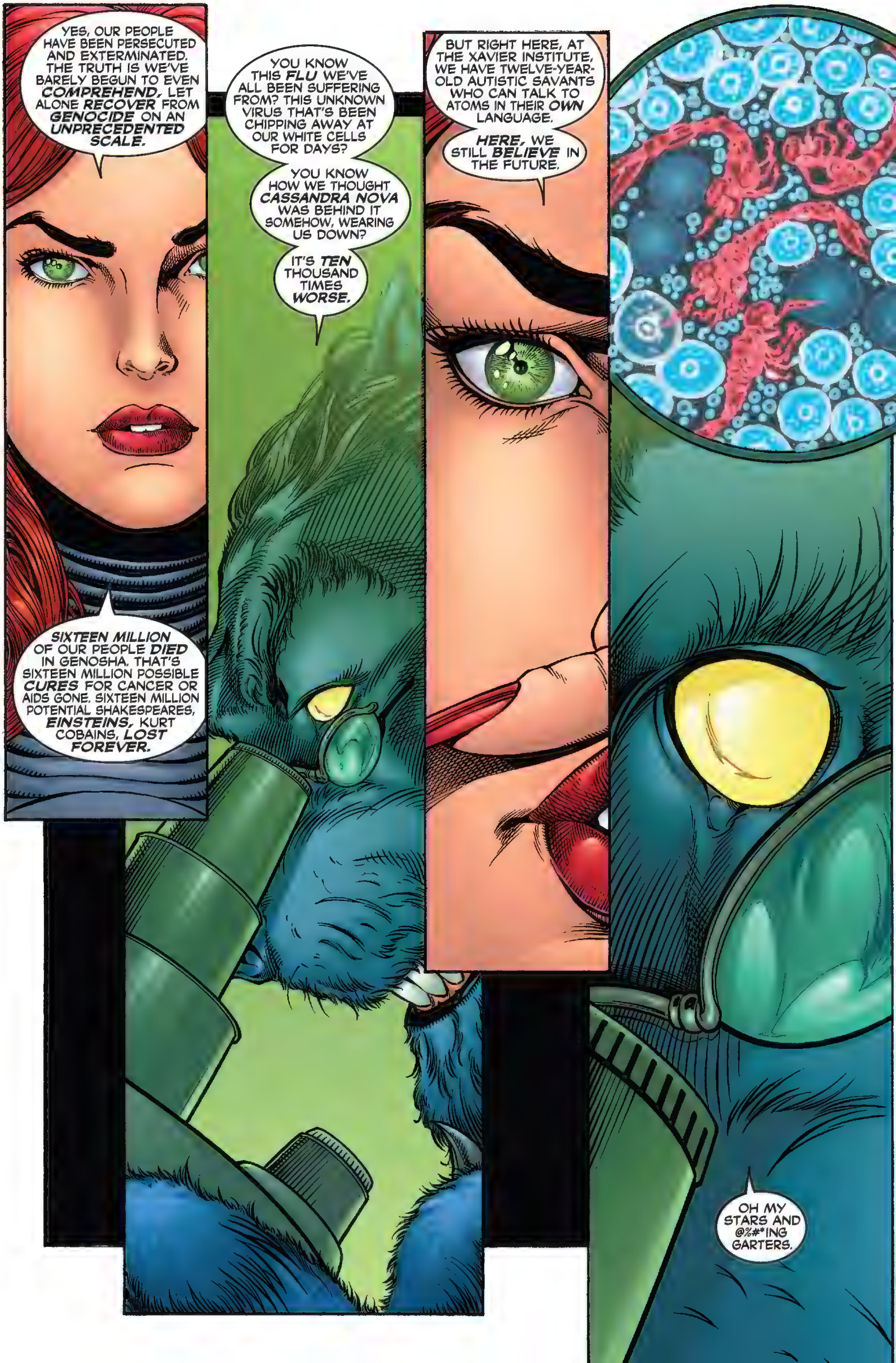

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDIA... WELCOME TO THE ***XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.***
YOU CAN SET UP RIGHT THROUGH HERE. WE VACUUMED ESPECIALLY.
CAN YOU BELIEVE I'VE BEEN TO THE BATHROOM FIFTEEN TIMES THIS MORNING?
I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN SO ***NERVOUS,*** BUT I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, ***CHARLES,*** I PROMISE.
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, CHARLES... THE WORLD YOU IMAGINED IS SO BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD...
WHAT? WHAT'S THAT?
I CAN'T SEE IT PROPERLY...
OHH... I WONDERED ABOUT THAT.
GUS WAS A GOOD ***DOG.*** YES, CHARLES... DON'T BE SAD. HE LOOKS REALLY NICE. YOU'RE RIGHT...
GUS WAS THE BEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

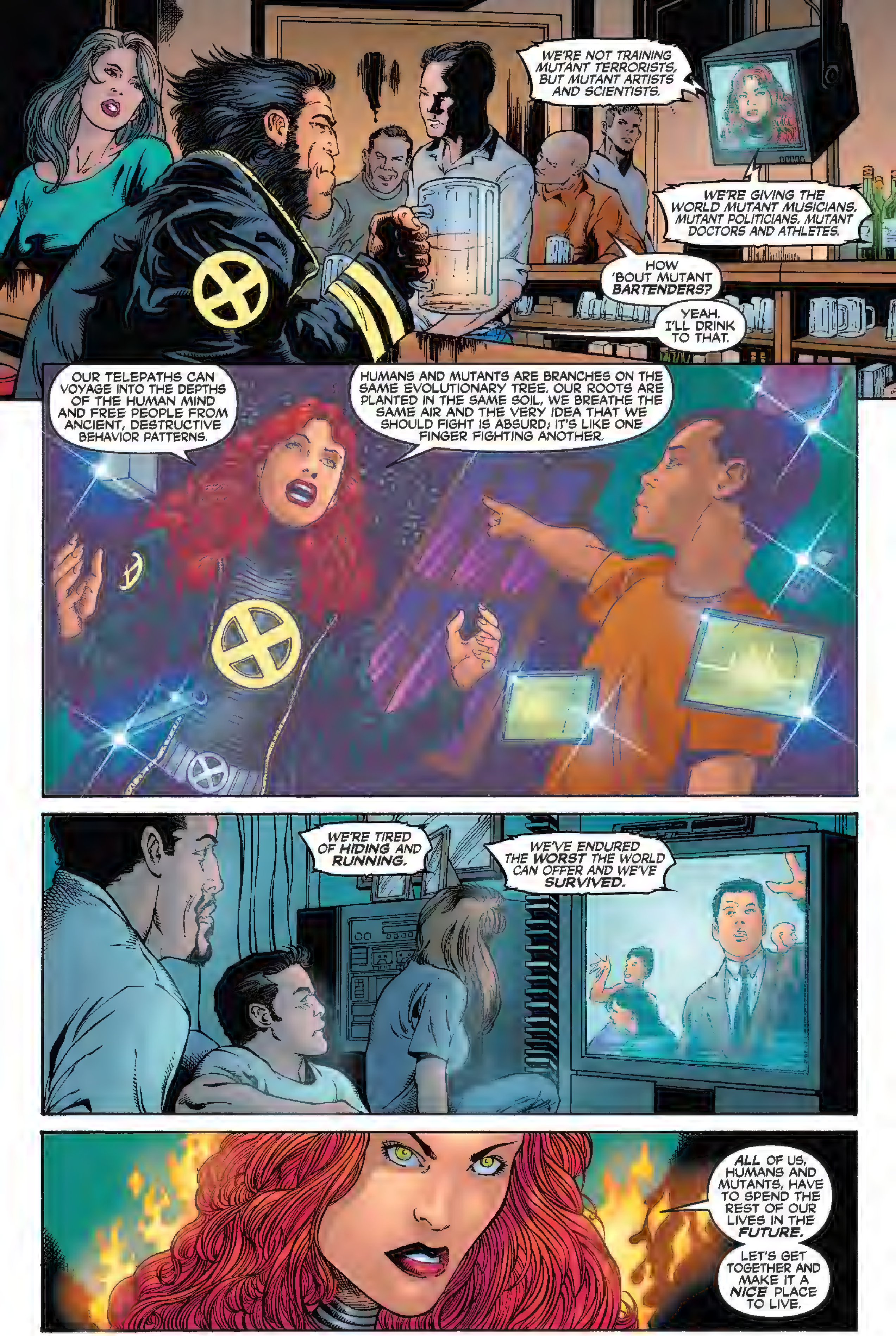

AND NOW... AT THE EXACT MOMENT I FINALLY RUN OUT OF AMUSING MUTANT ANECDOTES... I'M VERY PLEASED TO PRESENT A RESPECTED ALUMNUS OF THE XAVIER INSTITUTE AND OUR ACTING HEADMISTRESS.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MRS. JEAN GREY-SUMMERS.
GIVE 'EM HELL, JEANNIE.
HI, EVERYONE. I DIDN'T EXPECT SO MANY PEOPLE.
FIRST OF ALL, OUR FOUNDER AND HEADMASTER PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER IS VERY ILL, I'M AFRAID, AND THAT'S WHY HE CAN'T BE HERE... BUT IT'S HIS SPIRIT THAT INFORMS THE CONTENT OF WHAT I WANTED TO SAY TO YOU ALL TODAY.
CHARLES XAVIER DISCOVERED HE WAS X-GENE POSITIVE ONE DAY AT THE END OF AUGUST--
--THIRTY YEARS AGO, AFTER A LONG, STRANGE SUMMER WHICH ENDED WHEN THE THOUGHTS OF THE WHOLE WORLD CAME CRASHING INTO HIS HEAD ALL AT ONCE.
HIS MUTATION HAD MADE HIM TELEPATHIC AND HIS TELEPATHY PLUNGED HIM INTO A NEW REALITY, ONE OF NAKED MINDS TURNED INSIDE OUT, WITH ALL THE FEAR, LUST, GUILT AND TERROR PEOPLE NORMALLY HIDE, EXPOSED TO HIM LIKE RAW GUTS.
HE WAS ONLY ELEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN HE SAW THROUGH ALL THE LIES WE TELL OURSELVES.
CHARLES XAVIER GREW UP IN A WORLD WHERE MUTANTS WERE HUNTED, AND FEARED AS MONSTROSITIES, BUT HE SAW THROUGH THE HATE THAT'S NOURISHED BY IGNORANCE.
HE SAW THAT DEEP DOWN WE WERE ALL JUST SCARED OF BEING HURT AND BETRAYED BY ONE ANOTHER.

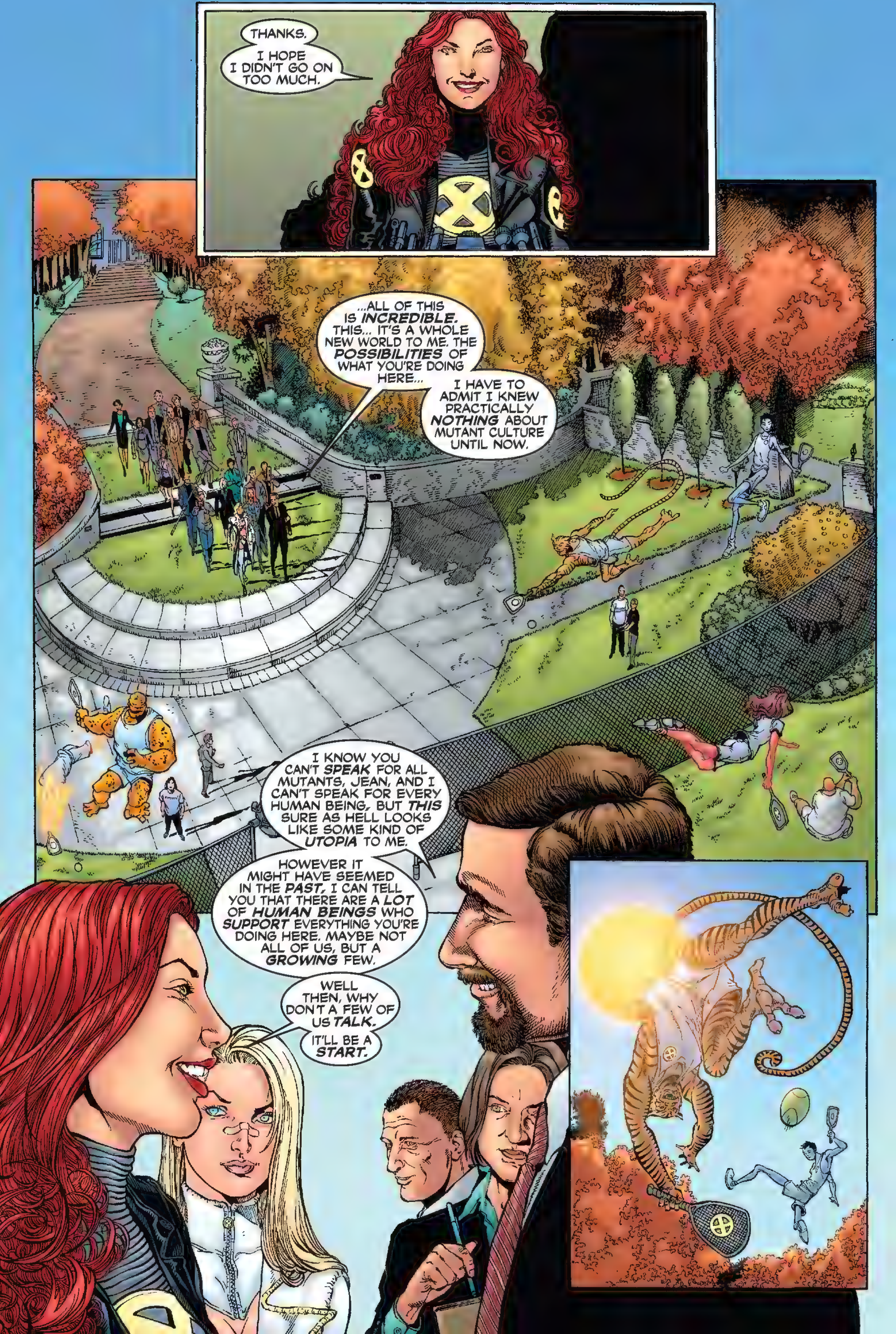

WELCOME TO THE HEAD-MASTER'S OFFICE-- OUR *TELEPATHIC MEETING ROOM.*
I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MORE *INTERESTING* FOR YOU HERE.
THIS IS... UH... I WAS GOING TO SAY THAT MUTANT ISSUES ARE VERY MUCH TO THE *FOREFRONT* IN THE WAKE OF THE *GENOSHAN TRAGEDY*--
--AND... WELL, IT USED TO *ONLY* BE MUTANT TERRORIST FACTIONS, BUT NOW WE-- WE HAVE MUTANT *CELEBRITIES* AND CORPORATE CEOs MAKING HEADLINES.
I MEAN, THERE ARE EVEN PEOPLE *PRETENDING* TO BE MUTANTS JUST TO SEEM *COOL* TO *KIDS.*
ARE YOU GUYS THE *NEW ROCK 'N' ROLL?* AM... AM I TALKING RUBBISH?
HI, *DAVID: NO,* I CAN SEE *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT. I KNOW, IT SOMETIMES SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE WANTS TO BE A PERSECUTED MINORITY THESE DAYS, BUT THE INSTITUTE TRIES NOT TO *ENCOURAGE* THAT KIND OF *DEFEATIST* WORLDVIEW.
XAVIER'S IS A *SCHOOL.* WE'RE HERE TO TEACH OUR STUDENTS TO TAKE CARE OF *THEMSELVES* AND *OTHER PEOPLE.* WE'RE *VERY PROUD* OF OUR ACHIEVEMENTS.
AH... YOU WERE THINKING OF ASKING ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE *X-MEN?*
WHAT? *YES,* I...
...WE'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT SOME KIND OF *PRIVATE ARMY* ATTACHED TO THE *INSTITUTE?*
THERE *IS* NO ARMY.
WE HAVE A GROUP OF HIGHLY-TRAINED *VOLUNTEERS, MYSELF* INCLUDED, WHO'VE ELECTED TO MONITOR AND *RESOLVE* MUTANT EMERGENCY SITUATIONS, WHEREVER THEY ARISE. WE'RE *HERE* FOR *EVERYONE'S PROTECTION.*
IT'S REALLY THAT *SIMPLE.*

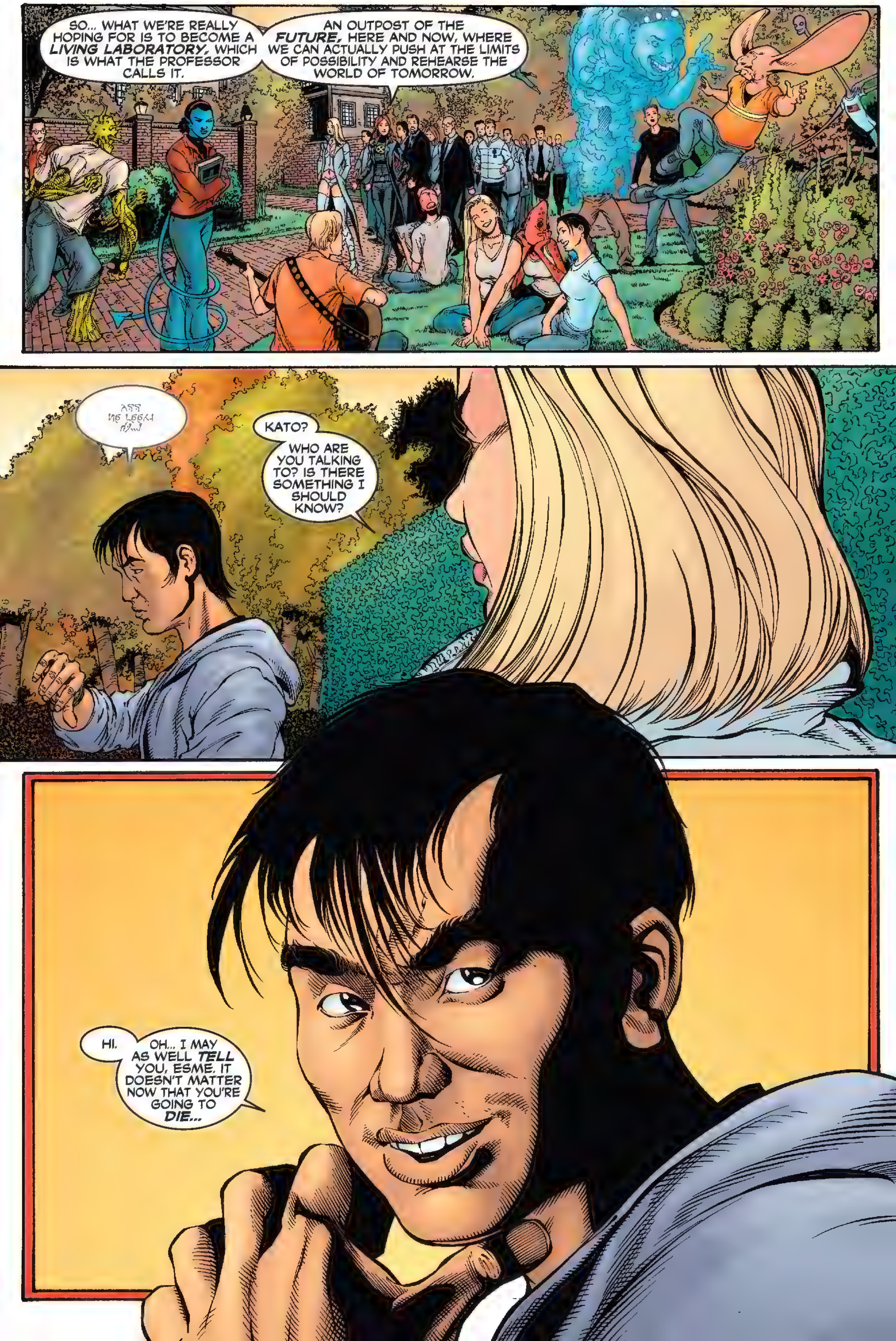

WELL, CASUALLY VIOLATING THE PRIVACY OF OUR THOUGHTS MAY SEEM NORMAL *TO YOU,* BUT I DON'T NECESSARILY WANT PEOPLE *PRYING* INTO MY PERSONALITY AND TELLING ME WHAT'S RIGHT AND *WRONG.*
YOU... YOU RUN AROUND *FIGHTING* LIKE GREEK GODS AND... AND *MONSTERS...*
IF YOU WANT THE *TRUTH,* IT'S THAT PEOPLE HATE MUTANTS BECAUSE *TROUBLE* FOLLOWS YOU *WHEREVER YOU GO!*
I BEG YOUR PARDON!
THIS MAN IS A *WORLD-RENOWNED* SCIENTIST!
AND *YOU,* MADAME, ARE A WITLESS *BIGOT* WITH BRIGHTLY *GLOWING MASOCHISTIC TENDENCIES!*
AUHH!
I AM... I AM...
EMMA, *STOP IT!*
SIT DOWN.
YOU *REALIZE* I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WIPE THE LAST THIRTY SECONDS FROM THEIR *MEMORIES* NOW?
I AM A *WITLESS BIGOT,* I *SEE* THAT NOW...

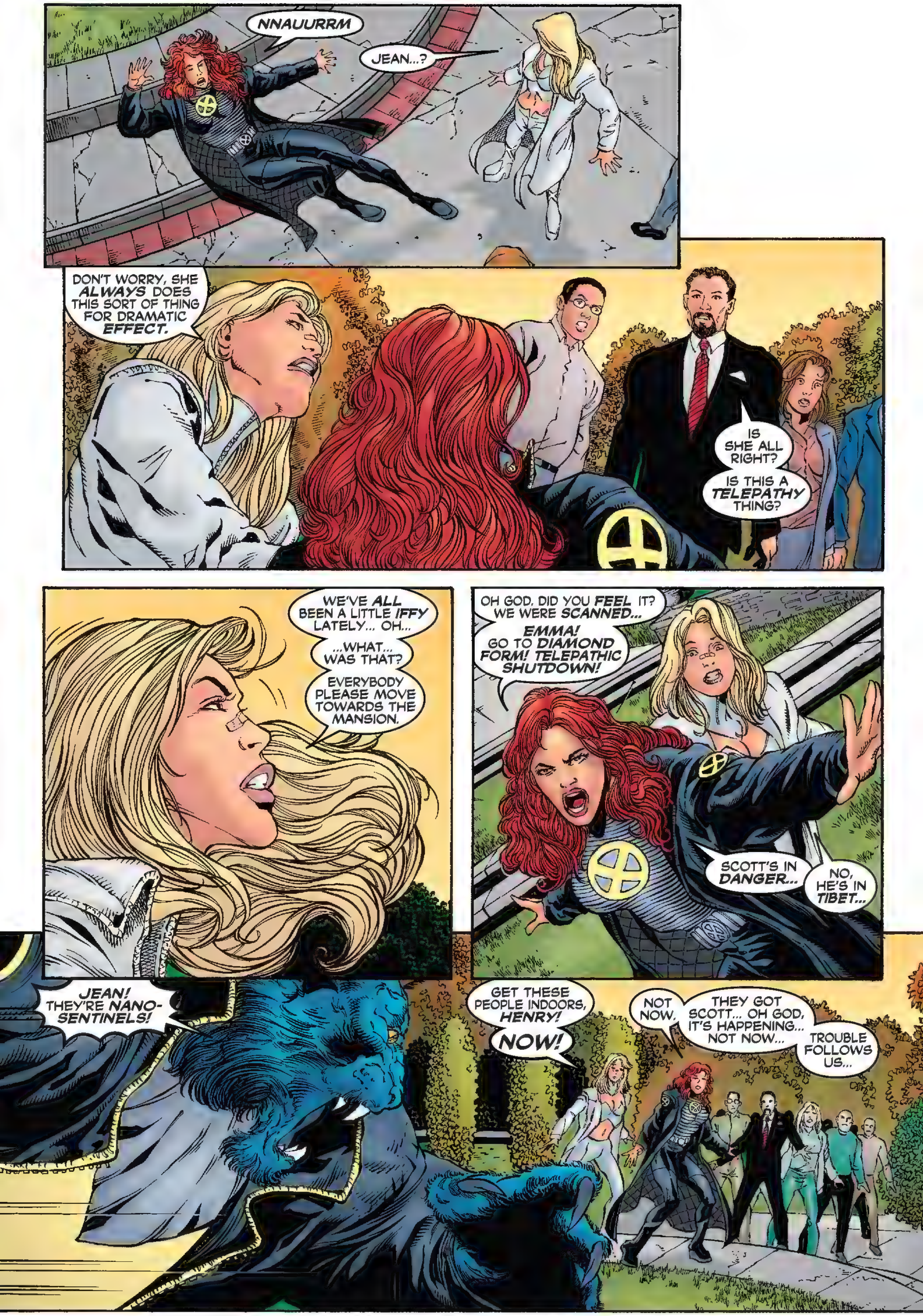

WELL! HOW DARE SHE?
MONSTER? SHE PRACTICALLY HAS A BEARD!
EMMA, THANKS... IT'S OKAY. I'VE BEEN CALLED WORSE.
LISTEN, I'M ACTUALLY DOWN IN MY LAB RIGHT NOW AND, AH...
...I'VE JUST FOUND SOMETHING WEIRD.
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO MAINTAIN MY PRESENCE HERE.
OH MY GOD.
OH MY GOD.

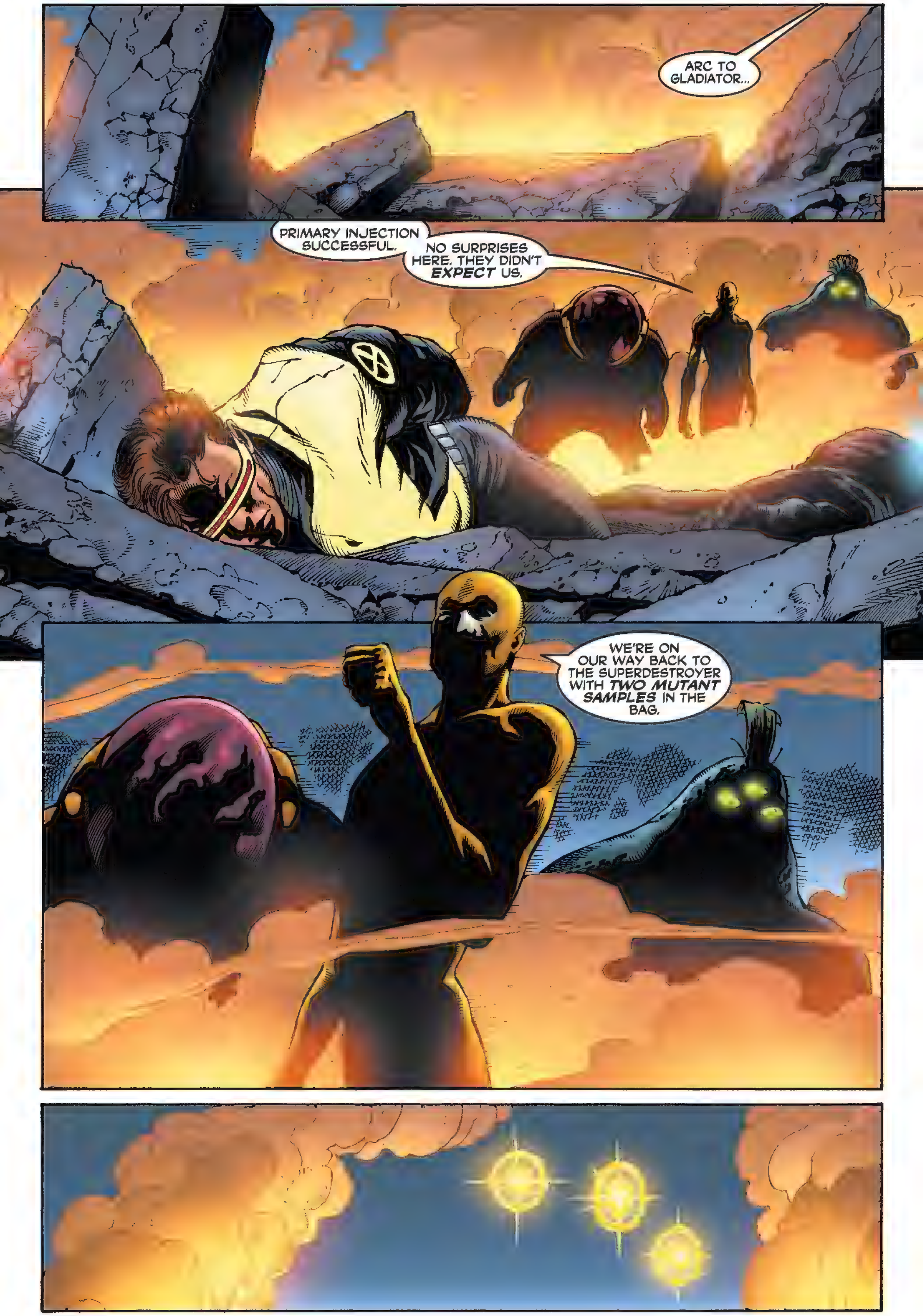

YES, OUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PERSECUTED AND EXTERMINATED. THE TRUTH IS WE'VE BARELY BEGUN TO EVEN ***COMPREHEND,*** LET ALONE ***RECOVER*** FROM ***GENOCIDE*** ON AN ***UNPRECEDENTED SCALE.***
SIXTEEN MILLION OF OUR PEOPLE ***DIED*** IN GENOSHA. THAT'S SIXTEEN MILLION POSSIBLE ***CURES*** FOR CANCER OR AIDS GONE. SIXTEEN MILLION POTENTIAL SHAKESPEARES, ***EINSTEINS,*** KURT COBAINS, ***LOST FOREVER.***
YOU KNOW THIS ***FLU*** WE'VE ALL BEEN SUFFERING FROM? THIS UNKNOWN VIRUS THAT'S BEEN CHIPPING AWAY AT OUR WHITE CELLS FOR DAYS?
YOU KNOW HOW WE THOUGHT ***CASSANDRA NOVA*** WAS BEHIND IT SOMEHOW, WEARING US DOWN?
IT'S ***TEN*** THOUSAND TIMES ***WORSE.***
BUT RIGHT HERE, AT THE XAVIER INSTITUTE, WE HAVE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD AUTISTIC SAVANTS WHO CAN TALK TO ATOMS IN THEIR ***OWN*** LANGUAGE.
HERE, WE STILL ***BELIEVE*** IN THE FUTURE.
OH MY STARS AND @%#*ING GARTERS.

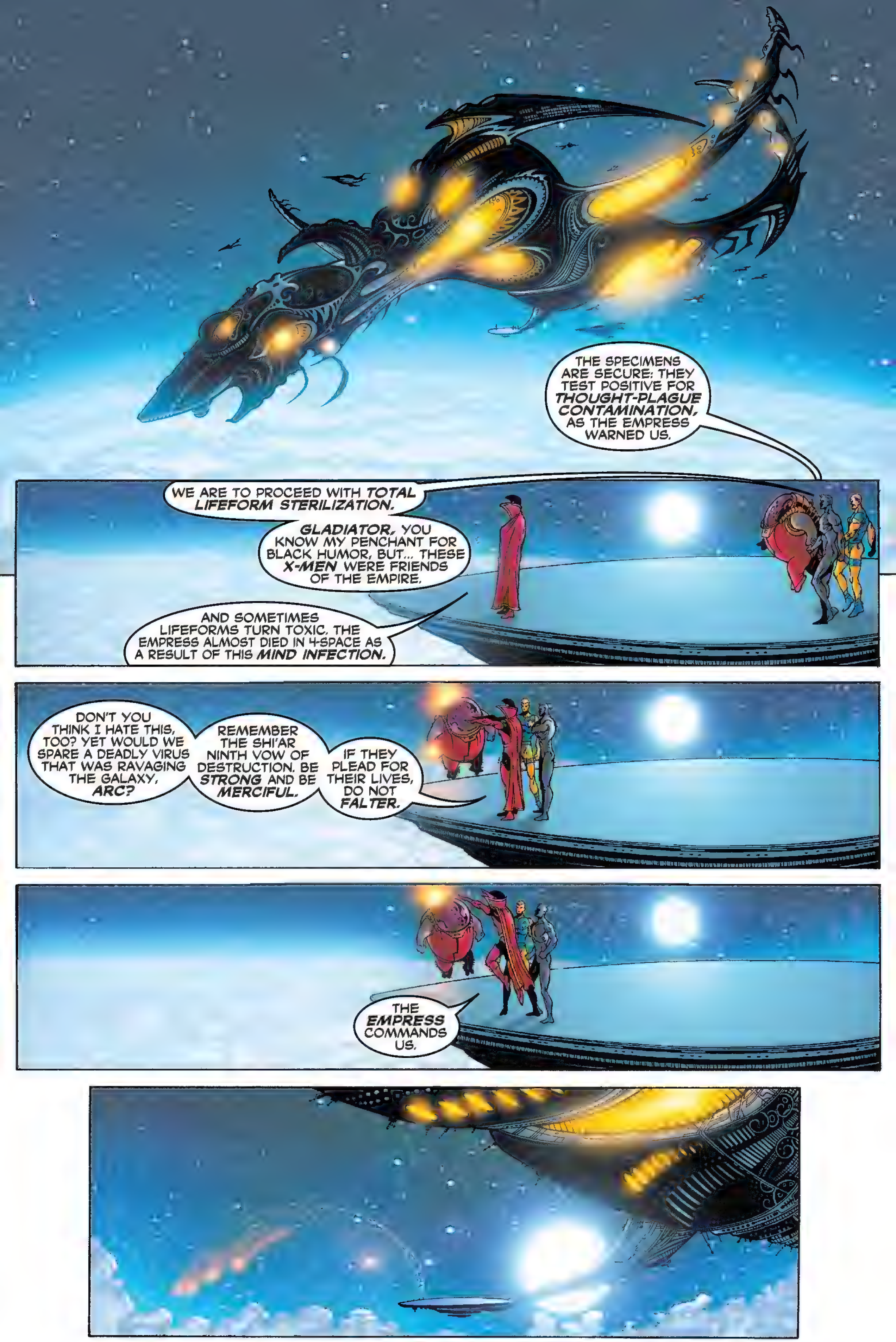

WE'RE NOT TRAINING MUTANT TERRORISTS, BUT MUTANT ARTISTS AND SCIENTISTS.
WE'RE GIVING THE WORLD MUTANT MUSICIANS, MUTANT POLITICIANS, MUTANT DOCTORS AND ATHLETES.
HOW 'BOUT MUTANT BARTENDERS?
YEAH. I'LL DRINK TO THAT.
OUR TELEPATHS CAN VOYAGE INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE HUMAN MIND AND FREE PEOPLE FROM ANCIENT, DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR PATTERNS.
HUMANS AND MUTANTS ARE BRANCHES ON THE SAME EVOLUTIONARY TREE. OUR ROOTS ARE PLANTED IN THE SAME SOIL, WE BREATHE THE SAME AIR AND THE VERY IDEA THAT WE SHOULD FIGHT IS ABSURD; IT'S LIKE ONE FINGER FIGHTING ANOTHER.
WE'RE TIRED OF HIDING AND RUNNING.
WE'VE ENDURED THE WORST THE WORLD CAN OFFER AND WE'VE SURVIVED.
ALL OF US, HUMANS AND MUTANTS, HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES IN THE FUTURE.
LET'S GET TOGETHER AND MAKE IT A NICE PLACE TO LIVE.

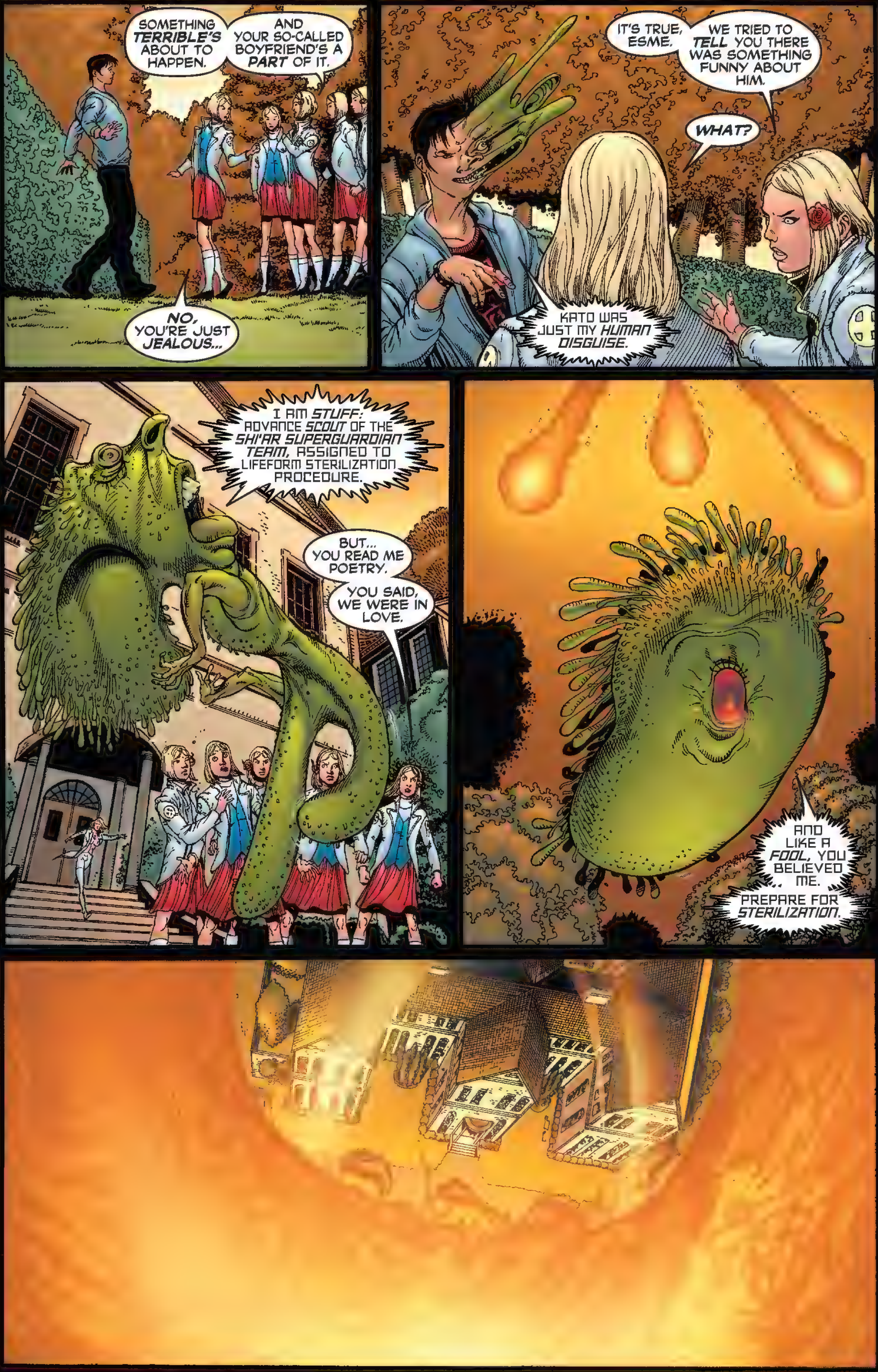

THANKS.
I HOPE I DIDN'T GO ON TOO MUCH.
...ALL OF THIS IS *INCREDIBLE.* THIS... IT'S A WHOLE NEW WORLD TO ME. THE *POSSIBILITIES* OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE...
I HAVE TO ADMIT I KNEW PRACTICALLY *NOTHING* ABOUT MUTANT CULTURE UNTIL NOW.
I KNOW YOU CAN'T *SPEAK* FOR ALL MUTANTS, JEAN, AND I CAN'T SPEAK FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING, BUT *THIS* SURE AS HELL LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF *UTOPIA* TO ME.
HOWEVER IT MIGHT HAVE SEEMED IN THE *PAST,* I CAN TELL YOU THAT THERE ARE A *LOT* OF *HUMAN BEINGS* WHO *SUPPORT* EVERYTHING YOU'RE DOING HERE. MAYBE NOT ALL OF US, BUT A *GROWING* FEW.
WELL THEN, WHY DON'T A FEW OF US *TALK.*
IT'LL BE A *START.*

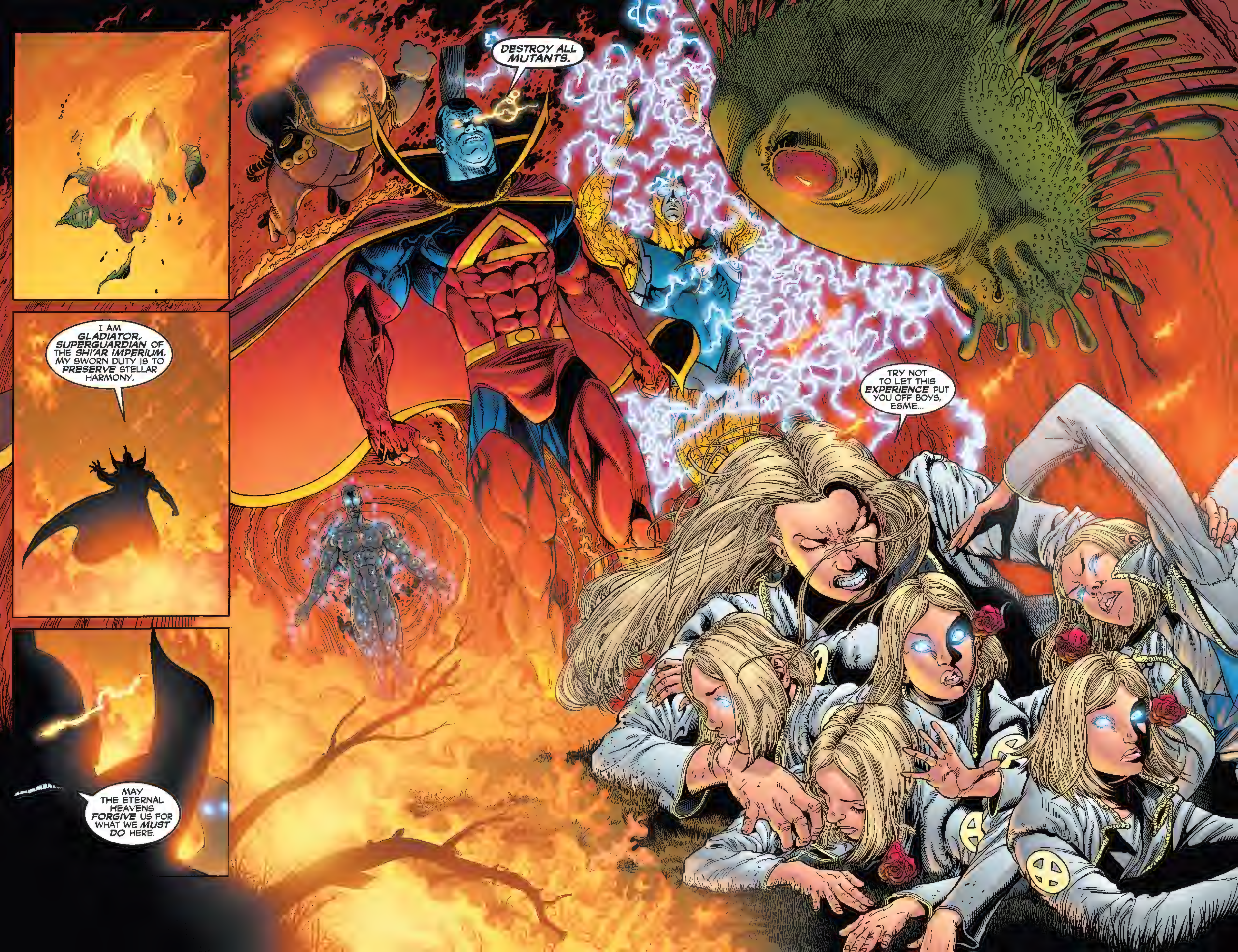

SO... WHAT WE'RE REALLY HOPING FOR IS TO BECOME A *LIVING LABORATORY,* WHICH IS WHAT THE PROFESSOR CALLS IT.
AN OUTPOST OF THE *FUTURE,* HERE AND NOW, WHERE WE CAN ACTUALLY PUSH AT THE LIMITS OF POSSIBILITY AND REHEARSE THE WORLD OF TOMORROW.
KATO?
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO? IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW?
HI.
OH... I MAY AS WELL *TELL* YOU, ESME. IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW THAT YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE...*

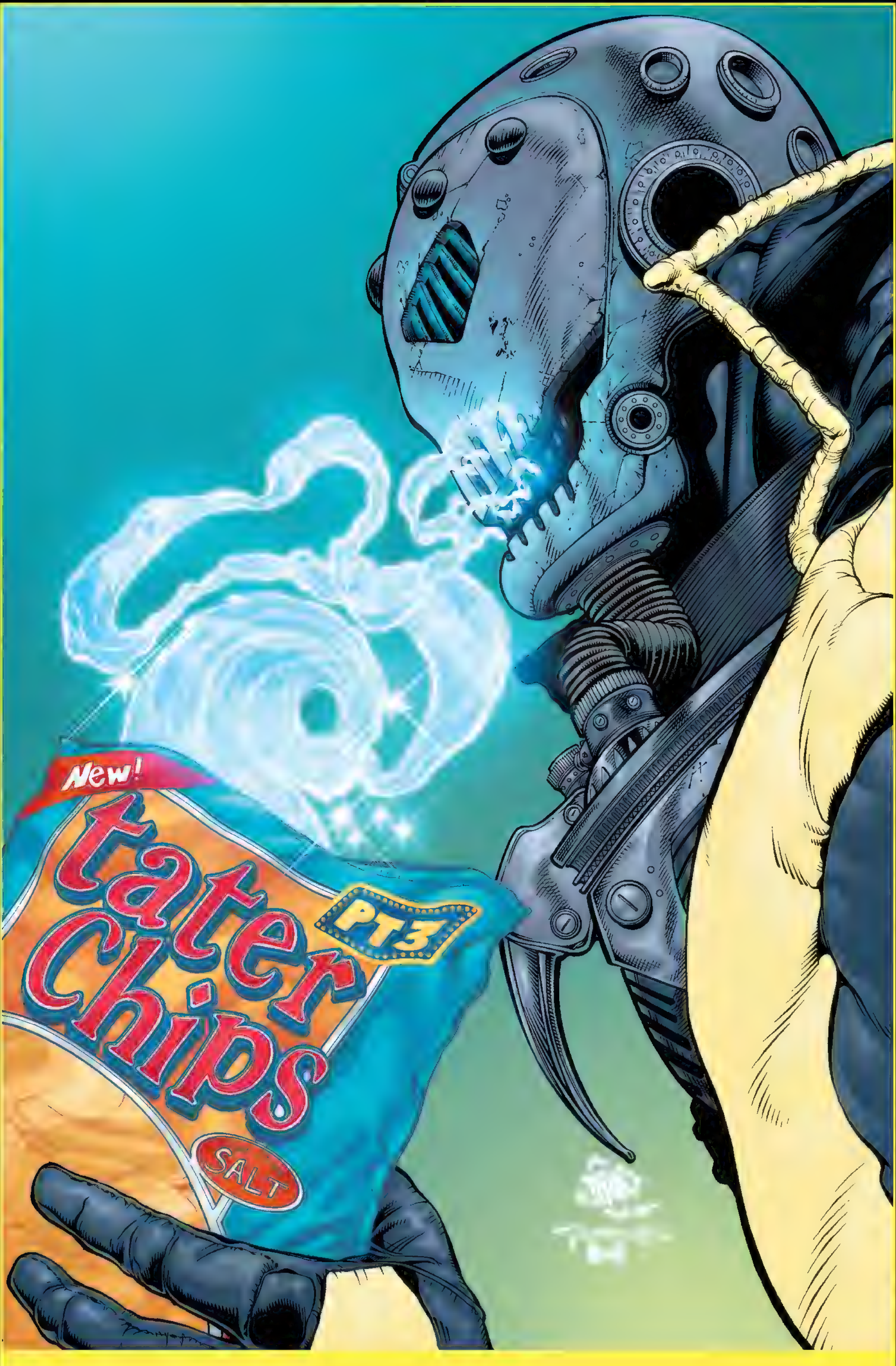

NNAUURRM
JEAN...?
DON'T WORRY, SHE *ALWAYS* DOES THIS SORT OF THING FOR DRAMATIC *EFFECT.*
IS SHE ALL RIGHT?
IS THIS A *TELEPATHY* THING?
WE'VE *ALL* BEEN A LITTLE *IFFY* LATELY... OH...
...WHAT... WAS THAT?
EVERYBODY PLEASE MOVE TOWARDS THE MANSION.
OH GOD. DID YOU *FEEL* IT? WE WERE *SCANNED...*
EMMA! GO TO *DIAMOND FORM! TELEPATHIC SHUTDOWN!*
SCOTT'S IN *DANGER...*
NO, HE'S IN *TIBET...*
JEAN! THEY'RE *NANO-SENTINELS!*
GET THESE PEOPLE INDOORS, *HENRY!*
NOW!
NOT NOW.
THEY GOT SCOTT... OH GOD, IT'S HAPPENING... NOT NOW...
TROUBLE FOLLOWS US...


ARC TO GLADIATOR...
PRIMARY INJECTION SUCCESSFUL.
NO SURPRISES HERE. THEY DIDN'T *EXPECT* US.
WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE SUPERDESTROYER WITH *TWO MUTANT SAMPLES* IN THE BAG.

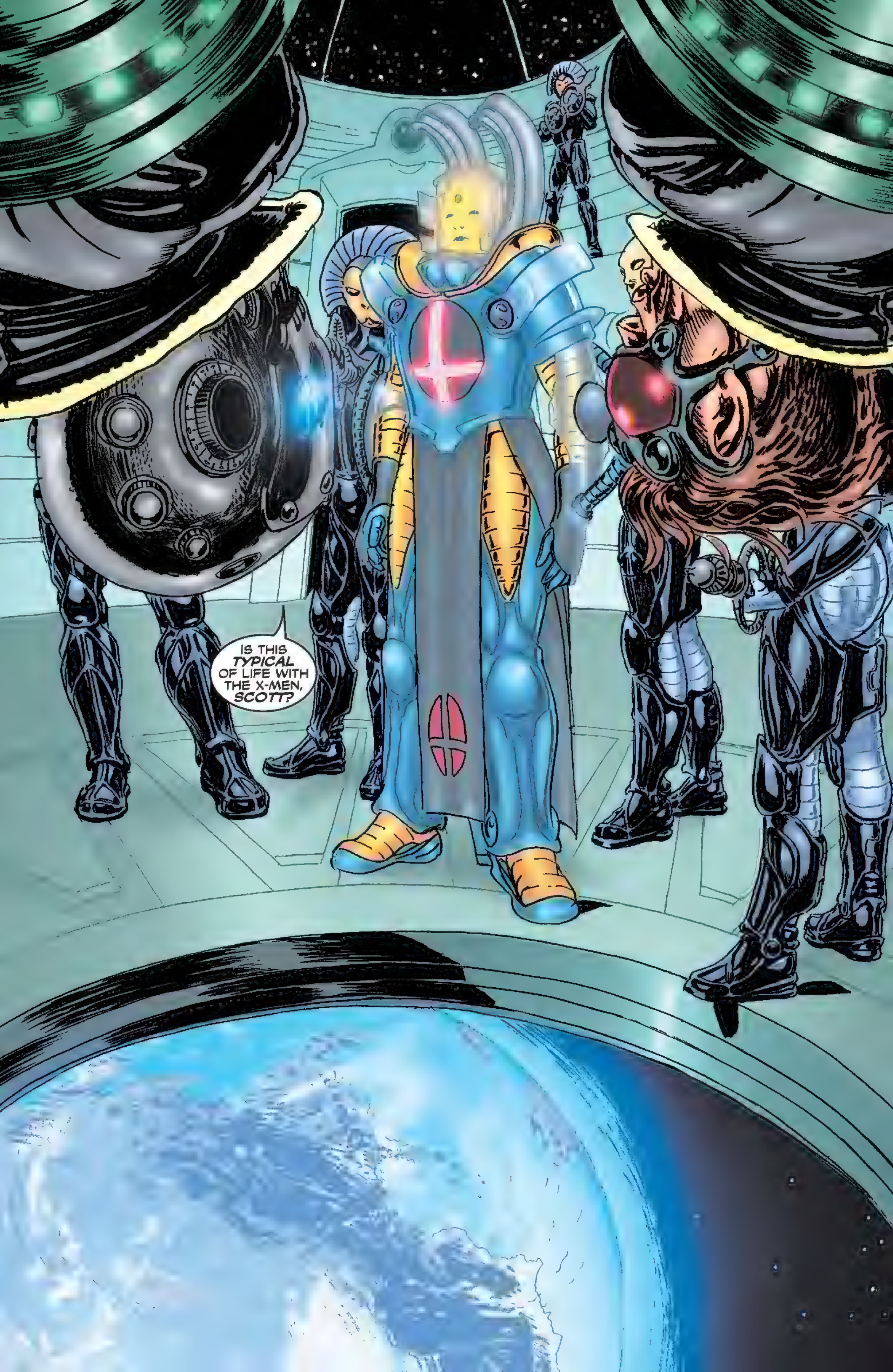

THE SPECIMENS ARE SECURE: THEY TEST POSITIVE FOR **THOUGHT-PLAGUE CONTAMINATION,** AS THE EMPRESS WARNED US.
WE ARE TO PROCEED WITH **TOTAL LIFEFORM STERILIZATION.**
GLADIATOR, YOU KNOW MY PENCHANT FOR BLACK HUMOR, BUT... THESE **X-MEN** WERE FRIENDS OF THE EMPIRE.
AND SOMETIMES LIFEFORMS TURN TOXIC. THE EMPRESS ALMOST DIED IN 4-SPACE AS A RESULT OF THIS **MIND INFECTION.**
DON'T YOU THINK I HATE THIS, TOO? YET WOULD WE SPARE A DEADLY VIRUS THAT WAS RAVAGING THE GALAXY, **ARC?**
REMEMBER THE SHI'AR NINTH VOW OF DESTRUCTION. BE **STRONG** AND BE **MERCIFUL.**
IF THEY PLEAD FOR THEIR LIVES, DO NOT **FALTER.**
THE **EMPRESS** COMMANDS US.

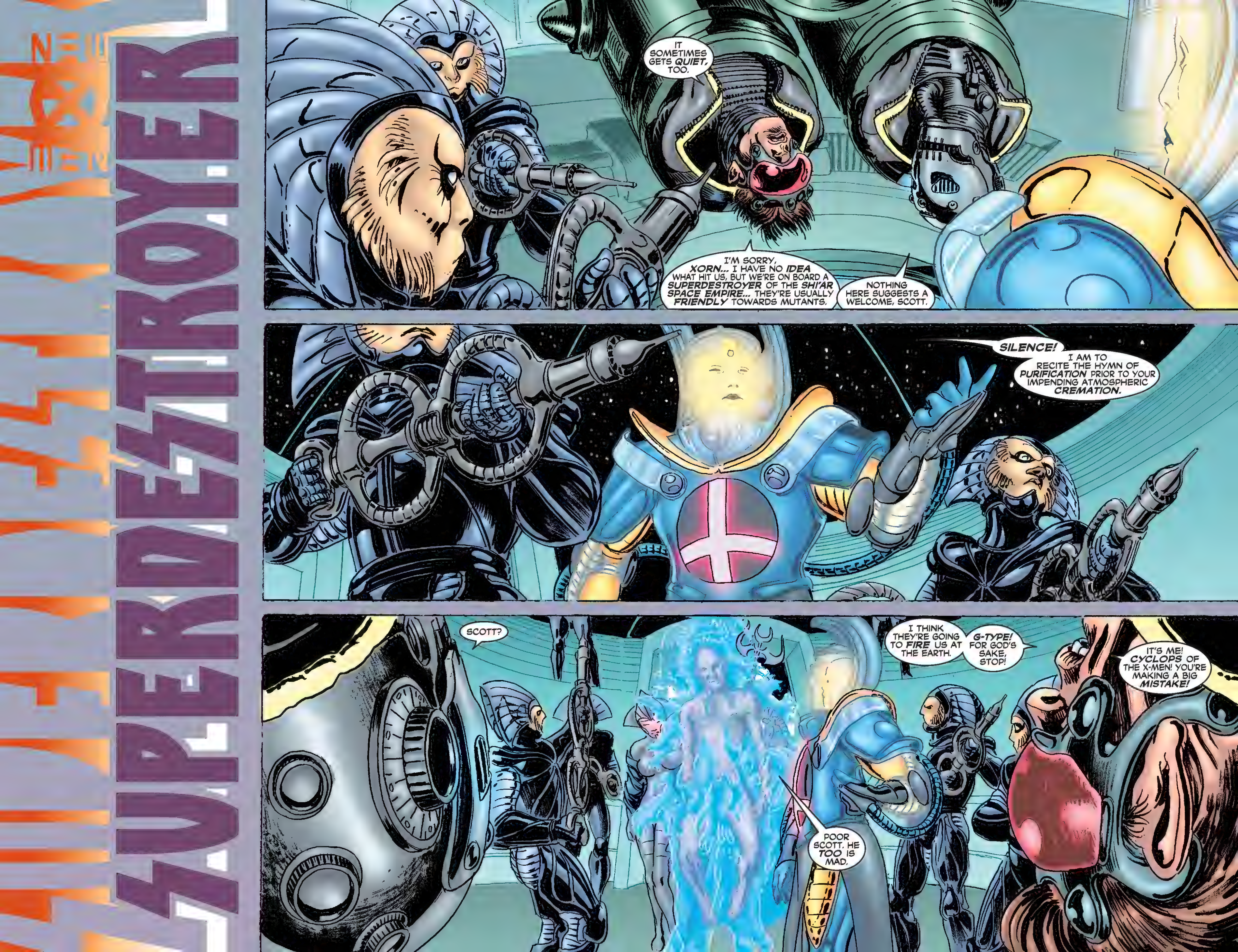

SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.
AND YOUR SO-CALLED BOYFRIEND'S A PART OF IT.
NO, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS...
IT'S TRUE, ESME.
WE TRIED TO TELL YOU THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT HIM.
WHAT?
KATO WAS JUST MY HUMAN DISGUISE.
I AM STUFF: ADVANCE SCOUT OF THE SHI'AR SUPERGUARDIAN TEAM, ASSIGNED TO LIFEFORM STERILIZATION PROCEDURE.
BUT... YOU READ ME POETRY.
YOU SAID, WE WERE IN LOVE.
AND LIKE A FOOL, YOU BELIEVED ME.
PREPARE FOR STERILIZATION.

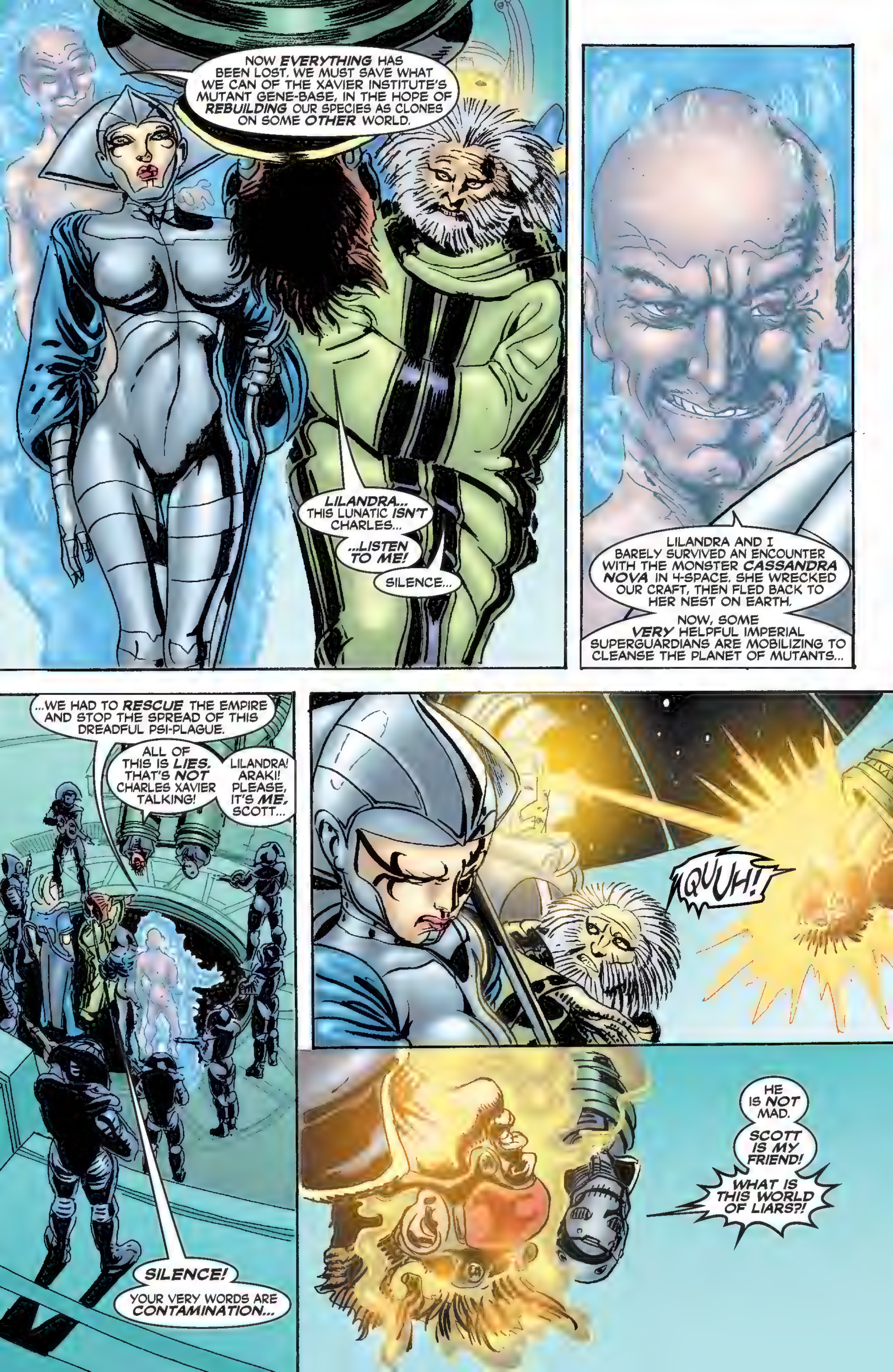

I AM **GLADIATOR, SUPERGUARDIAN** OF THE ***SHI'AR IMPERIUM.*** MY SWORN DUTY IS TO ***PRESERVE*** STELLAR HARMONY.
MAY THE ETERNAL HEAVENS ***FORGIVE*** US FOR WHAT WE ***MUST DO*** HERE.
DESTROY ALL MUTANTS.
TRY NOT TO LET THIS ***EXPERIENCE*** PUT YOU OFF BOYS, ESME...

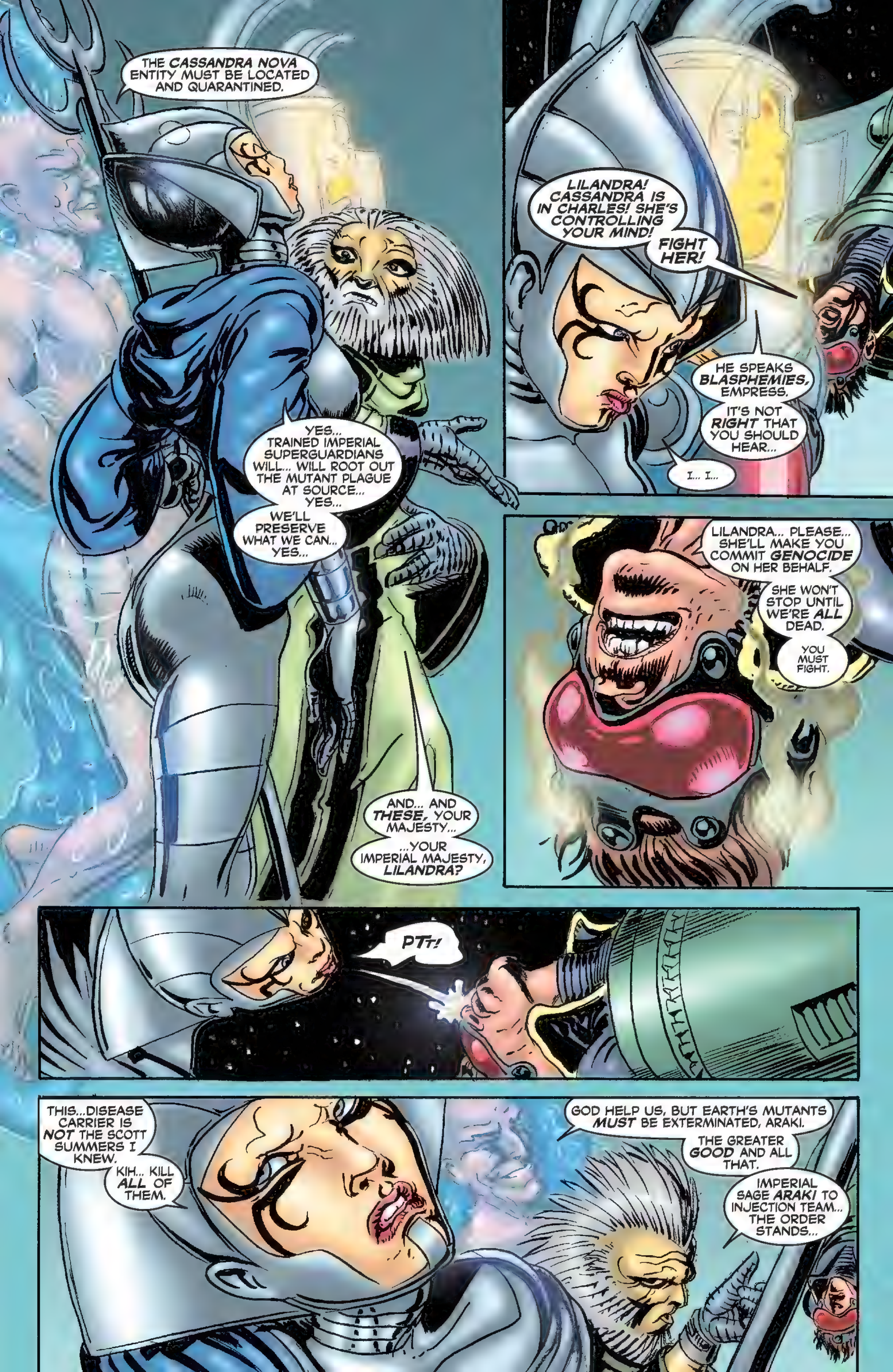

New!
tater Chips
PT3
SALT

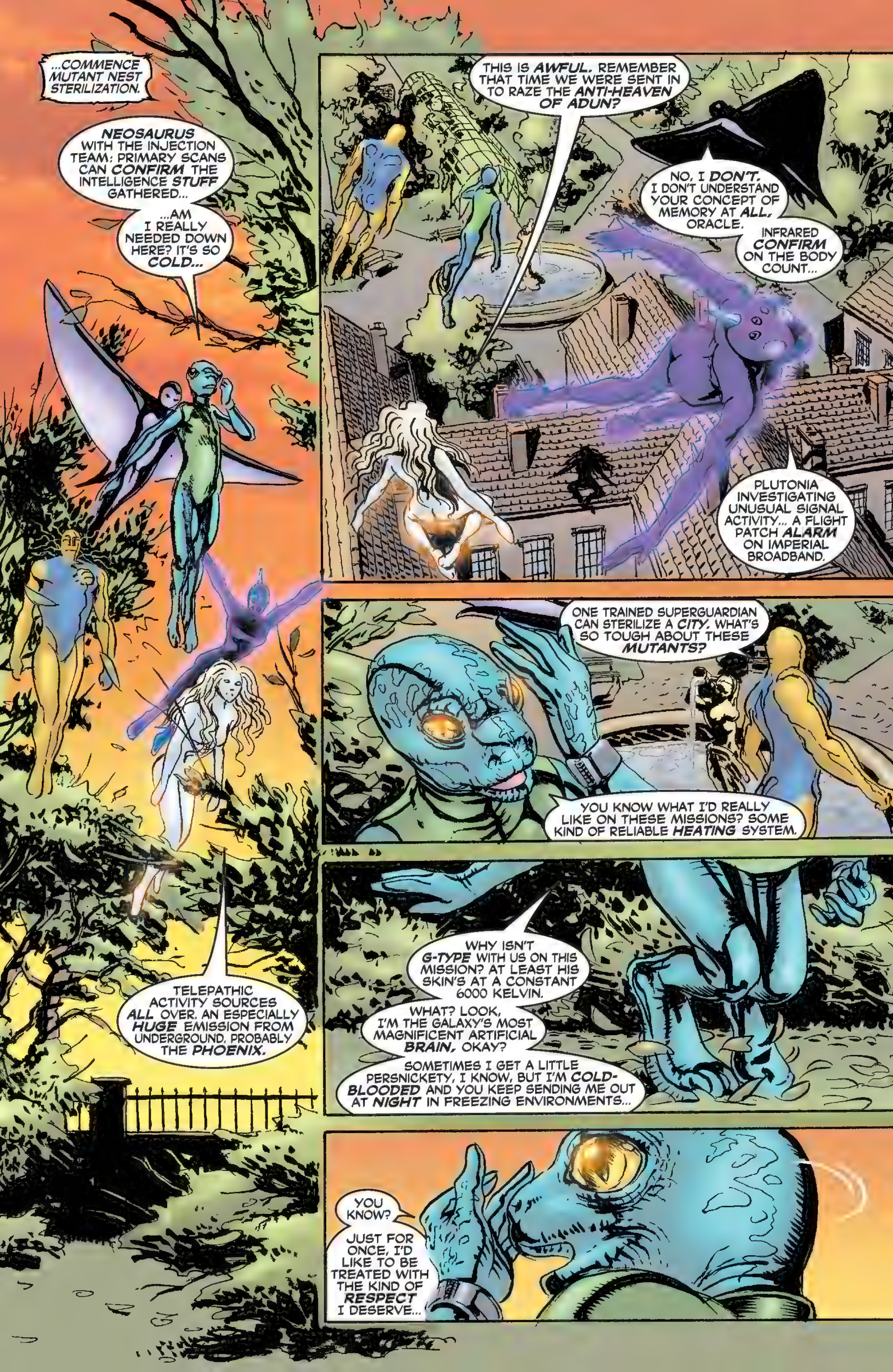
NEW X-MEN #124
"SUPERDESTROYER"

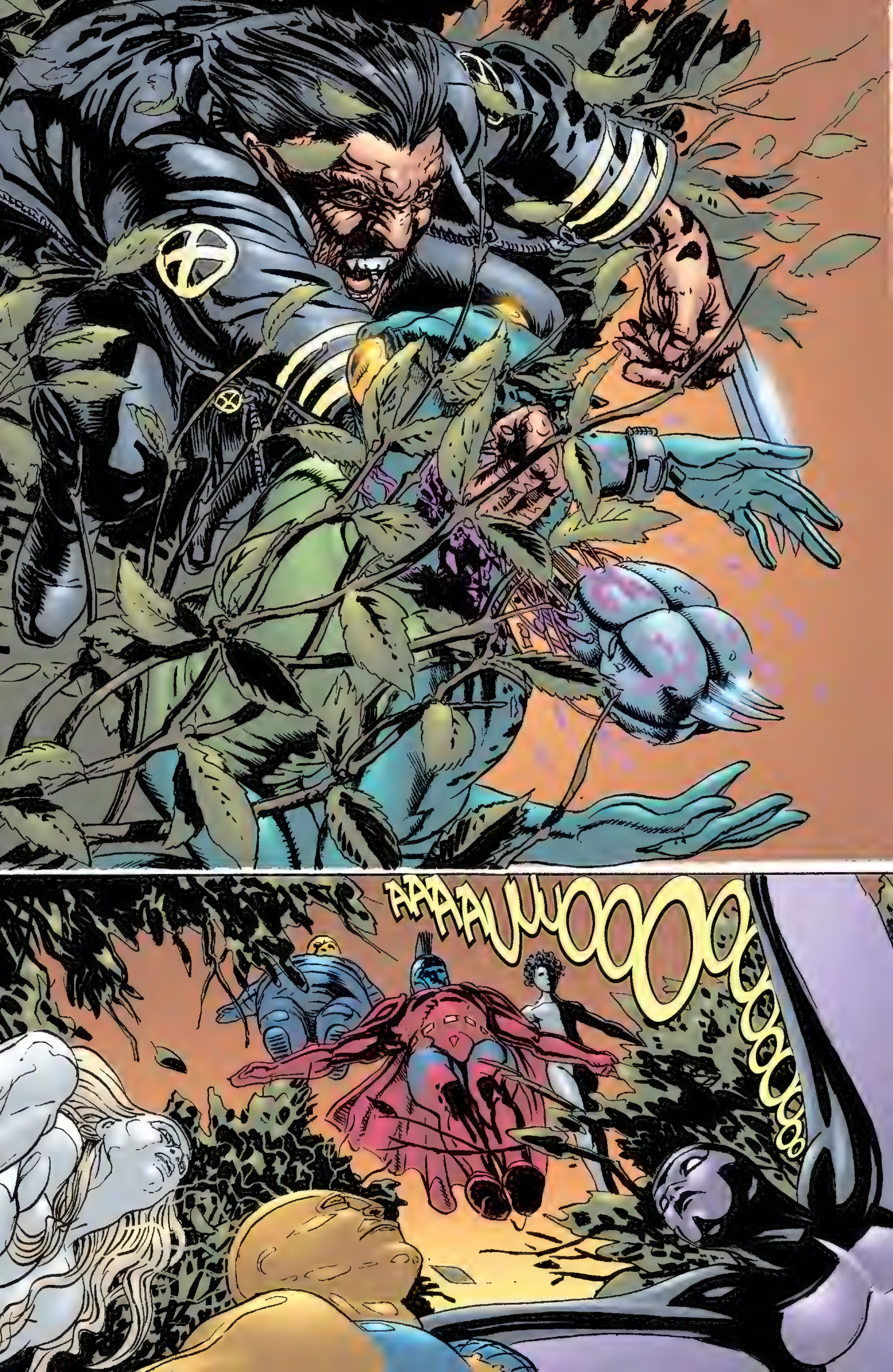

IS THIS *TYPICAL* OF LIFE WITH THE X-MEN, *SCOTT?*

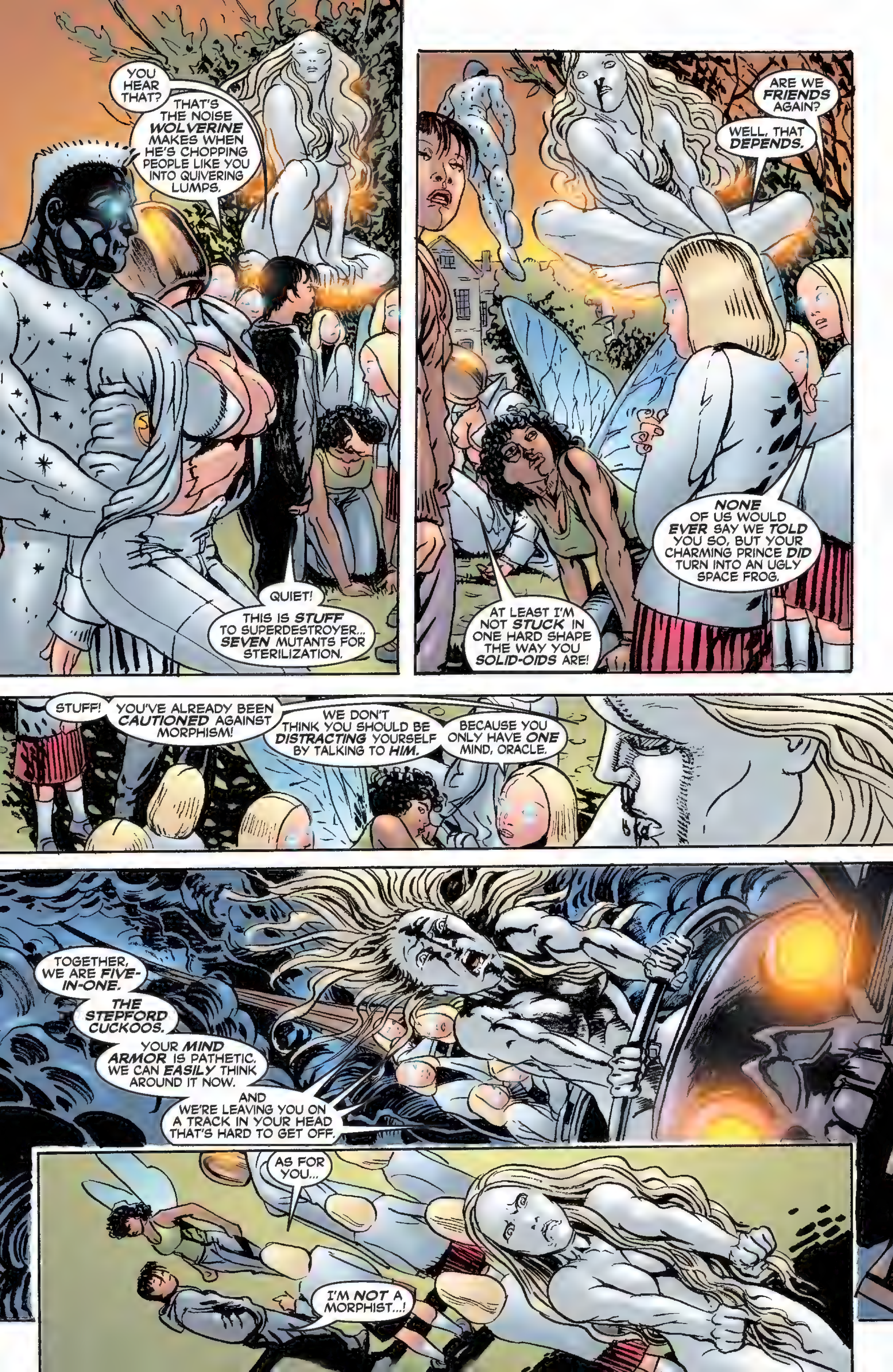

NEW X-MEN
SUPERDESTROYER
IT SOMETIMES GETS QUIET, TOO.
I'M SORRY, XORN... I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HIT US, BUT WE'RE ON BOARD A SUPERDESTROYER OF THE SHI'AR SPACE EMPIRE... THEY'RE USUALLY FRIENDLY TOWARDS MUTANTS.
NOTHING HERE SUGGESTS A WELCOME, SCOTT.
SILENCE! I AM TO RECITE THE HYMN OF PURIFICATION PRIOR TO YOUR IMPENDING ATMOSPHERIC CREMATION.
SCOTT?
I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO FIRE US AT THE EARTH.
G-TYPE! FOR GOD'S SAKE, STOP!
IT'S ME! CYCLOPS OF THE X-MEN! YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!
POOR SCOTT. HE TOO IS MAD.

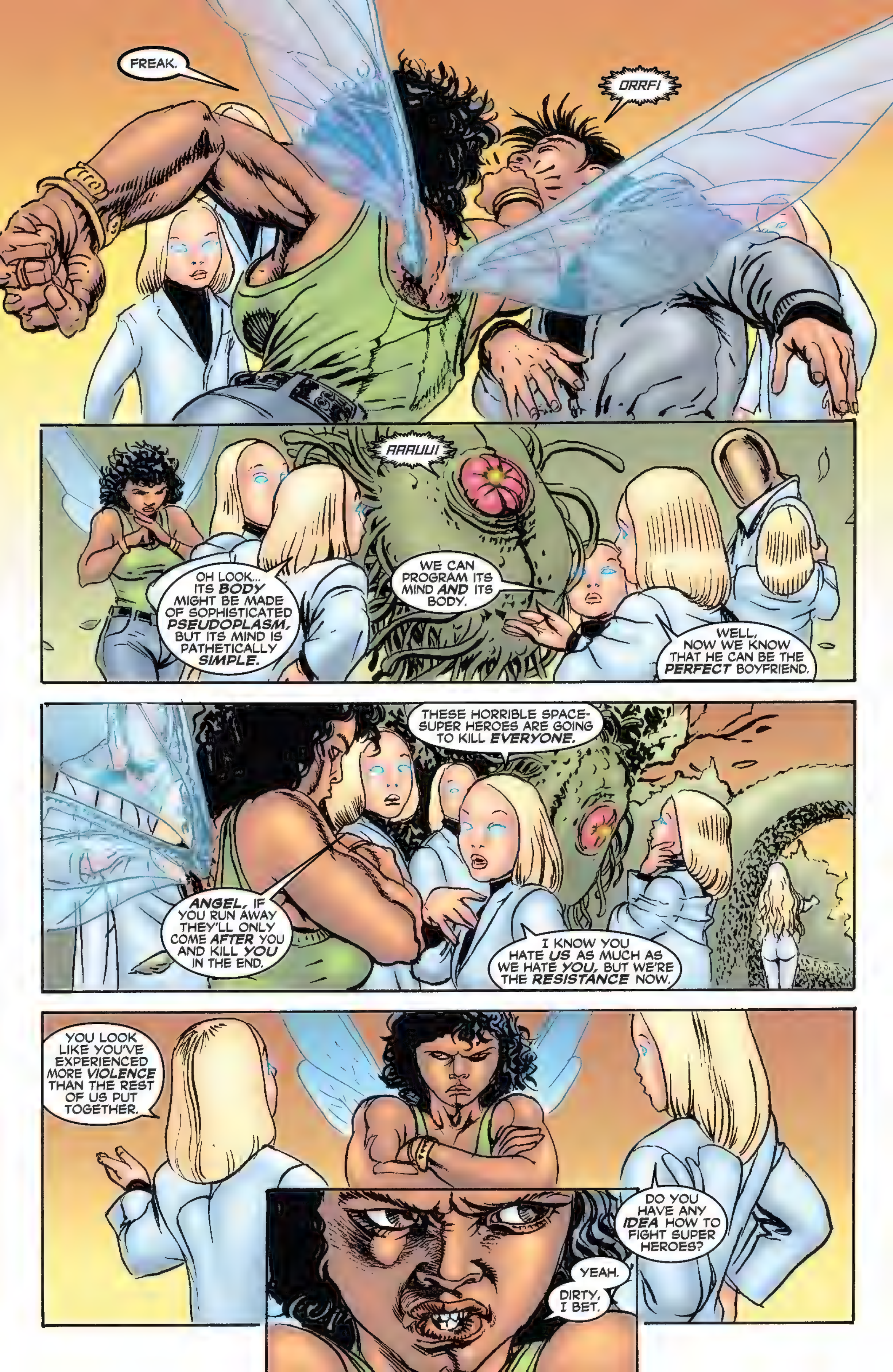

NOW EVERYTHING HAS BEEN LOST. WE MUST SAVE WHAT WE CAN OF THE XAVIER INSTITUTE'S MUTANT GENE-BASE, IN THE HOPE OF REBUILDING OUR SPECIES AS CLONES ON SOME OTHER WORLD.
LILANDRA... THIS LUNATIC ISN'T CHARLES...
...LISTEN TO ME!
SILENCE...
LILANDRA AND I BARELY SURVIVED AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE MONSTER CASSANDRA NOVA IN 4-SPACE. SHE WRECKED OUR CRAFT, THEN FLED BACK TO HER NEST ON EARTH.
NOW, SOME VERY HELPFUL IMPERIAL SUPERGUARDIANS ARE MOBILIZING TO CLEANSE THE PLANET OF MUTANTS...
...WE HAD TO RESCUE THE EMPIRE AND STOP THE SPREAD OF THIS DREADFUL PSI-PLAGUE.
ALL OF THIS IS LIES. THAT'S NOT CHARLES XAVIER TALKING!
LILANDRA! ARAKI! PLEASE, IT'S ME, SCOTT...
SILENCE!
YOUR VERY WORDS ARE CONTAMINATION...
QUUH!
HE IS NOT MAD.
SCOTT IS MY FRIEND!
WHAT IS THIS WORLD OF LIARS?!

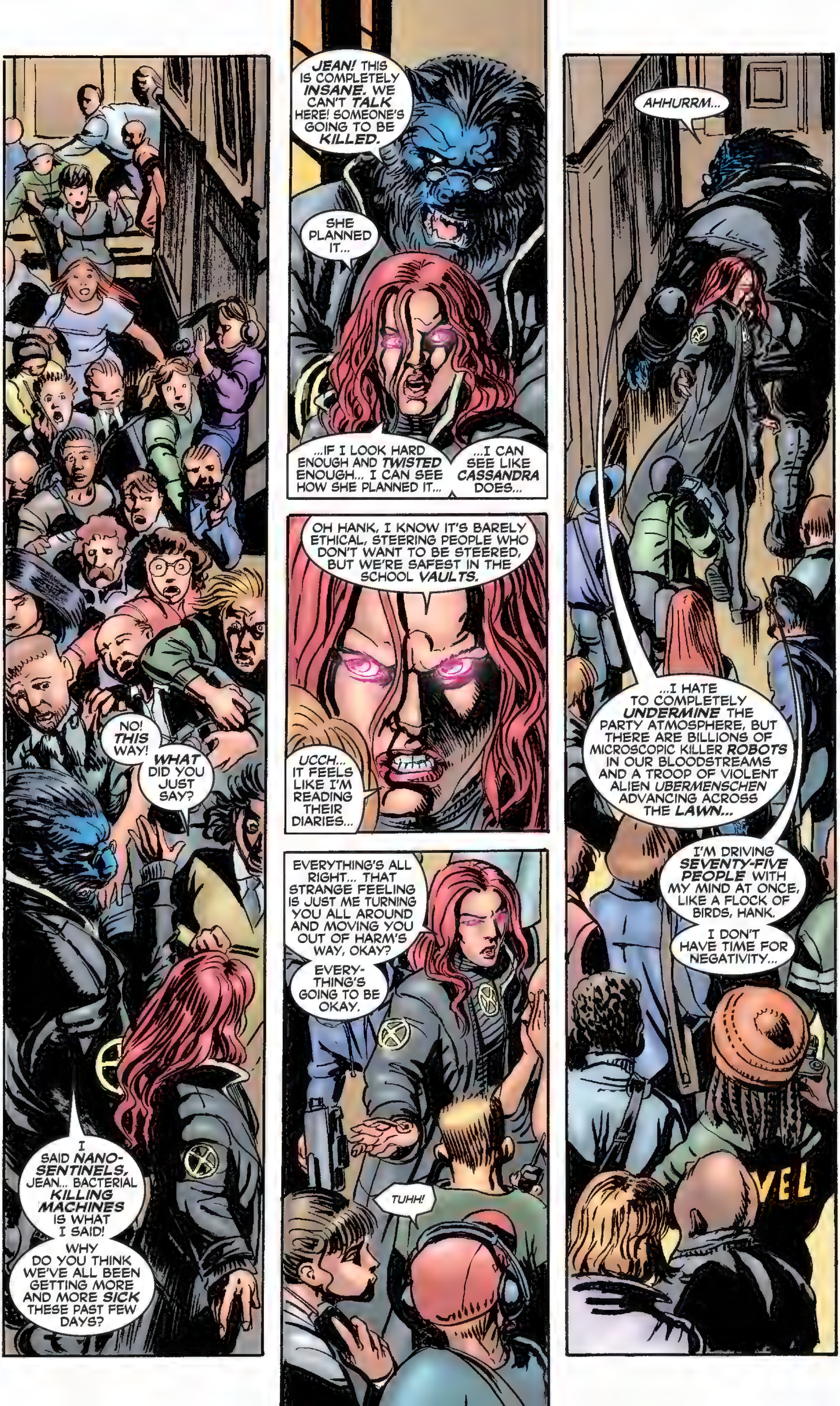

THE CASSANDRA NOVA ENTITY MUST BE LOCATED AND QUARANTINED.
YES... TRAINED IMPERIAL SUPERGUARDIANS WILL... WILL ROOT OUT THE MUTANT PLAGUE AT SOURCE... YES...
WE'LL PRESERVE WHAT WE CAN... YES...
AND... AND THESE, YOUR MAJESTY...
...YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY, LILANDRA?
LILANDRA! CASSANDRA IS IN CHARLES! SHE'S CONTROLLING YOUR MIND!
FIGHT HER!
HE SPEAKS BLASPHEMIES, EMPRESS.
IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD HEAR...
I... I...
LILANDRA... PLEASE... SHE'LL MAKE YOU COMMIT GENOCIDE ON HER BEHALF.
SHE WON'T STOP UNTIL WE'RE ALL DEAD.
YOU MUST FIGHT.
PTT!
THIS...DISEASE CARRIER IS NOT THE SCOTT SUMMERS I KNEW.
KIH... KILL ALL OF THEM.
GOD HELP US, BUT EARTH'S MUTANTS MUST BE EXTERMINATED, ARAKI.
THE GREATER GOOD AND ALL THAT.
IMPERIAL SAGE ARAKI TO INJECTION TEAM... THE ORDER STANDS...

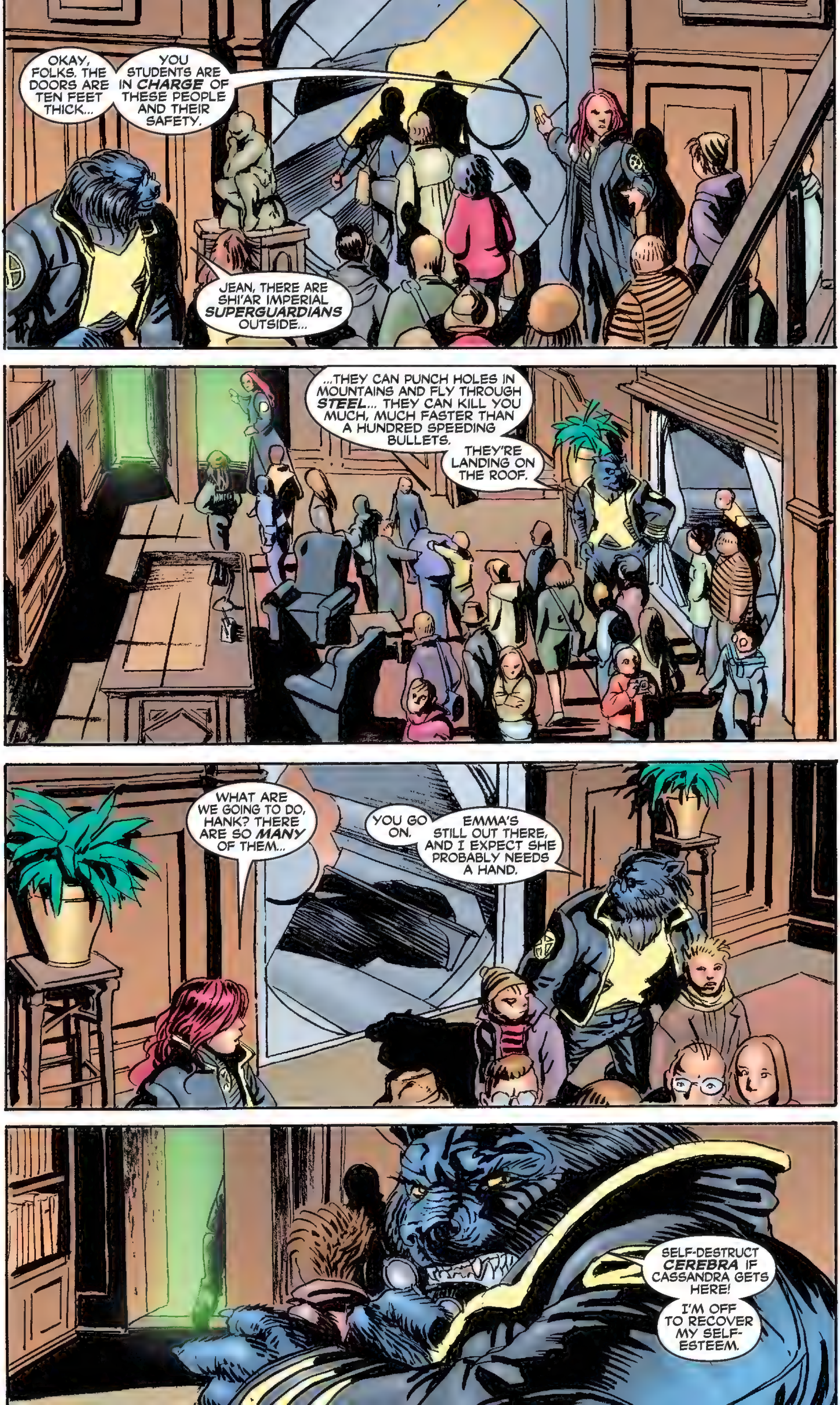

...COMMENCE MUTANT NEST STERILIZATION.
NEOSAURUS WITH THE INJECTION TEAM: PRIMARY SCANS CAN CONFIRM THE INTELLIGENCE STUFF GATHERED...
...AM I REALLY NEEDED DOWN HERE? IT'S SO COLD...
TELEPATHIC ACTIVITY SOURCES ALL OVER. AN ESPECIALLY HUGE EMISSION FROM UNDERGROUND. PROBABLY THE PHOENIX.
THIS IS AWFUL. REMEMBER THAT TIME WE WERE SENT IN TO RAZE THE ANTI-HEAVEN OF ADUN?
NO, I DON'T. I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCEPT OF MEMORY AT ALL, ORACLE.
INFRARED CONFIRM ON THE BODY COUNT...
PLUTONIA INVESTIGATING UNUSUAL SIGNAL ACTIVITY... A FLIGHT PATCH ALARM ON IMPERIAL BROADBAND.
ONE TRAINED SUPERGUARDIAN CAN STERILIZE A CITY. WHAT'S SO TOUGH ABOUT THESE MUTANTS?
YOU KNOW WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE ON THESE MISSIONS? SOME KIND OF RELIABLE HEATING SYSTEM.
WHY ISN'T G-TYPE WITH US ON THIS MISSION? AT LEAST HIS SKIN'S AT A CONSTANT 6000 KELVIN.
WHAT? LOOK, I'M THE GALAXY'S MOST MAGNIFICENT ARTIFICIAL BRAIN, OKAY?
SOMETIMES I GET A LITTLE PERSNICKETY, I KNOW, BUT I'M COLD-BLOODED AND YOU KEEP SENDING ME OUT AT NIGHT IN FREEZING ENVIRONMENTS...
YOU KNOW?
JUST FOR ONCE, I'D LIKE TO BE TREATED WITH THE KIND OF RESPECT I DESERVE...

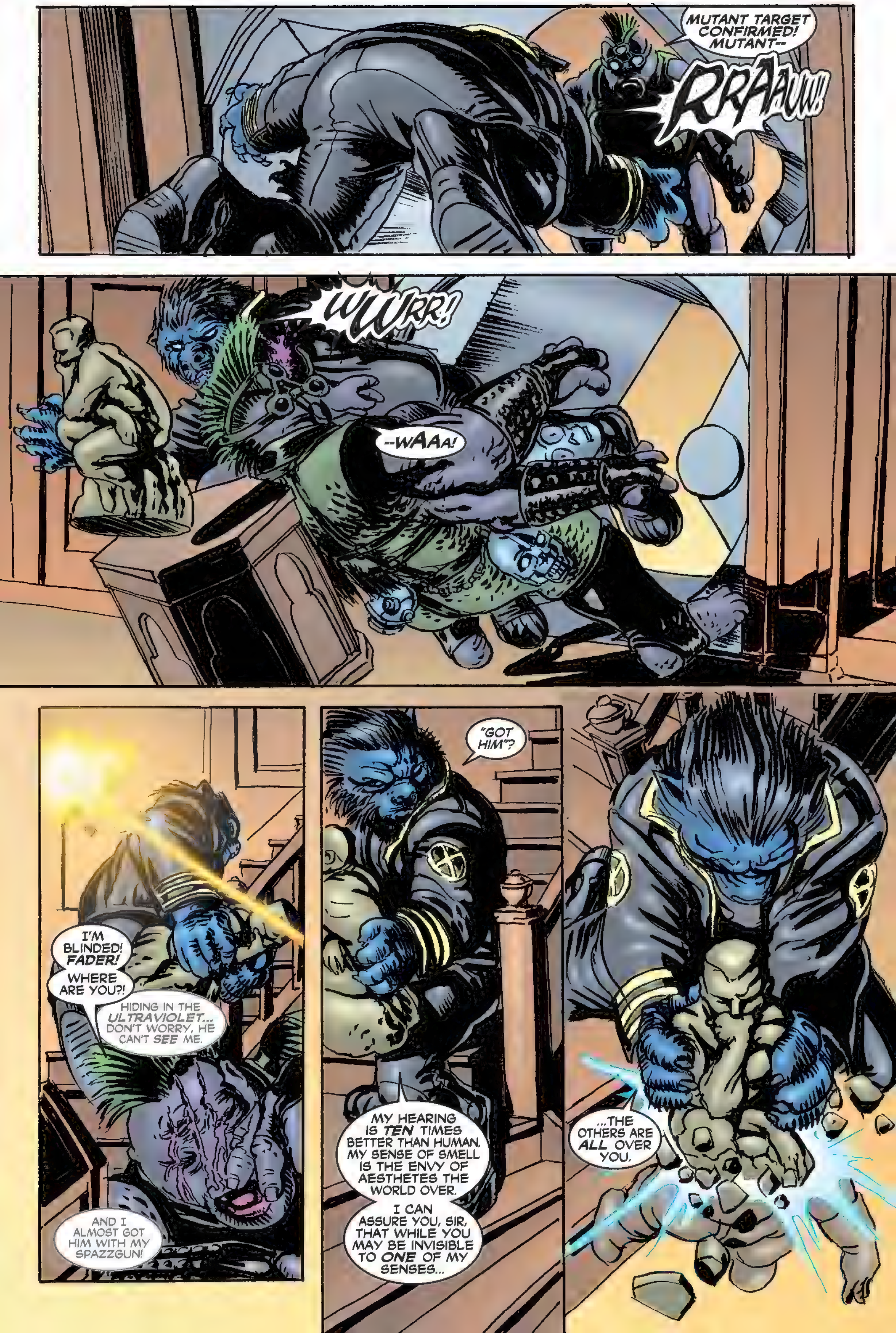

AAAAUUOOOOOOOOOOOOooooo

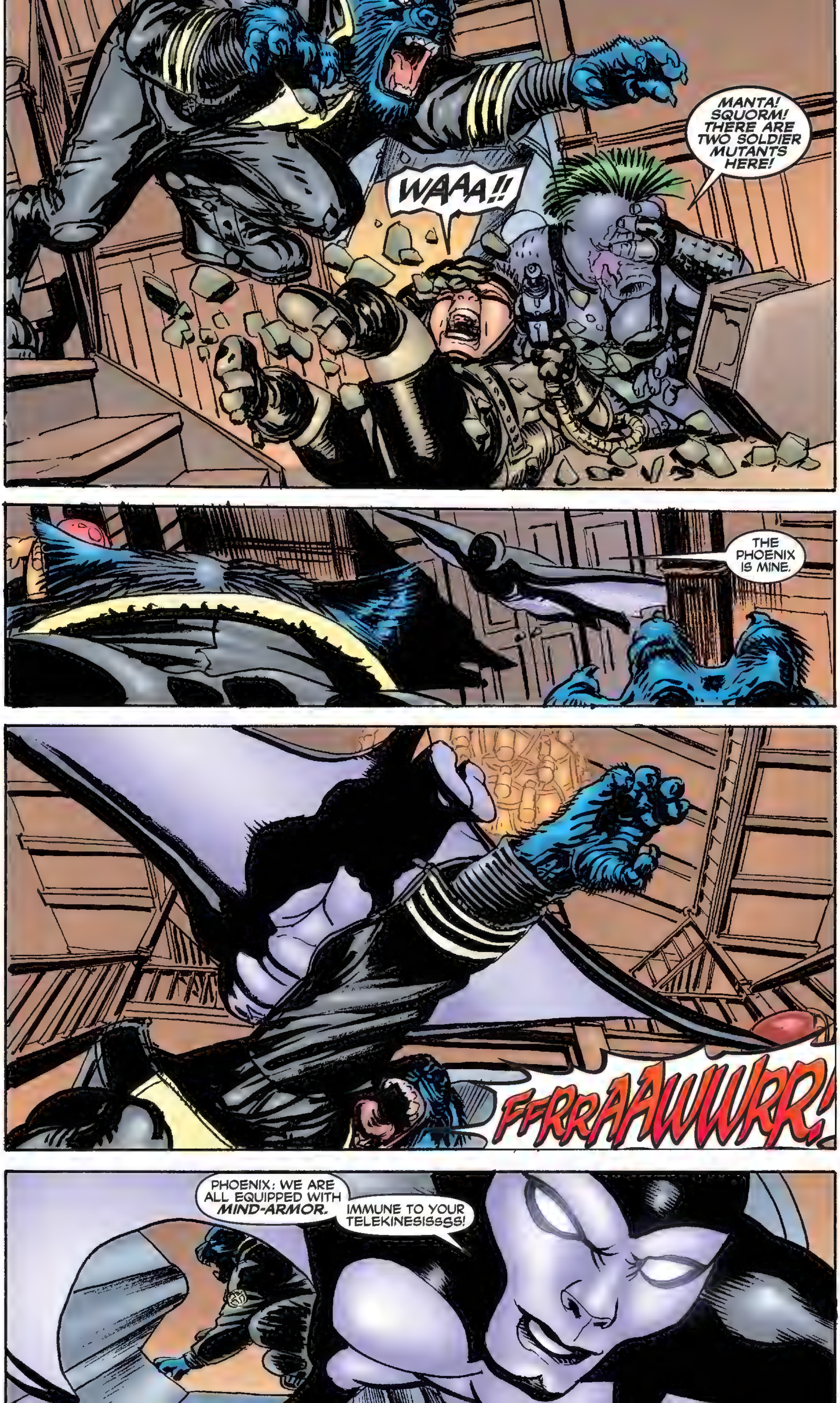

YOU HEAR THAT?
THAT'S THE NOISE **WOLVERINE** MAKES WHEN HE'S CHOPPING PEOPLE LIKE YOU INTO QUIVERING LUMPS.
QUIET!
THIS IS ***STUFF*** TO SUPERDESTROYER... ***SEVEN*** MUTANTS FOR STERILIZATION.
ARE WE ***FRIENDS*** AGAIN?
WELL, THAT ***DEPENDS.***
NONE OF US WOULD ***EVER*** SAY WE ***TOLD*** YOU SO, BUT YOUR CHARMING PRINCE ***DID*** TURN INTO AN UGLY SPACE FROG.
AT LEAST I'M NOT ***STUCK*** IN ONE HARD SHAPE THE WAY YOU ***SOLID-OIDS*** ARE!
STUFF!
YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN ***CAUTIONED*** AGAINST MORPHISM!
WE DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE ***DISTRACTING*** YOURSELF BY TALKING TO ***HIM.***
BECAUSE YOU ONLY HAVE ***ONE*** MIND, ORACLE.
TOGETHER, WE ARE ***FIVE-IN-ONE.***
THE STEPFORD CUCKOOS.
YOUR ***MIND ARMOR*** IS PATHETIC. WE CAN ***EASILY*** THINK AROUND IT NOW.
AND WE'RE LEAVING YOU ON A TRACK IN YOUR HEAD THAT'S HARD TO GET OFF.
AS FOR YOU...
I'M ***NOT*** A MORPHIST...!

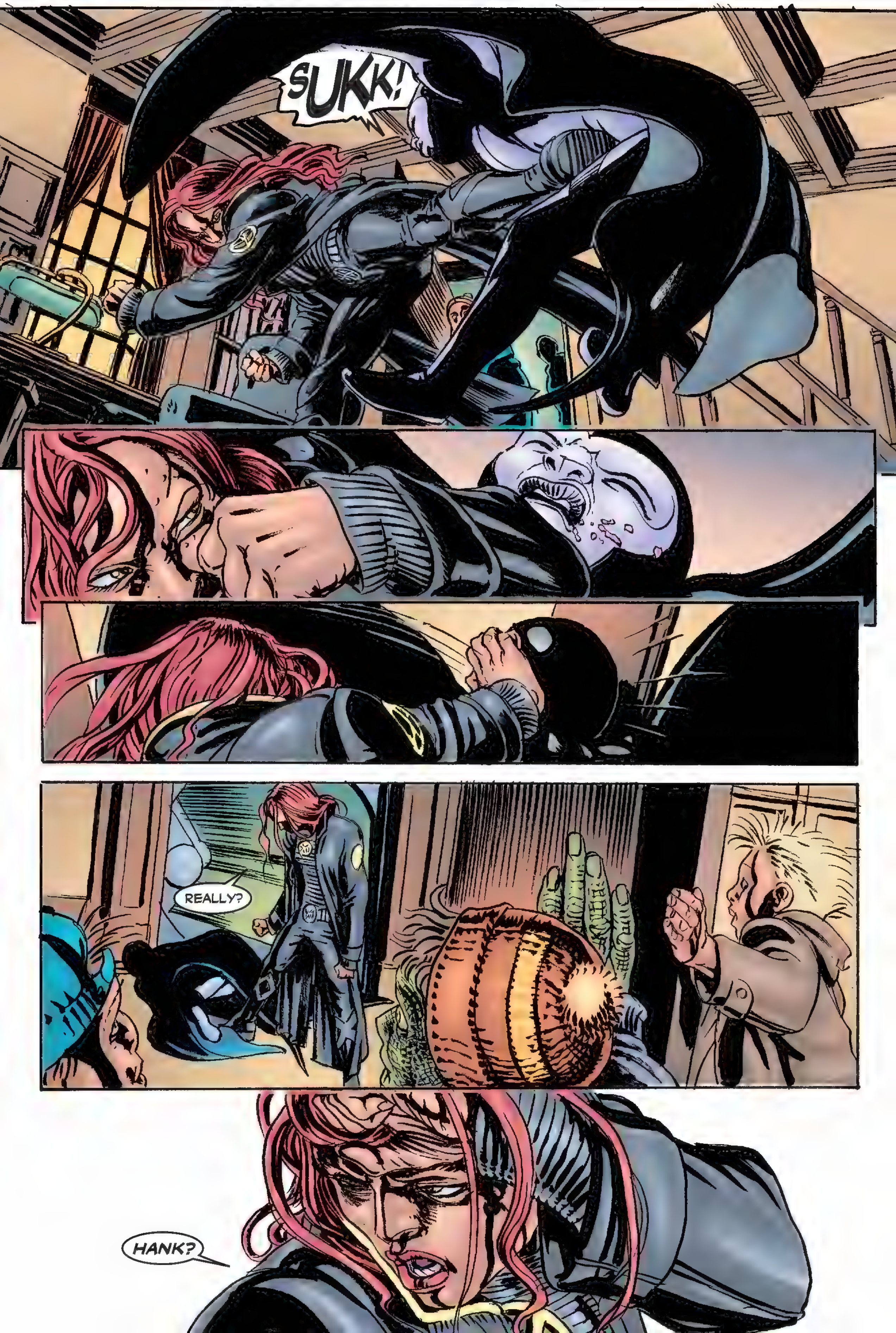

FREAK.
ORRF!
AAAUU!
OH LOOK... ITS *BODY* MIGHT BE MADE OF SOPHISTICATED *PSEUDOPLASM,* BUT ITS MIND IS PATHETICALLY *SIMPLE.*
WE CAN PROGRAM ITS MIND *AND* ITS BODY.
WELL, NOW WE KNOW THAT HE CAN BE THE *PERFECT* BOYFRIEND.
THESE HORRIBLE SPACE-SUPER HEROES ARE GOING TO KILL *EVERYONE.*
ANGEL, IF YOU RUN AWAY THEY'LL ONLY COME *AFTER* YOU AND KILL *YOU* IN THE END.
I KNOW YOU HATE *US* AS MUCH AS WE HATE *YOU,* BUT WE'RE THE *RESISTANCE* NOW.
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE EXPERIENCED MORE *VIOLENCE* THAN THE REST OF US PUT TOGETHER.
DO YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* HOW TO FIGHT SUPER HEROES?
YEAH.
DIRTY, I BET.

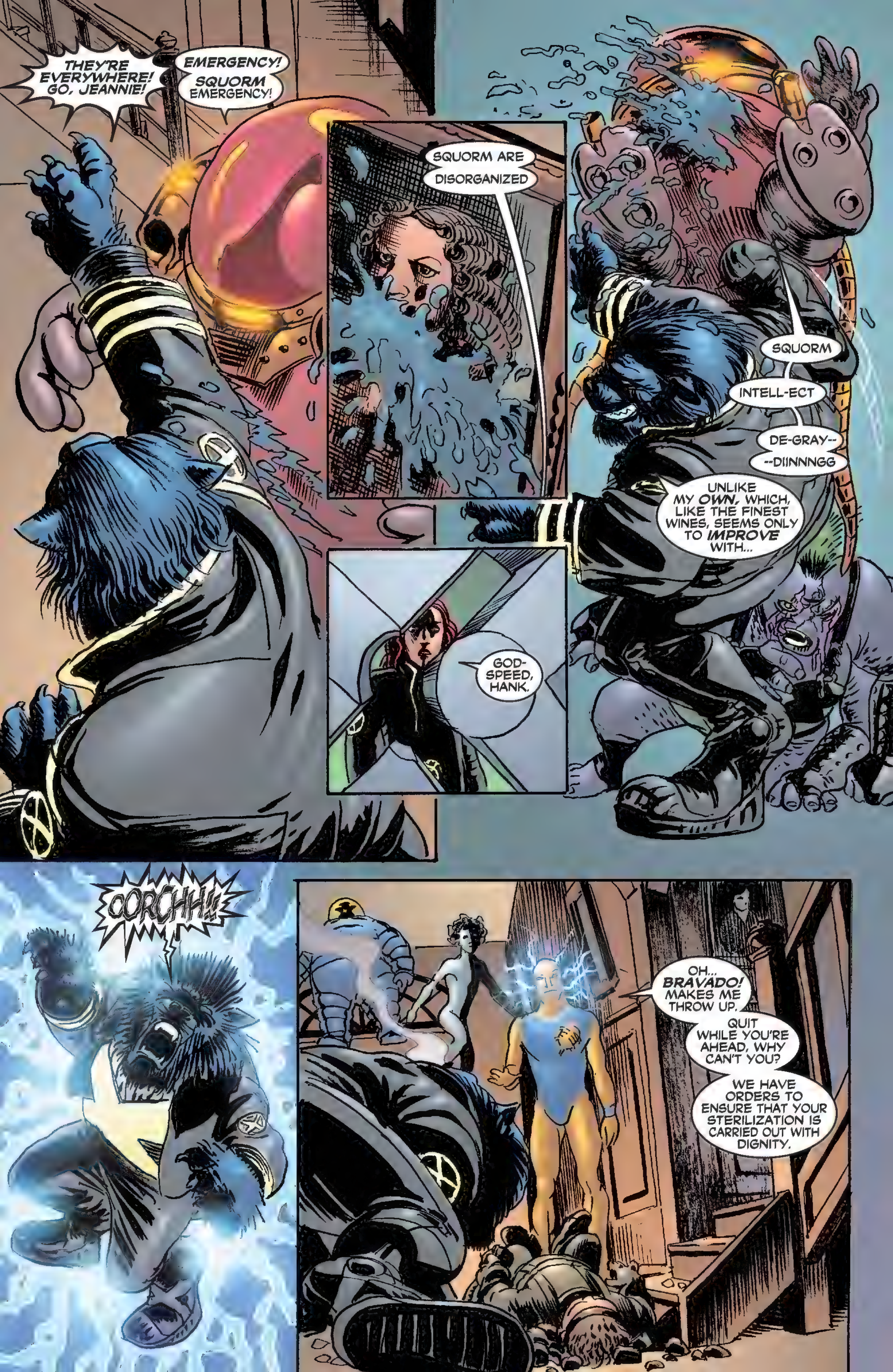

NO! THIS WAY!
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?
I SAID NANO-SENTINELS, JEAN... BACTERIAL KILLING MACHINES IS WHAT I SAID!
WHY DO YOU THINK WE'VE ALL BEEN GETTING MORE AND MORE SICK THESE PAST FEW DAYS?
JEAN! THIS IS COMPLETELY INSANE. WE CAN'T TALK HERE! SOMEONE'S GOING TO BE KILLED.
SHE PLANNED IT...
...IF I LOOK HARD ENOUGH AND TWISTED ENOUGH... I CAN SEE HOW SHE PLANNED IT...
...I CAN SEE LIKE CASSANDRA DOES...
OH HANK, I KNOW IT'S BARELY ETHICAL, STEERING PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT TO BE STEERED, BUT WE'RE SAFEST IN THE SCHOOL VAULTS.
UCCH... IT FEELS LIKE I'M READING THEIR DIARIES...
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT... THAT STRANGE FEELING IS JUST ME TURNING YOU ALL AROUND AND MOVING YOU OUT OF HARM'S WAY, OKAY?
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY.
TUHH!
AHHURRM...
...I HATE TO COMPLETELY UNDERMINE THE PARTY ATMOSPHERE, BUT THERE ARE BILLIONS OF MICROSCOPIC KILLER ROBOTS IN OUR BLOODSTREAMS AND A TROOP OF VIOLENT ALIEN UBERMENSCHEN ADVANCING ACROSS THE LAWN...
I'M DRIVING SEVENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WITH MY MIND AT ONCE, LIKE A FLOCK OF BIRDS, HANK.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR NEGATIVITY...

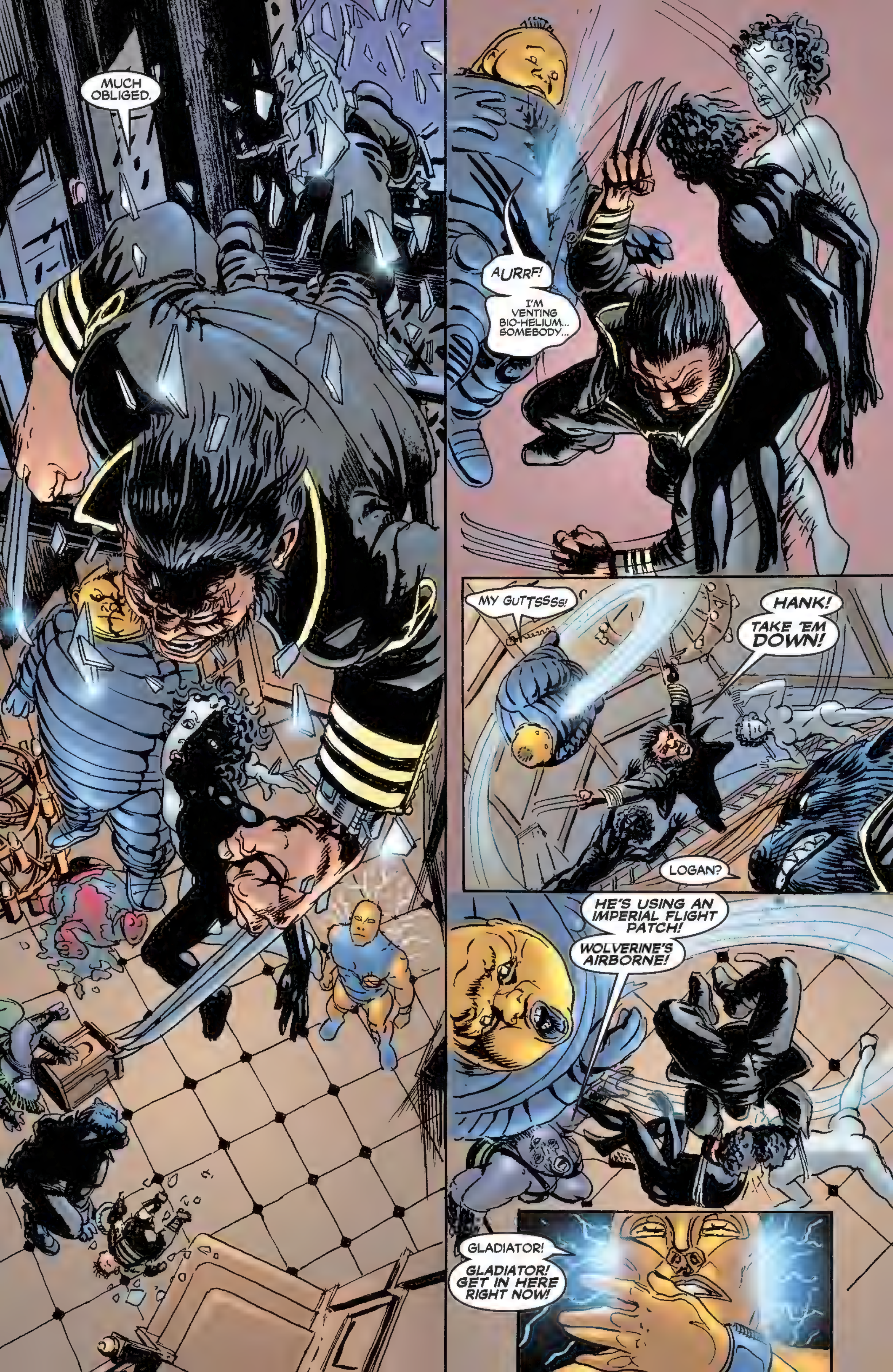

OKAY, FOLKS. THE DOORS ARE TEN FEET THICK...
YOU STUDENTS ARE IN *CHARGE* OF THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR SAFETY.
JEAN, THERE ARE SHI'AR IMPERIAL *SUPERGUARDIANS* OUTSIDE...
...THEY CAN PUNCH HOLES IN MOUNTAINS AND FLY THROUGH *STEEL*... THEY CAN KILL YOU MUCH, MUCH FASTER THAN A HUNDRED SPEEDING BULLETS.
THEY'RE LANDING ON THE ROOF.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, HANK? THERE ARE SO *MANY* OF THEM...
YOU GO ON.
EMMA'S STILL OUT THERE, AND I EXPECT SHE PROBABLY NEEDS A HAND.
SELF-DESTRUCT *CEREBRA* IF CASSANDRA GETS HERE!
I'M OFF TO RECOVER MY SELF-ESTEEM.

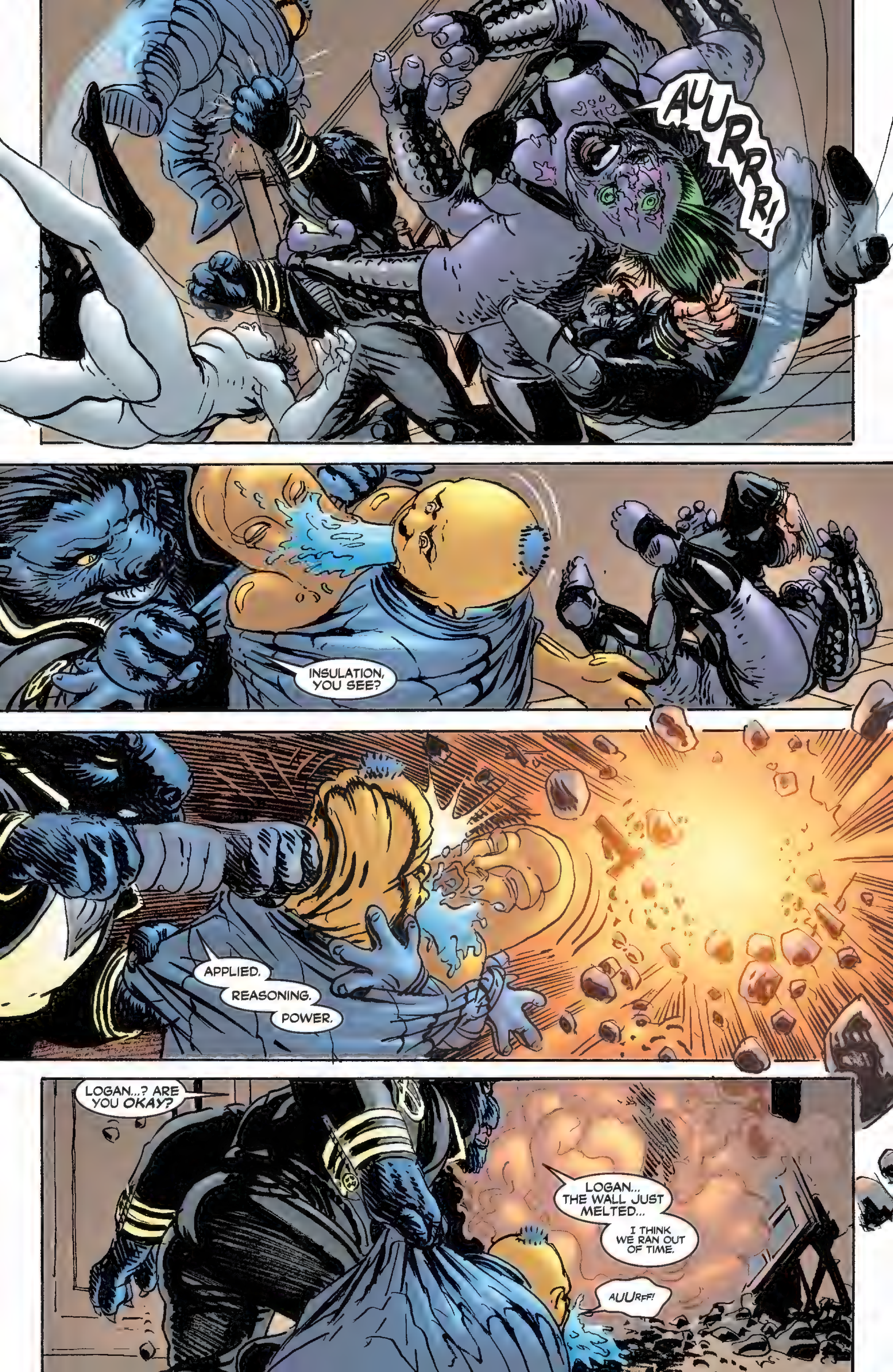

MUTANT TARGET CONFIRMED! MUTANT--
RRAAUW!
WWRR!
--WAAA!
I'M BLINDED! *FADER!*
WHERE ARE YOU?!
HIDING IN THE *ULTRAVIOLET*... DON'T WORRY, HE CAN'T *SEE* ME.
AND I ALMOST GOT HIM WITH MY *SPAZZGUN!*
"GOT HIM"?
MY HEARING IS *TEN* TIMES BETTER THAN HUMAN. MY SENSE OF SMELL IS THE ENVY OF AESTHETES THE WORLD OVER.
I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT WHILE YOU MAY BE INVISIBLE TO *ONE* OF MY SENSES...
...THE OTHERS ARE *ALL* OVER YOU.

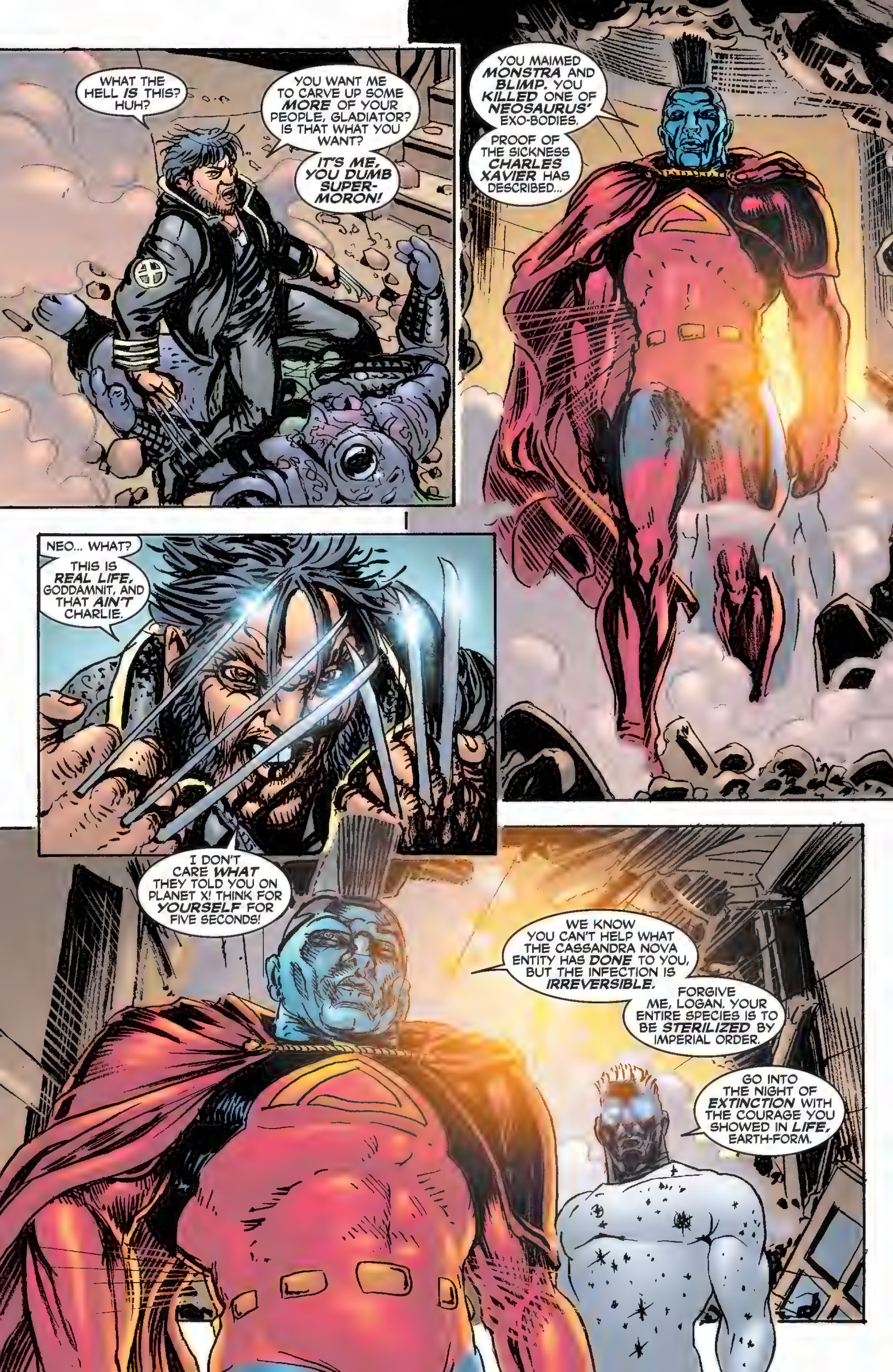

MANTA! SQUORM! THERE ARE TWO SOLDIER MUTANTS HERE!
WAAA!!
THE PHOENIX IS MINE.
FFRRAAWWRR!
PHOENIX: WE ARE ALL EQUIPPED WITH ***MIND-ARMOR.***
IMMUNE TO YOUR TELEKINESISSSS!

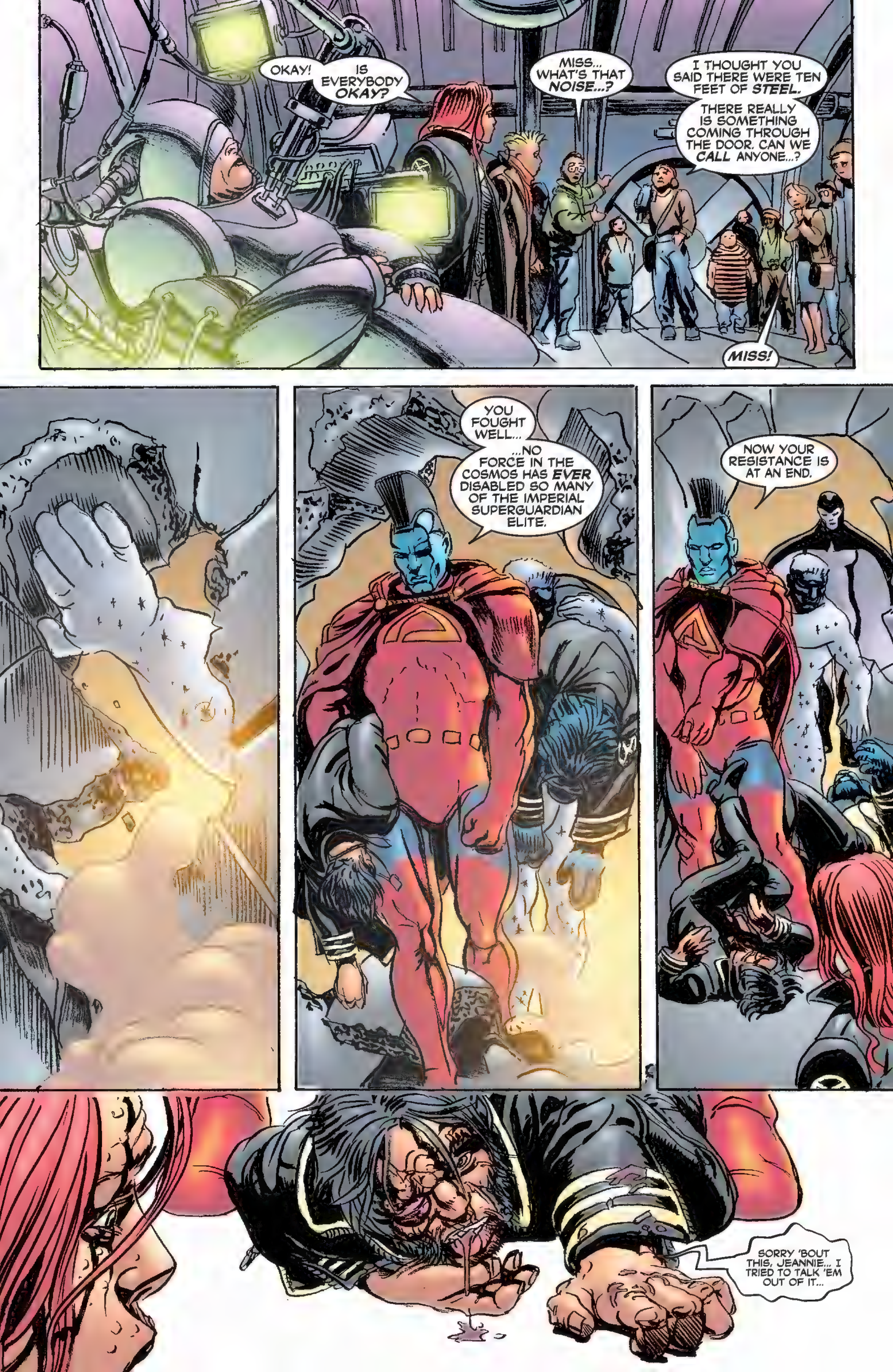

SUKK!
REALLY?
HANK?

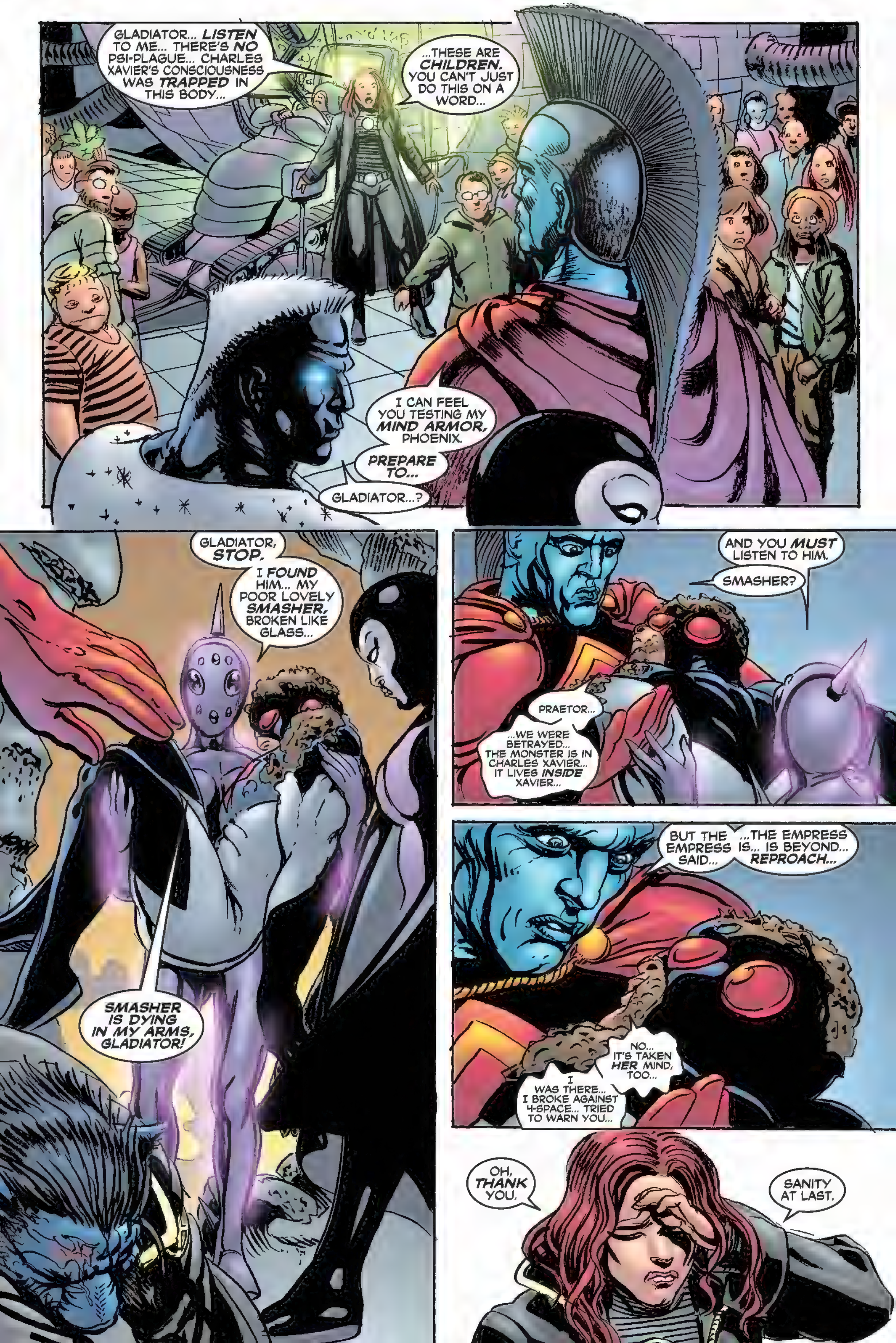

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! GO, JEANNIE!
EMERGENCY! SQUORM EMERGENCY!
SQUORM ARE DISORGANIZED
SQUORM INTELL-ECT DE-GRAY-- --DIINNNGG
UNLIKE MY OWN, WHICH, LIKE THE FINEST WINES, SEEMS ONLY TO IMPROVE WITH...
GOD-SPEED, HANK.
OORCHH!!!
OH... BRAVADO! MAKES ME THROW UP.
QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD, WHY CAN'T YOU?
WE HAVE ORDERS TO ENSURE THAT YOUR STERILIZATION IS CARRIED OUT WITH DIGNITY.

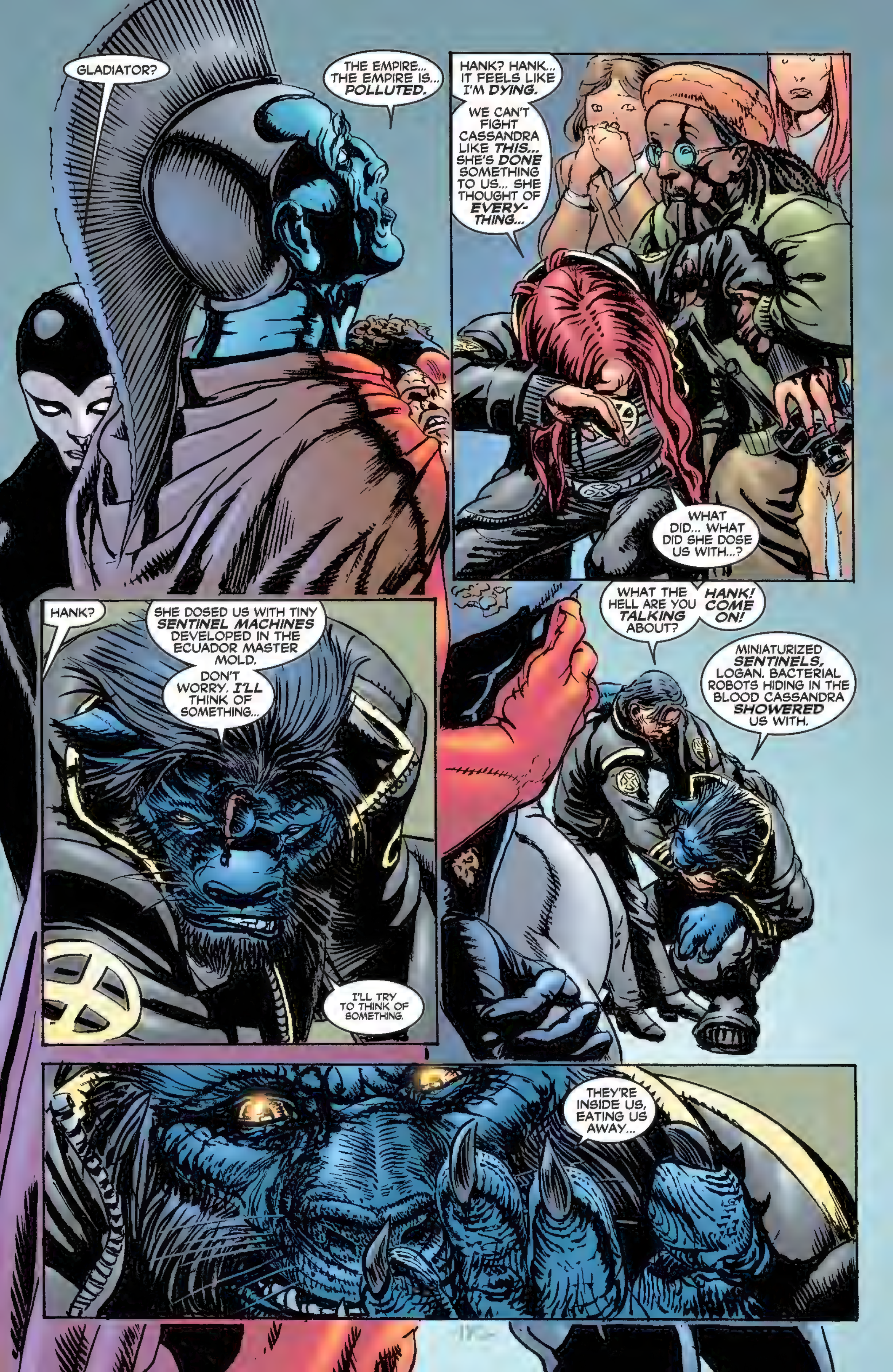

MUCH OBLIGED.
AURRF!
I'M VENTING BIO-HELIUM... SOMEBODY...
MY GUTTSSSS!
HANK!
TAKE 'EM DOWN!
LOGAN?
HE'S USING AN IMPERIAL FLIGHT PATCH!
WOLVERINE'S AIRBORNE!
GLADIATOR!
GLADIATOR! GET IN HERE RIGHT NOW!

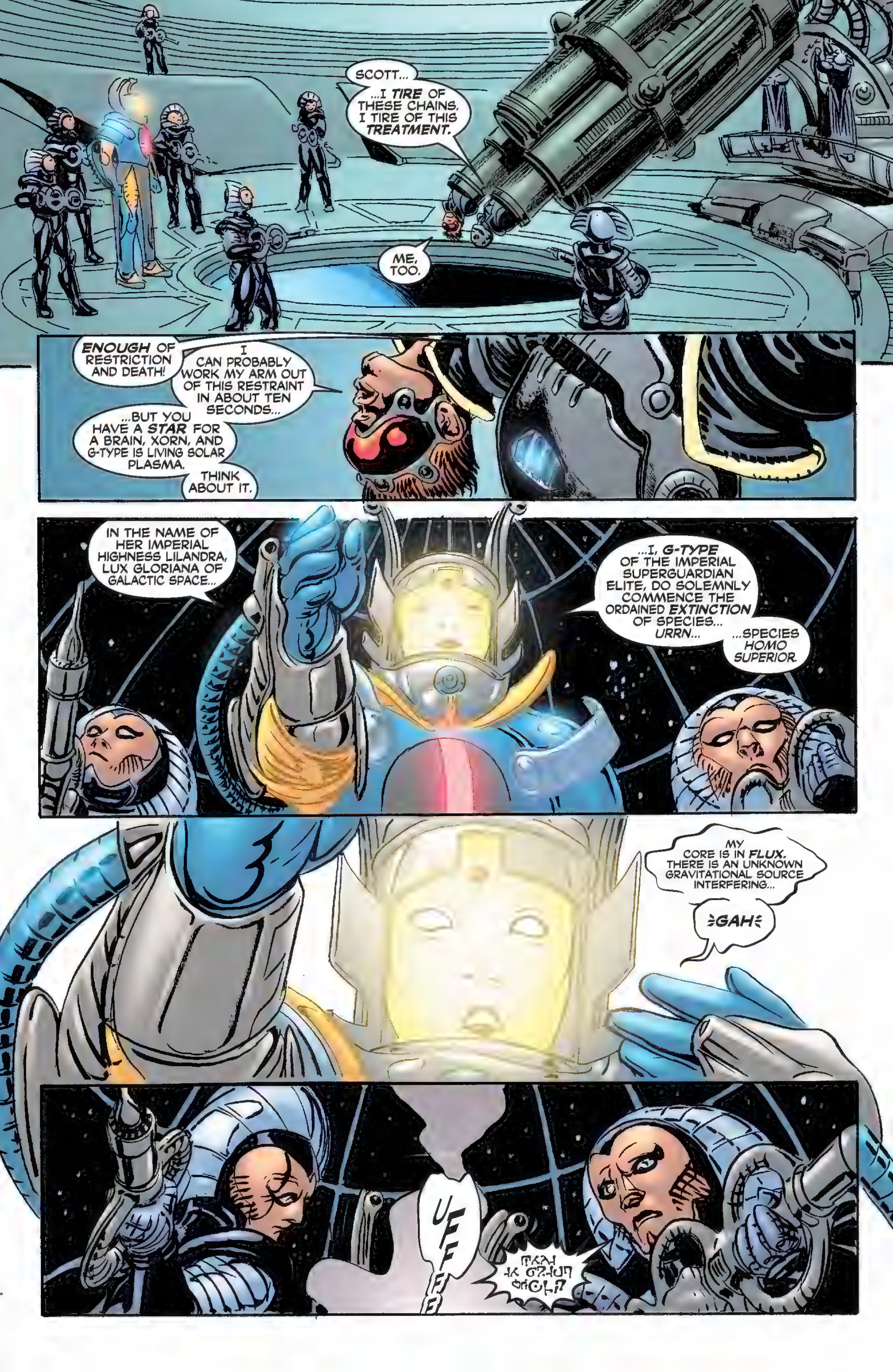

AUURRR!
INSULATION, YOU SEE?
APPLIED.
REASONING.
POWER.
LOGAN...? ARE YOU OKAY?
LOGAN... THE WALL JUST MELTED...
I THINK WE RAN OUT OF TIME.
AUURFF!

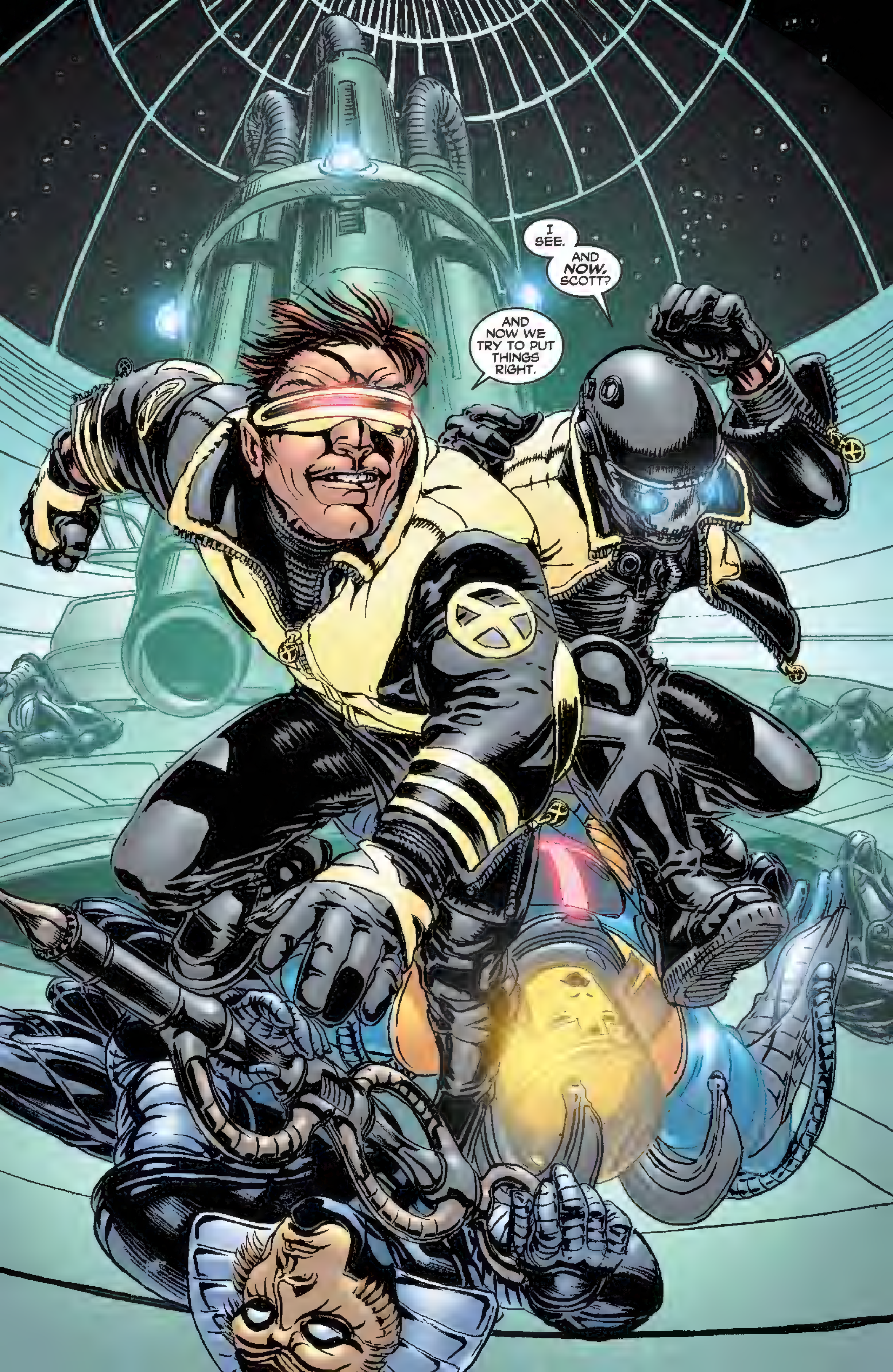

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? HUH?
YOU WANT ME TO CARVE UP SOME MORE OF YOUR PEOPLE, GLADIATOR? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?
IT'S ME, YOU DUMB SUPER-MORON!
YOU MAIMED MONSTRA AND BLIMP. YOU KILLED ONE OF NEOSAURUS' EXO-BODIES.
PROOF OF THE SICKNESS CHARLES XAVIER HAS DESCRIBED...
NEO... WHAT?
THIS IS REAL LIFE, GODDAMNIT, AND THAT AIN'T CHARLIE.
I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY TOLD YOU ON PLANET X! THINK FOR YOURSELF FOR FIVE SECONDS!
WE KNOW YOU CAN'T HELP WHAT THE CASSANDRA NOVA ENTITY HAS DONE TO YOU, BUT THE INFECTION IS IRREVERSIBLE.
FORGIVE ME, LOGAN. YOUR ENTIRE SPECIES IS TO BE STERILIZED BY IMPERIAL ORDER.
GO INTO THE NIGHT OF EXTINCTION WITH THE COURAGE YOU SHOWED IN LIFE, EARTH-FORM.

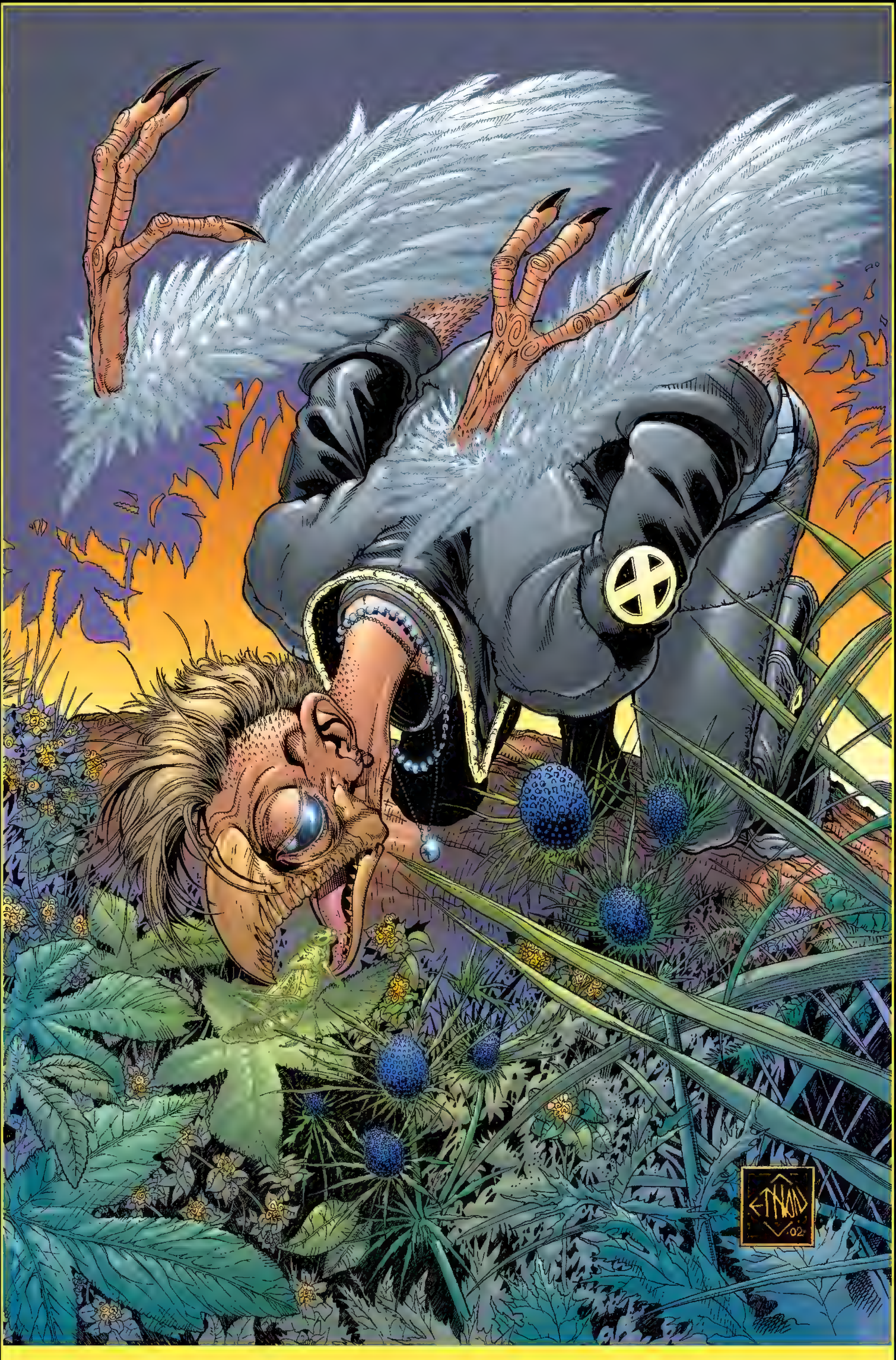

OKAY!
IS EVERYBODY *OKAY?*
MISS... WHAT'S THAT *NOISE...?*
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE WERE TEN FEET OF *STEEL.*
THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING COMING THROUGH THE DOOR. CAN WE *CALL* ANYONE...?
MISS!
YOU FOUGHT WELL...
...NO FORCE IN THE COSMOS HAS *EVER* DISABLED SO MANY OF THE IMPERIAL SUPERGUARDIAN ELITE.
NOW YOUR RESISTANCE IS AT AN END.
SORRY 'BOUT THIS, JEANNIE... I TRIED TO TALK 'EM OUT OF IT...


GLADIATOR... LISTEN TO ME... THERE'S NO PSI-PLAGUE... CHARLES XAVIER'S CONSCIOUSNESS WAS TRAPPED IN THIS BODY...
...THESE ARE CHILDREN. YOU CAN'T JUST DO THIS ON A WORD...
I CAN FEEL YOU TESTING MY MIND ARMOR, PHOENIX.
PREPARE TO...
GLADIATOR...?
GLADIATOR, STOP.
I FOUND HIM... MY POOR LOVELY SMASHER, BROKEN LIKE GLASS...
SMASHER IS DYING IN MY ARMS, GLADIATOR!
AND YOU MUST LISTEN TO HIM.
SMASHER?
PRAETOR...
...WE WERE BETRAYED... THE MONSTER IS IN CHARLES XAVIER... IT LIVES INSIDE XAVIER...
BUT THE EMPRESS SAID...
...THE EMPRESS IS... IS BEYOND... REPROACH...
NO... IT'S TAKEN HER MIND, TOO...
I WAS THERE... I BROKE AGAINST 4-SPACE... TRIED TO WARN YOU...
OH, THANK YOU.
SANITY AT LAST.

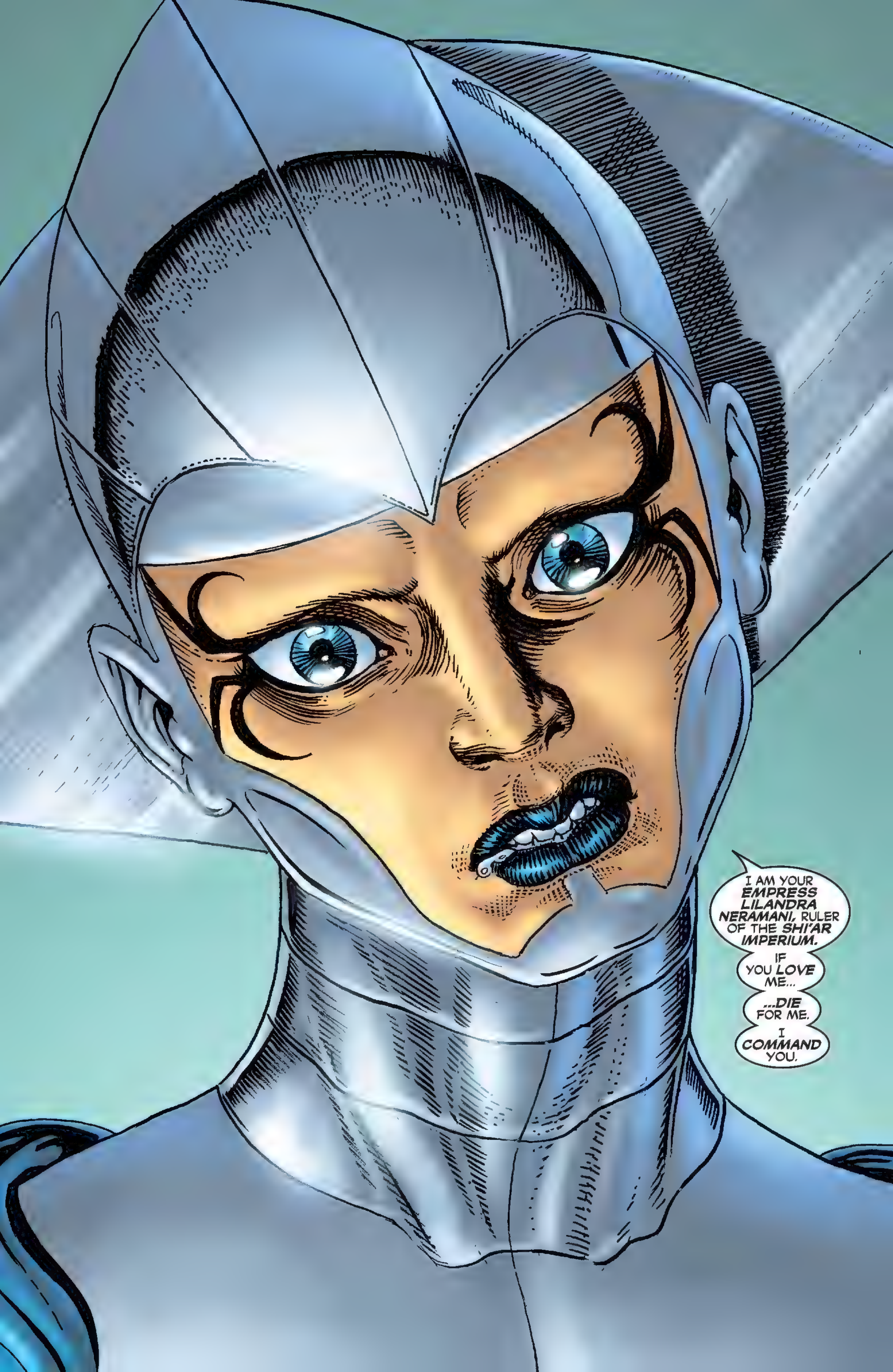

GLADIATOR?
THE EMPIRE... THE EMPIRE IS... *POLLUTED.*
HANK? HANK... IT FEELS LIKE I'M *DYING.*
WE CAN'T FIGHT CASSANDRA LIKE *THIS...* SHE'S *DONE* SOMETHING TO US... SHE THOUGHT OF *EVERYTHING...*
WHAT DID... WHAT DID SHE DOSE US WITH...?
HANK?
SHE DOSED US WITH TINY *SENTINEL MACHINES* DEVELOPED IN THE ECUADOR MASTER MOLD.
DON'T WORRY. *I'LL* THINK OF SOMETHING...
I'LL TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
HANK! COME ON!
MINIATURIZED *SENTINELS,* LOGAN. BACTERIAL ROBOTS HIDING IN THE BLOOD CASSANDRA *SHOWERED* US WITH.
THEY'RE INSIDE US, EATING US AWAY...

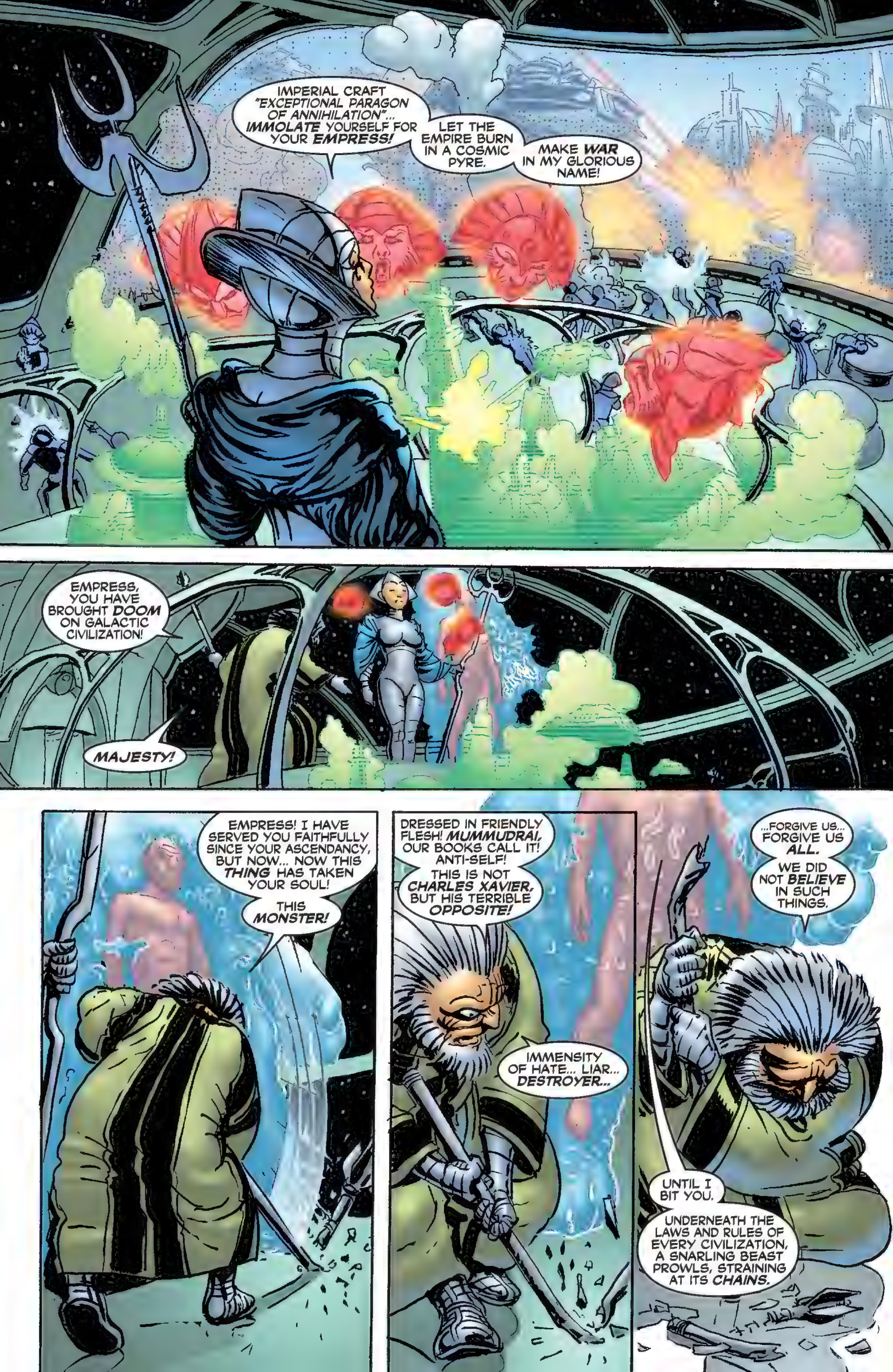

SCOTT...
...I TIRE OF THESE CHAINS. I TIRE OF THIS TREATMENT.
ME, TOO.
ENOUGH OF RESTRICTION AND DEATH!
I CAN PROBABLY WORK MY ARM OUT OF THIS RESTRAINT IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS...
...BUT YOU HAVE A STAR FOR A BRAIN, XORN, AND G-TYPE IS LIVING SOLAR PLASMA.
THINK ABOUT IT.
IN THE NAME OF HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS LILANDRA, LUX GLORIANA OF GALACTIC SPACE...
...I, G-TYPE OF THE IMPERIAL SUPERGUARDIAN ELITE, DO SOLEMNLY COMMENCE THE ORDAINED EXTINCTION OF SPECIES... URRN...
...SPECIES HOMO SUPERIOR.
MY CORE IS IN FLUX. THERE IS AN UNKNOWN GRAVITATIONAL SOURCE INTERFERING...
GAH
UFFFF

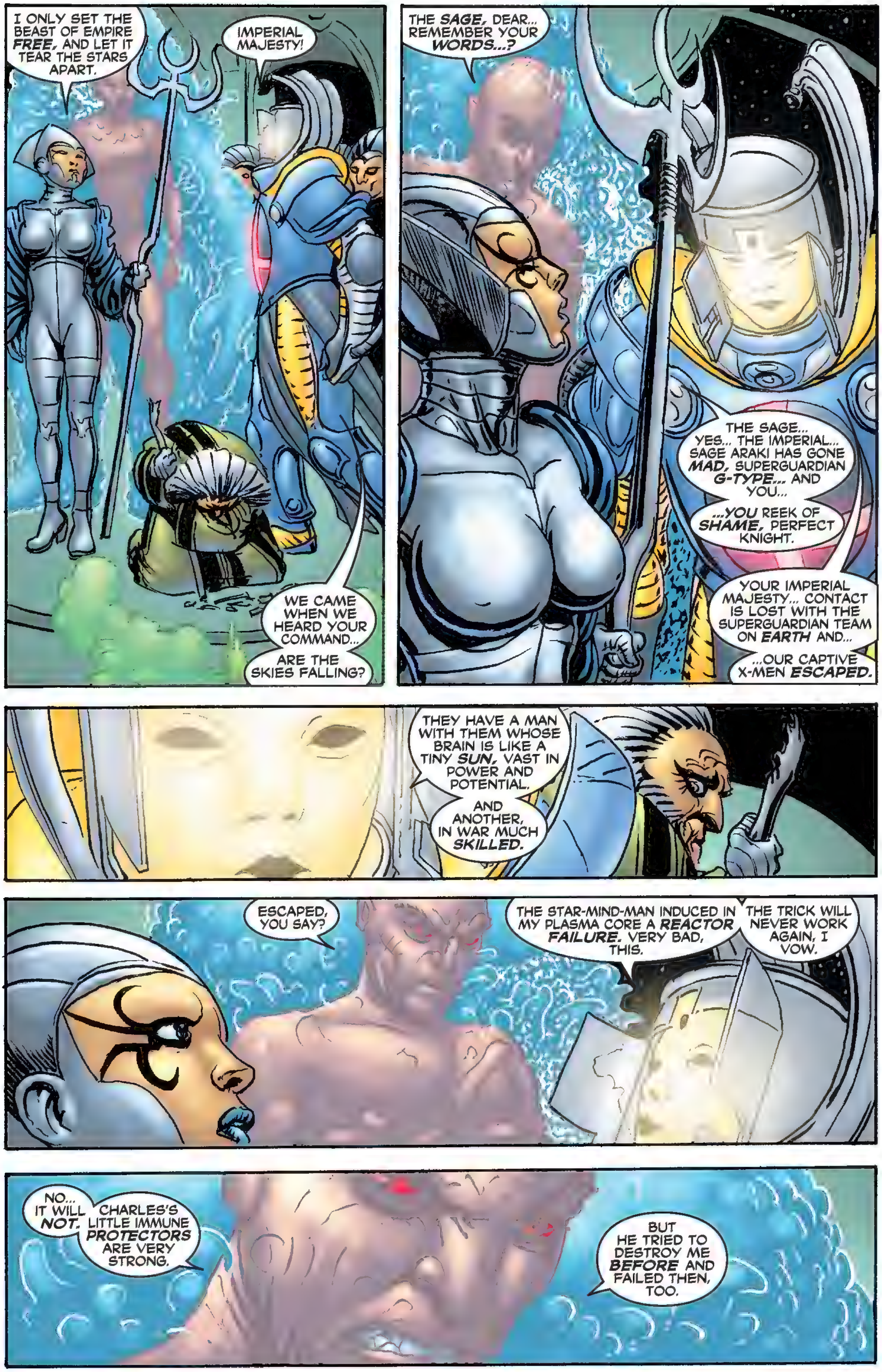

I SEE.
AND *NOW,* SCOTT?
AND NOW WE TRY TO PUT THINGS RIGHT.

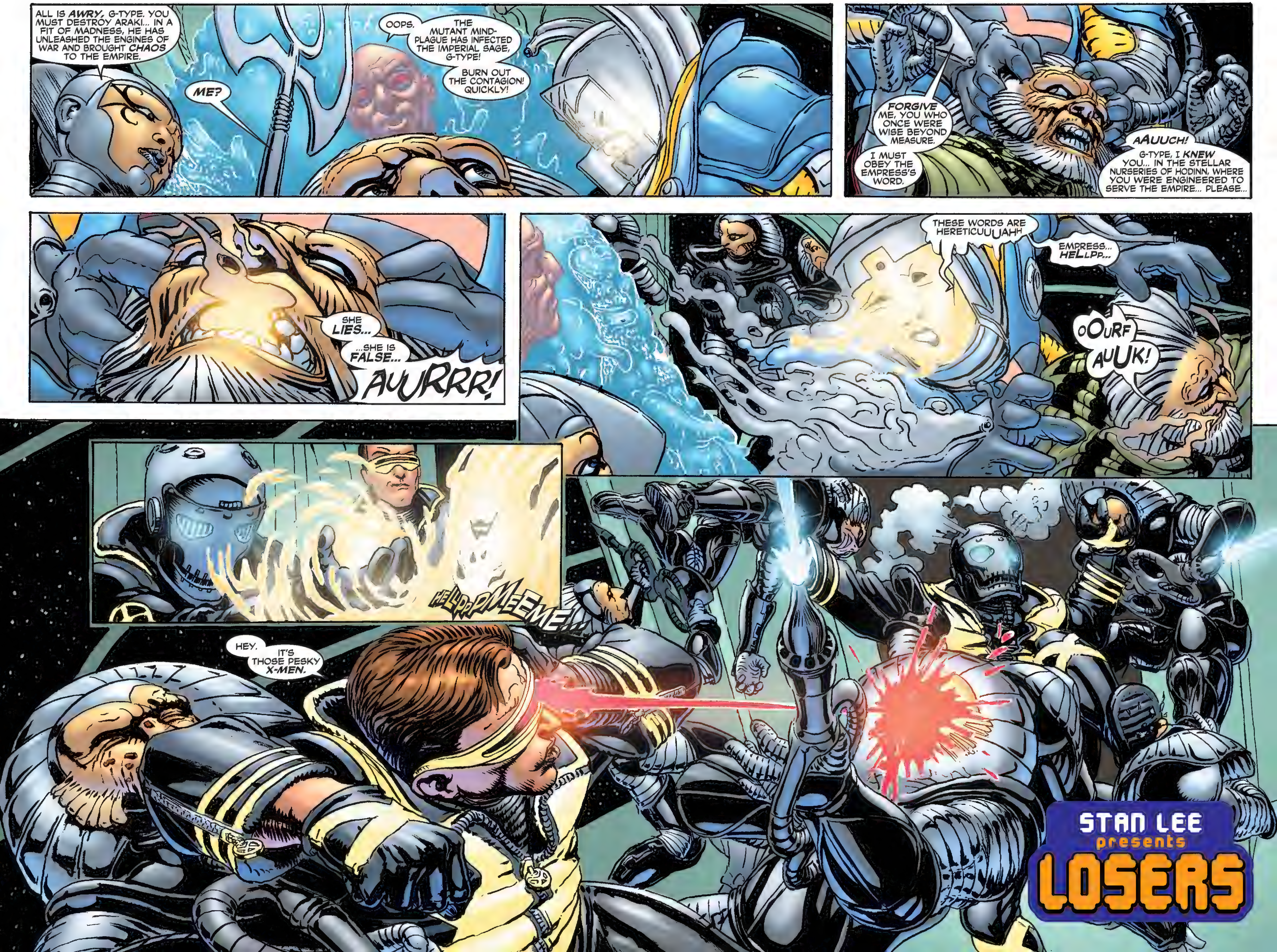


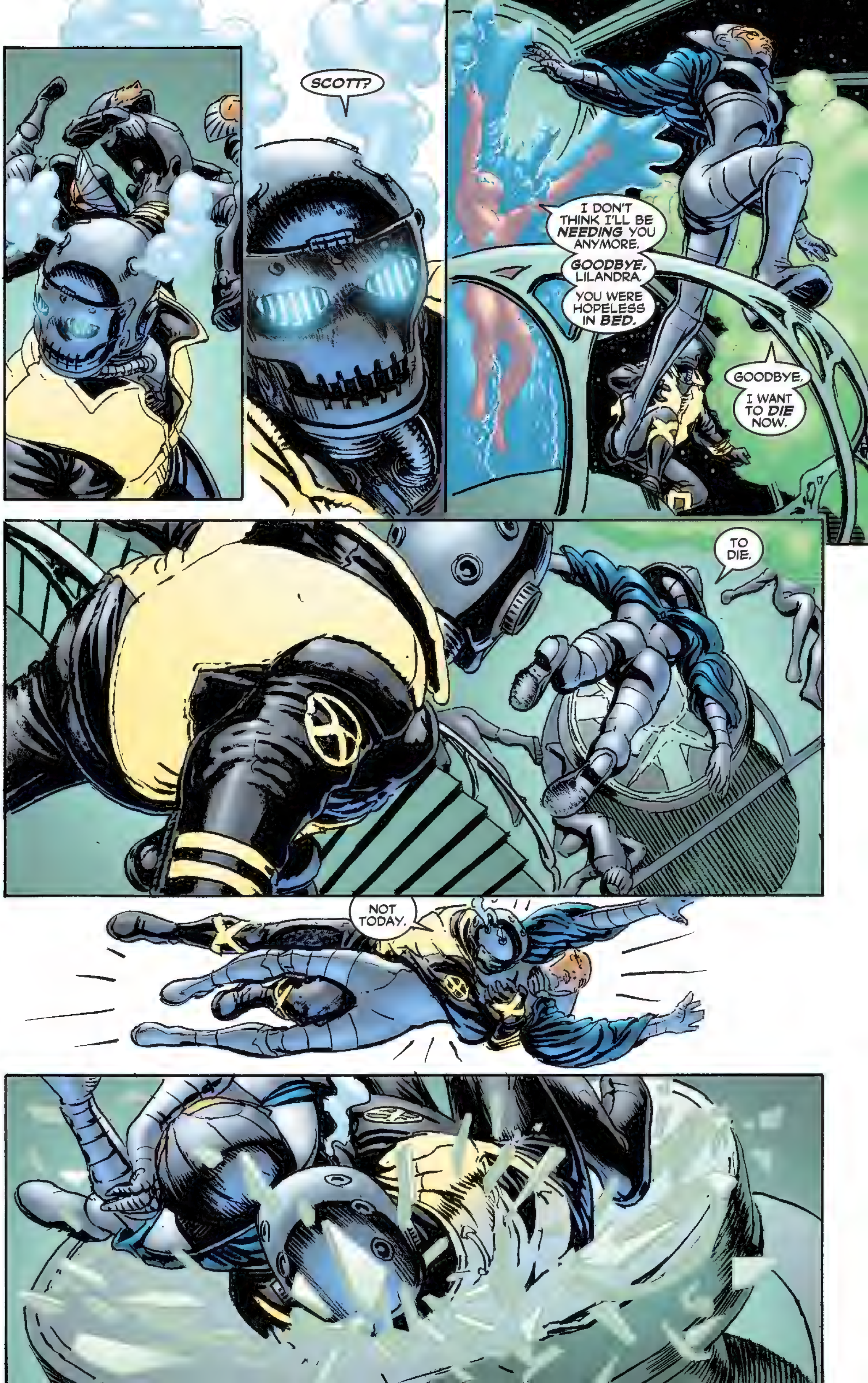
NEW X-MEN #125
"LOSERS"

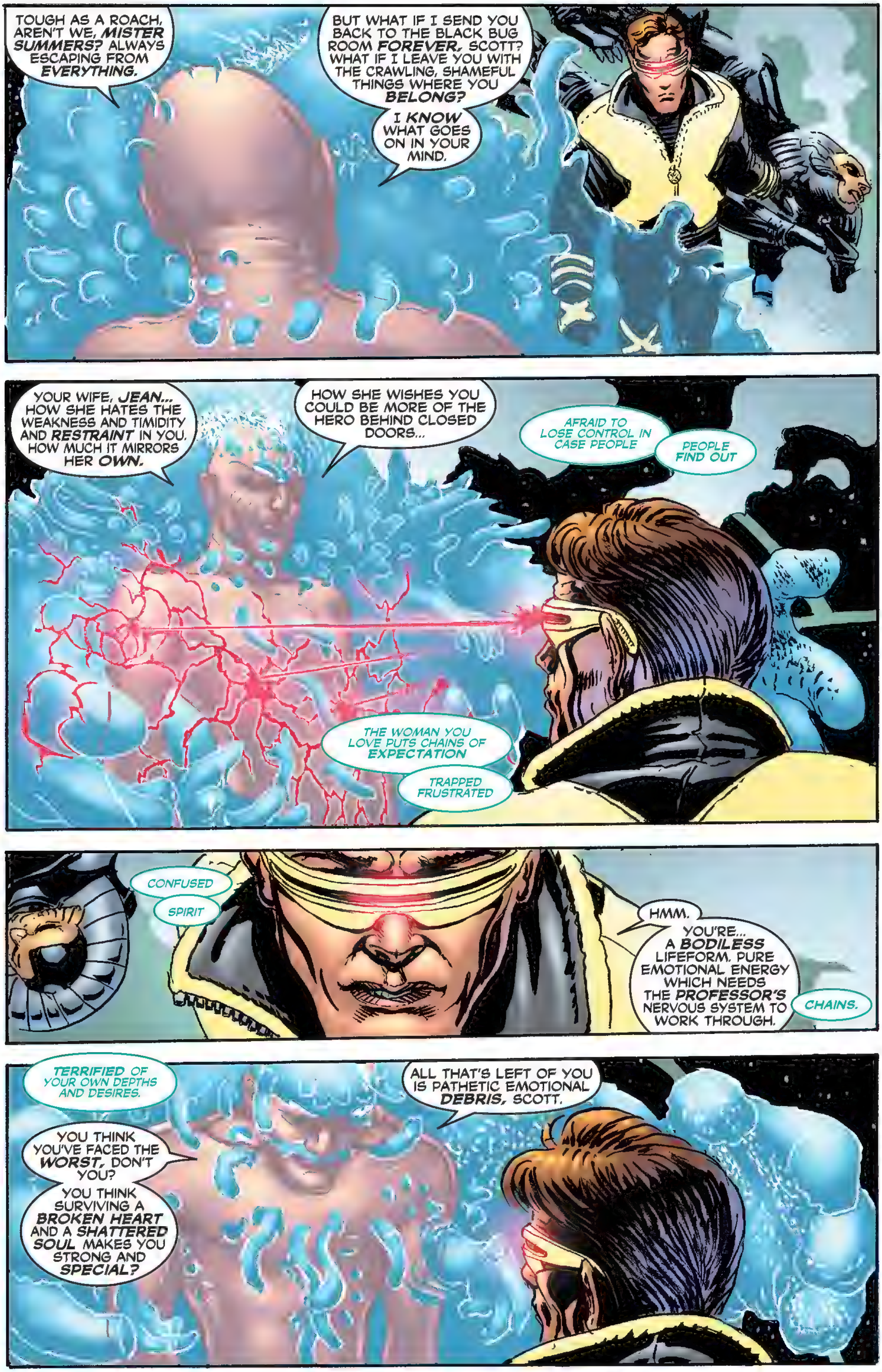

I AM YOUR *EMPRESS LILANDRA NERAMANI,* RULER OF THE *SHI'AR IMPERIUM.*
IF YOU *LOVE* ME...
...*DIE* FOR ME.
I *COMMAND* YOU.

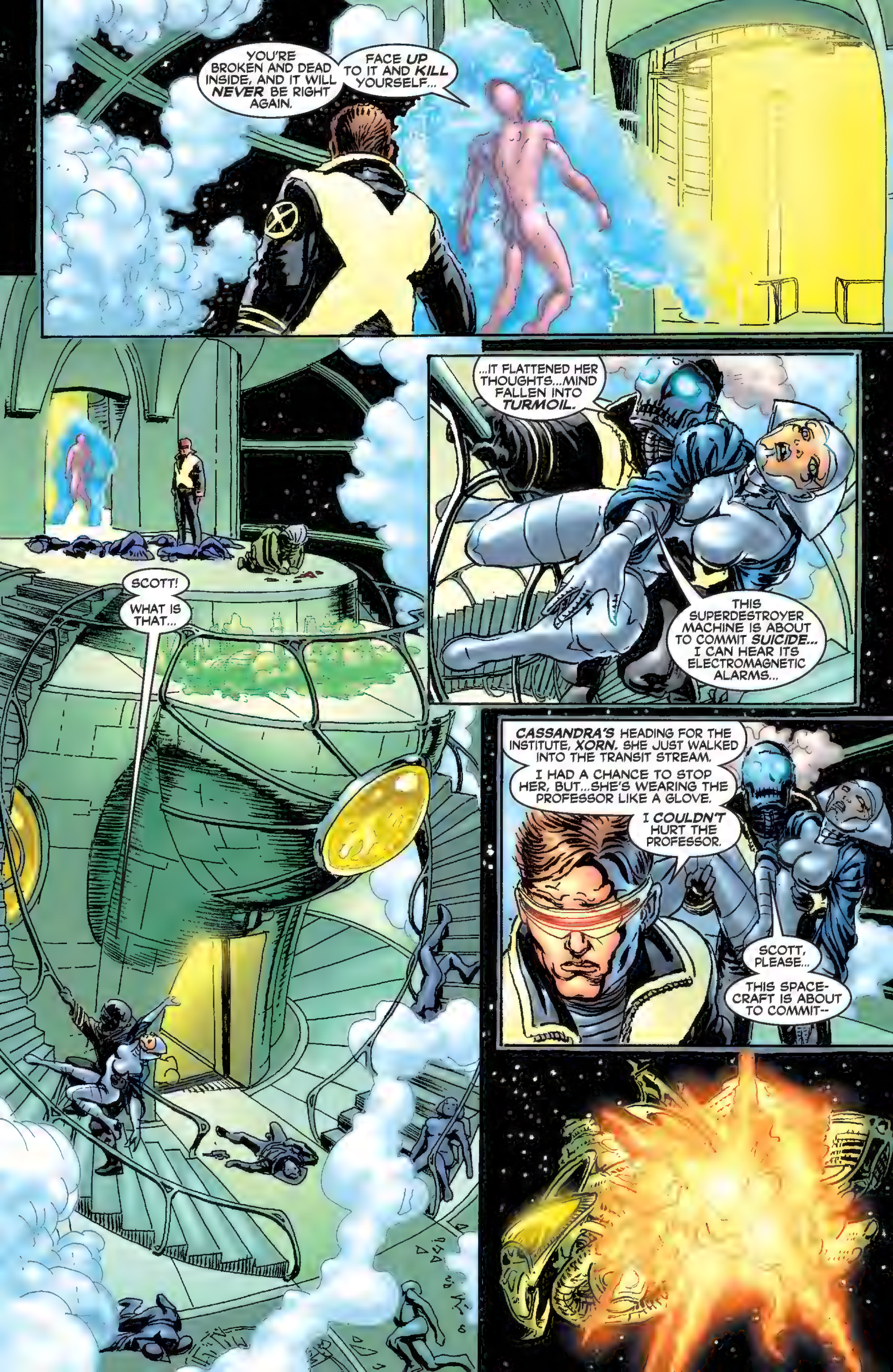

IMPERIAL CRAFT "EXCEPTIONAL PARAGON OF ANNIHILATION"... *IMMOLATE* YOURSELF FOR YOUR *EMPRESS!*
LET THE EMPIRE BURN IN A COSMIC PYRE.
MAKE *WAR* IN MY GLORIOUS NAME!
EMPRESS, YOU HAVE BROUGHT *DOOM* ON GALACTIC CIVILIZATION!
MAJESTY!
EMPRESS! I HAVE SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY SINCE YOUR ASCENDANCY, BUT NOW... NOW THIS *THING* HAS TAKEN YOUR SOUL!
THIS *MONSTER!*
DRESSED IN FRIENDLY FLESH! *MUMMUDRAI,* OUR BOOKS CALL IT! ANTI-SELF!
THIS IS NOT *CHARLES XAVIER,* BUT HIS TERRIBLE *OPPOSITE!*
IMMENSITY OF HATE... LIAR... *DESTROYER...*
...FORGIVE US... FORGIVE US *ALL.*
WE DID NOT *BELIEVE* IN SUCH THINGS.
UNTIL I BIT YOU.
UNDERNEATH THE LAWS AND RULES OF EVERY CIVILIZATION, A SNARLING BEAST PROWLS, STRAINING AT ITS *CHAINS.*

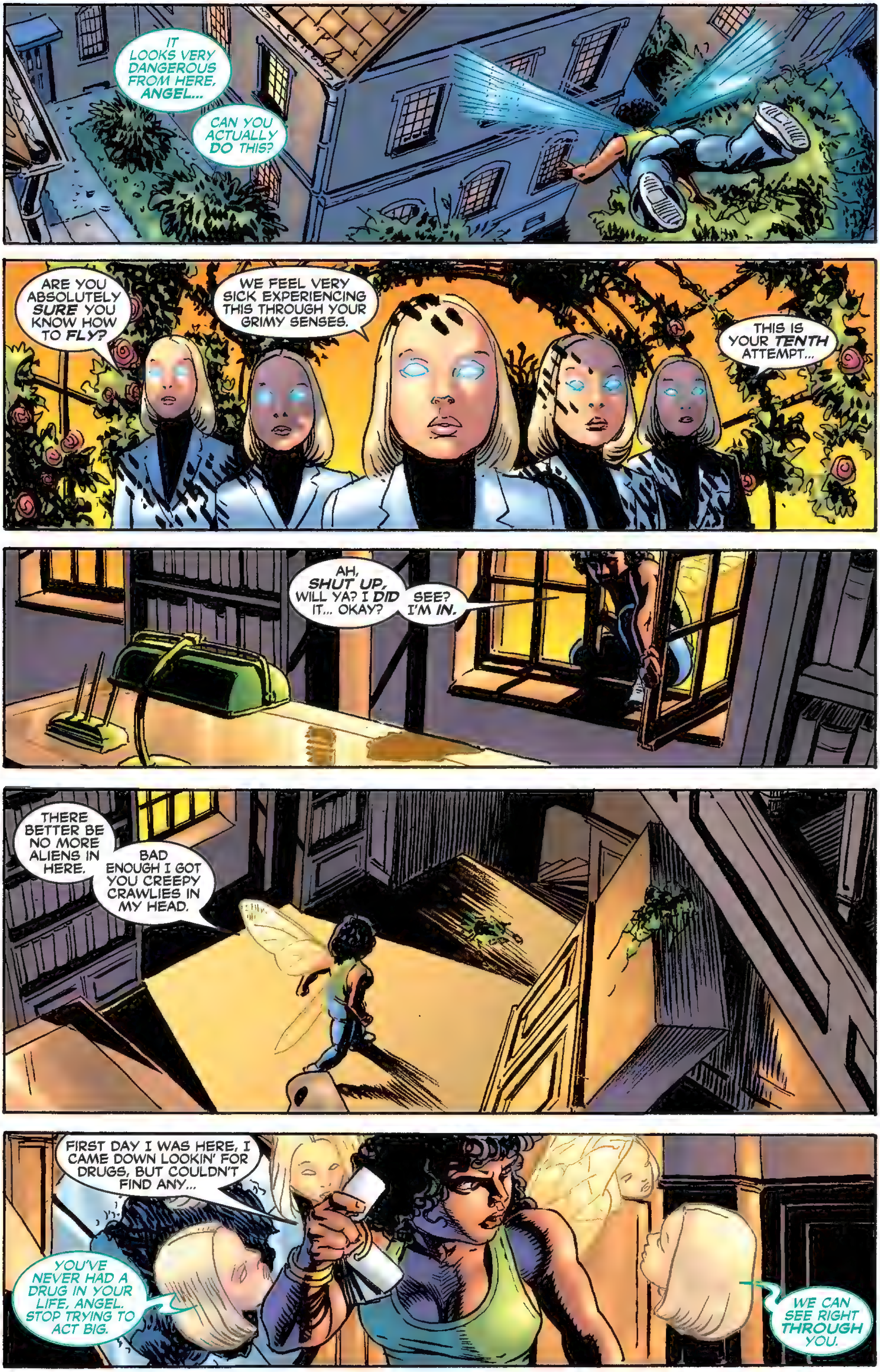

I ONLY SET THE BEAST OF EMPIRE **FREE,** AND LET IT TEAR THE STARS APART.
IMPERIAL MAJESTY!
WE CAME WHEN WE HEARD YOUR COMMAND...
ARE THE SKIES FALLING?
THE **SAGE,** DEAR... REMEMBER YOUR **WORDS...?**
THE SAGE... YES... THE IMPERIAL... SAGE ARAKI HAS GONE **MAD,** SUPERGUARDIAN **G-TYPE...** AND YOU...
...YOU REEK OF **SHAME,** PERFECT KNIGHT.
YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY... CONTACT IS LOST WITH THE SUPERGUARDIAN TEAM ON **EARTH** AND...
...OUR CAPTIVE X-MEN **ESCAPED.**
THEY HAVE A MAN WITH THEM WHOSE BRAIN IS LIKE A TINY **SUN,** VAST IN POWER AND POTENTIAL.
AND ANOTHER, IN WAR MUCH **SKILLED.**
ESCAPED, YOU SAY?
THE STAR-MIND-MAN INDUCED IN MY PLASMA CORE A **REACTOR FAILURE.** VERY BAD, THIS.
THE TRICK WILL NEVER WORK AGAIN, I VOW.
NO... IT WILL **NOT.**
CHARLES'S LITTLE IMMUNE **PROTECTORS** ARE VERY STRONG.
BUT HE TRIED TO DESTROY ME **BEFORE** AND FAILED THEN, TOO.

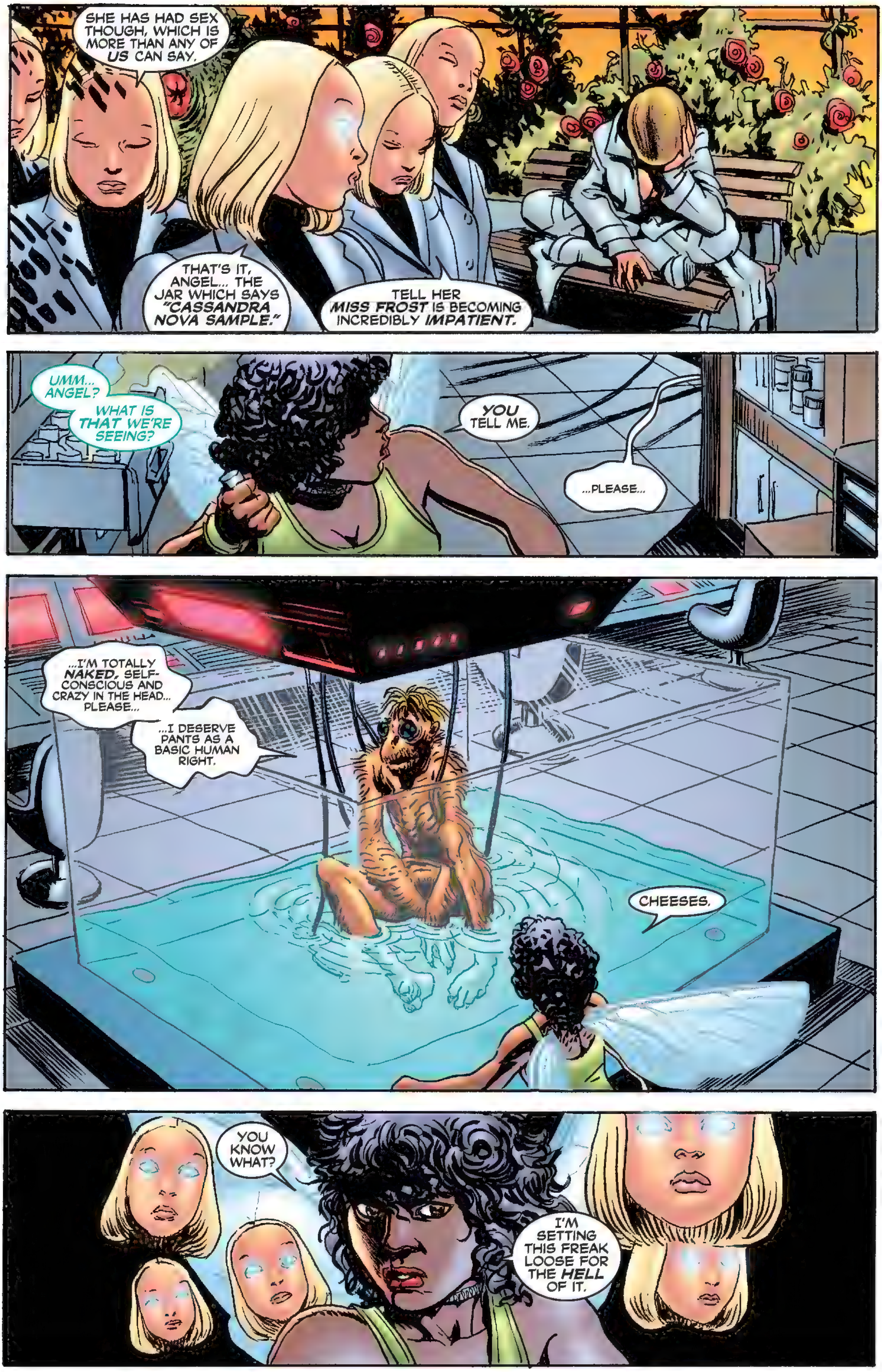

ALL IS **AWRY**, G-TYPE. YOU MUST DESTROY ARAKI... IN A FIT OF MADNESS, HE HAS UNLEASHED THE ENGINES OF WAR AND BROUGHT **CHAOS** TO THE EMPIRE.
ME?
OOPS.
THE MUTANT MIND-PLAGUE HAS INFECTED THE IMPERIAL SAGE, G-TYPE!
BURN OUT THE CONTAGION! QUICKLY!
FORGIVE ME, YOU WHO ONCE WERE WISE BEYOND MEASURE.
I MUST OBEY THE EMPRESS'S WORD.
AAUUCH!
G-TYPE, I **KNEW** YOU... IN THE STELLAR NURSERIES OF HODINN, WHERE YOU WERE ENGINEERED TO SERVE THE EMPIRE... PLEASE...
SHE **LIES**...
...SHE IS **FALSE**...
AUURRR!
THESE WORDS ARE HERETICUUUAHH
EMPRESS... **HELLPP**...
OOURF
AUUK!
HELLPPPMEEME...
HEY.
IT'S THOSE PESKY **X-MEN**.
STAN LEE presents
LOSERS

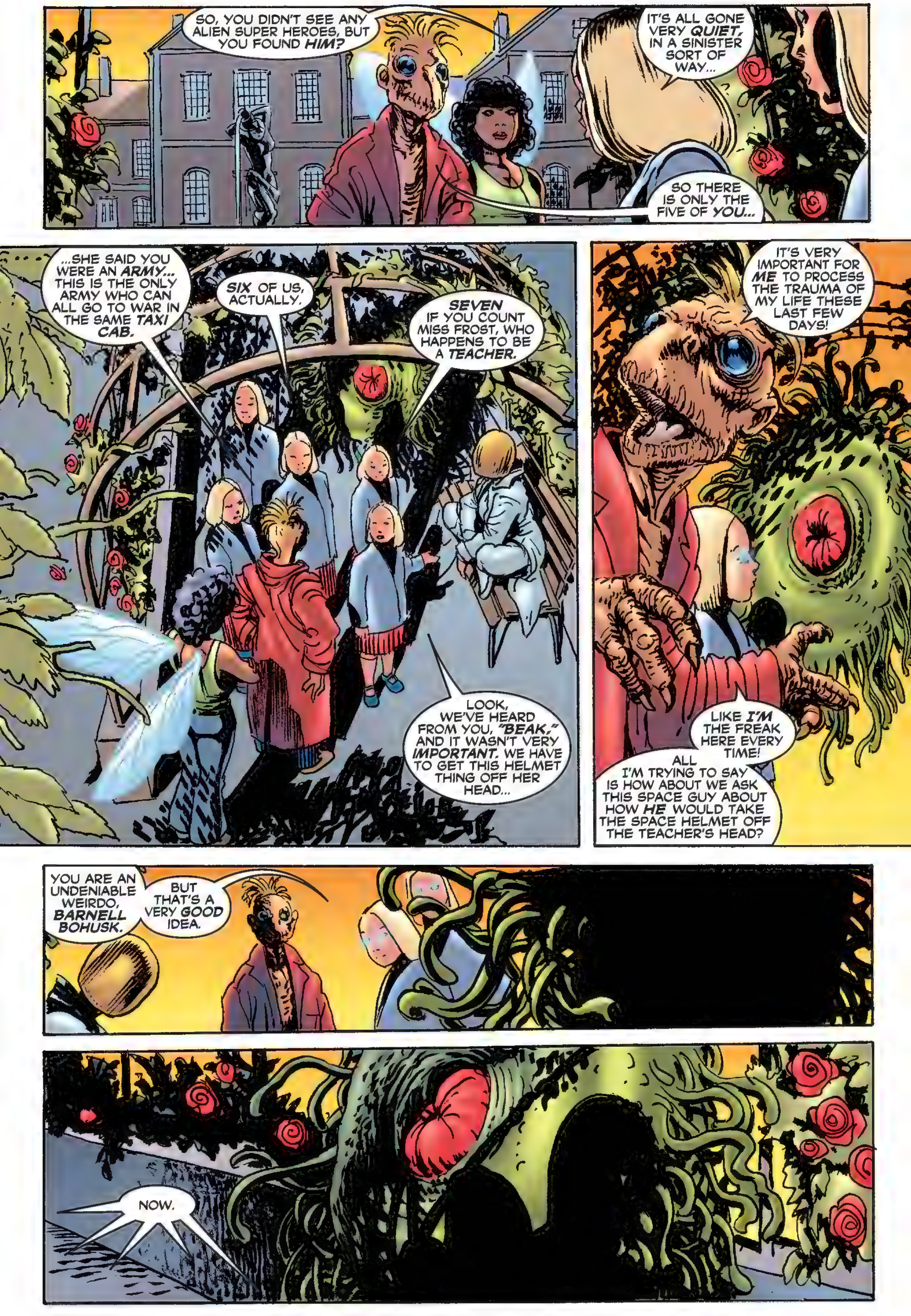

SCOTT?
I DON'T THINK I'LL BE NEEDING YOU ANYMORE.
GOODBYE, LILANDRA.
YOU WERE HOPELESS IN BED.
GOODBYE. I WANT TO DIE NOW.
TO DIE.
NOT TODAY.

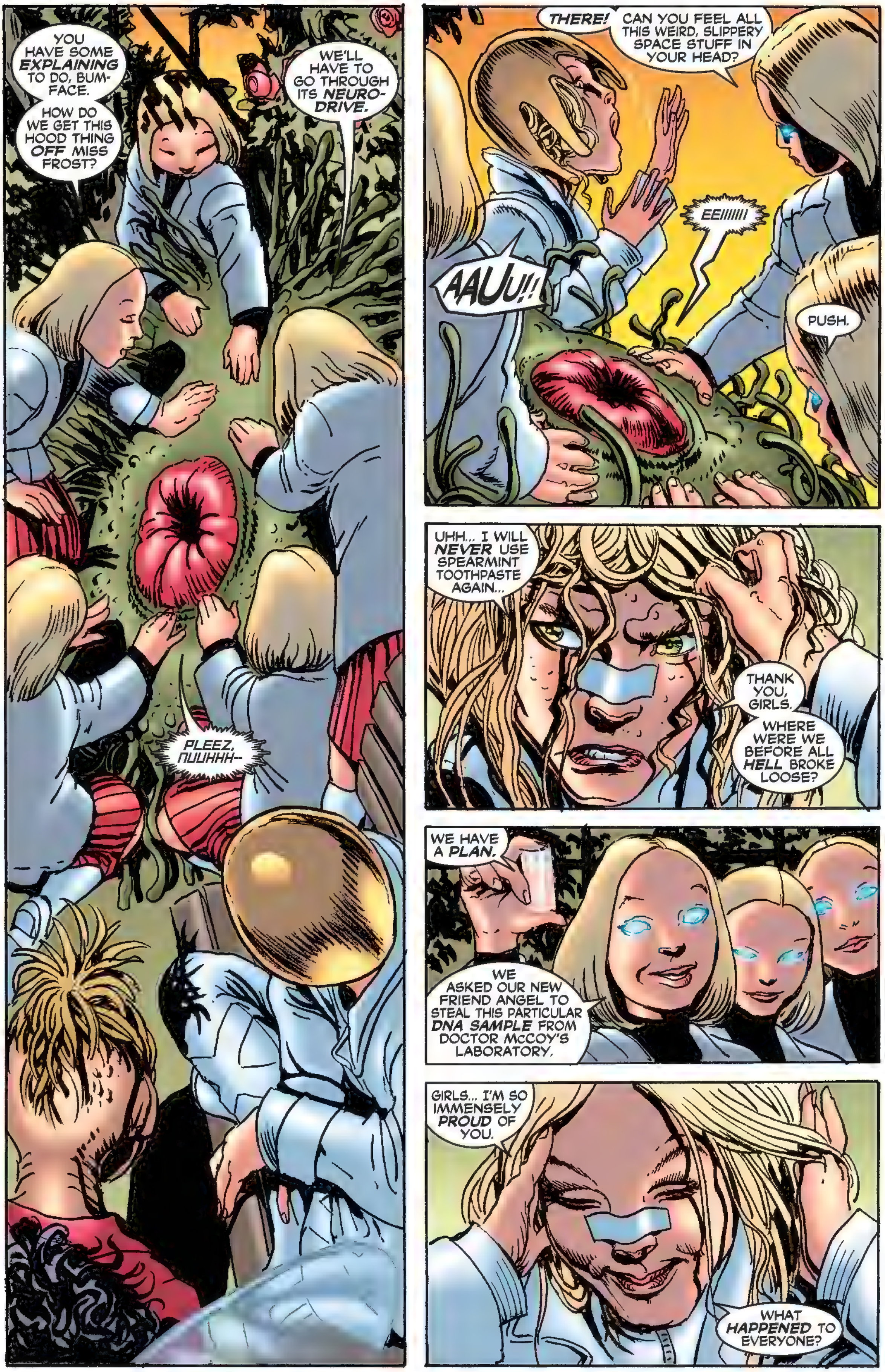

TOUGH AS A ROACH, AREN'T WE, MISTER SUMMERS? ALWAYS ESCAPING FROM EVERYTHING.
BUT WHAT IF I SEND YOU BACK TO THE BLACK BUG ROOM FOREVER, SCOTT? WHAT IF I LEAVE YOU WITH THE CRAWLING, SHAMEFUL THINGS WHERE YOU BELONG?
I KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR MIND.
YOUR WIFE, JEAN... HOW SHE HATES THE WEAKNESS AND TIMIDITY AND RESTRAINT IN YOU. HOW MUCH IT MIRRORS HER OWN.
HOW SHE WISHES YOU COULD BE MORE OF THE HERO BEHIND CLOSED DOORS...
AFRAID TO LOSE CONTROL IN CASE PEOPLE
PEOPLE FIND OUT
THE WOMAN YOU LOVE PUTS CHAINS OF EXPECTATION
TRAPPED FRUSTRATED
CONFUSED
SPIRIT
HMM.
YOU'RE... A BODILESS LIFEFORM. PURE EMOTIONAL ENERGY WHICH NEEDS THE PROFESSOR'S NERVOUS SYSTEM TO WORK THROUGH.
CHAINS.
TERRIFIED OF YOUR OWN DEPTHS AND DESIRES.
ALL THAT'S LEFT OF YOU IS PATHETIC EMOTIONAL DEBRIS, SCOTT.
YOU THINK YOU'VE FACED THE WORST, DON'T YOU?
YOU THINK SURVIVING A BROKEN HEART AND A SHATTERED SOUL MAKES YOU STRONG AND SPECIAL?

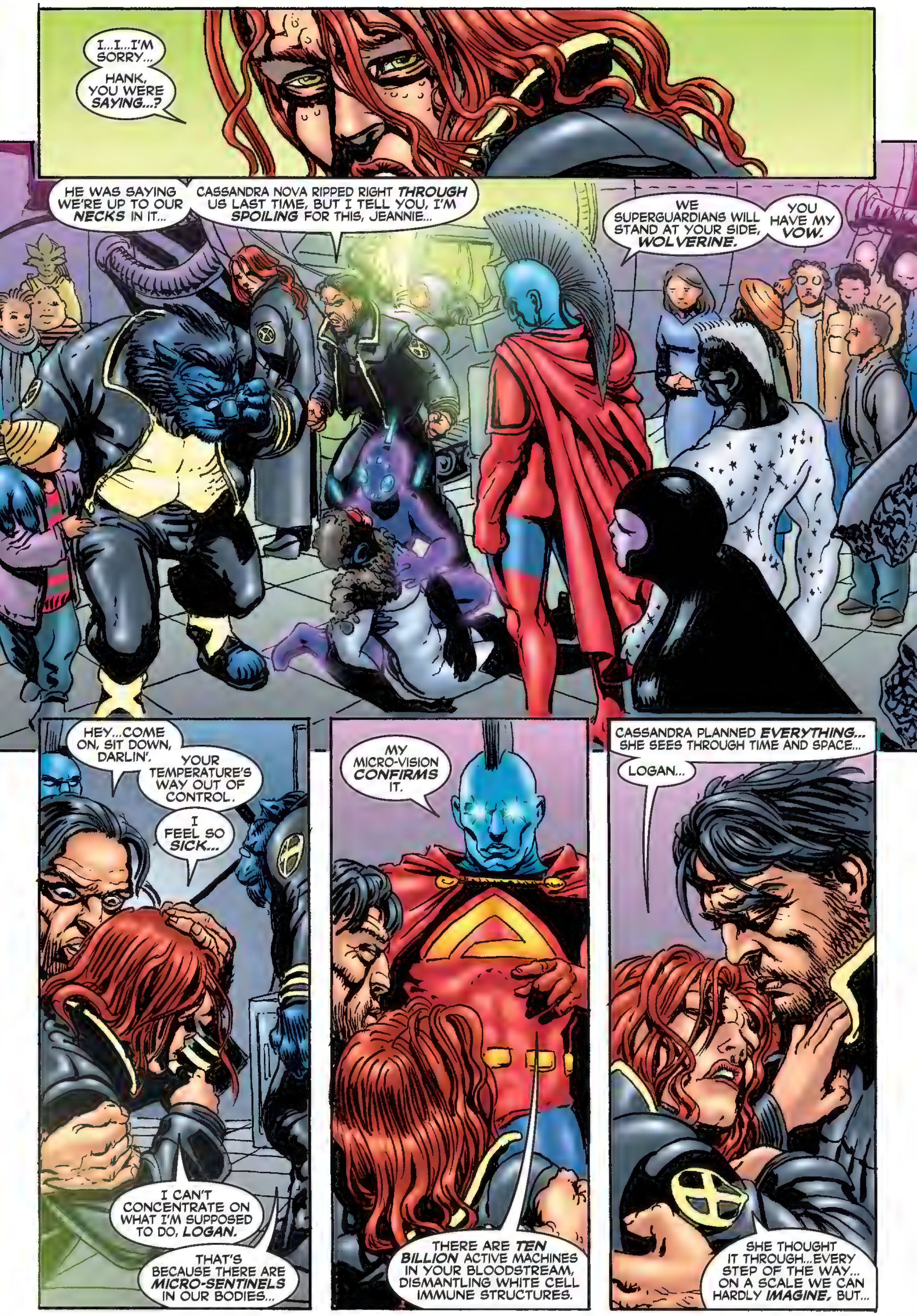

YOU'RE BROKEN AND DEAD INSIDE, AND IT WILL NEVER BE RIGHT AGAIN.
FACE UP TO IT AND KILL YOURSELF...
SCOTT!
WHAT IS THAT...
...IT FLATTENED HER THOUGHTS...MIND FALLEN INTO TURMOIL.
THIS SUPERDESTROYER MACHINE IS ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE... I CAN HEAR ITS ELECTROMAGNETIC ALARMS...
CASSANDRA'S HEADING FOR THE INSTITUTE, XORN. SHE JUST WALKED INTO THE TRANSIT STREAM.
I HAD A CHANCE TO STOP HER, BUT...SHE'S WEARING THE PROFESSOR LIKE A GLOVE.
I COULDN'T HURT THE PROFESSOR.
SCOTT, PLEASE...
THIS SPACECRAFT IS ABOUT TO COMMIT--

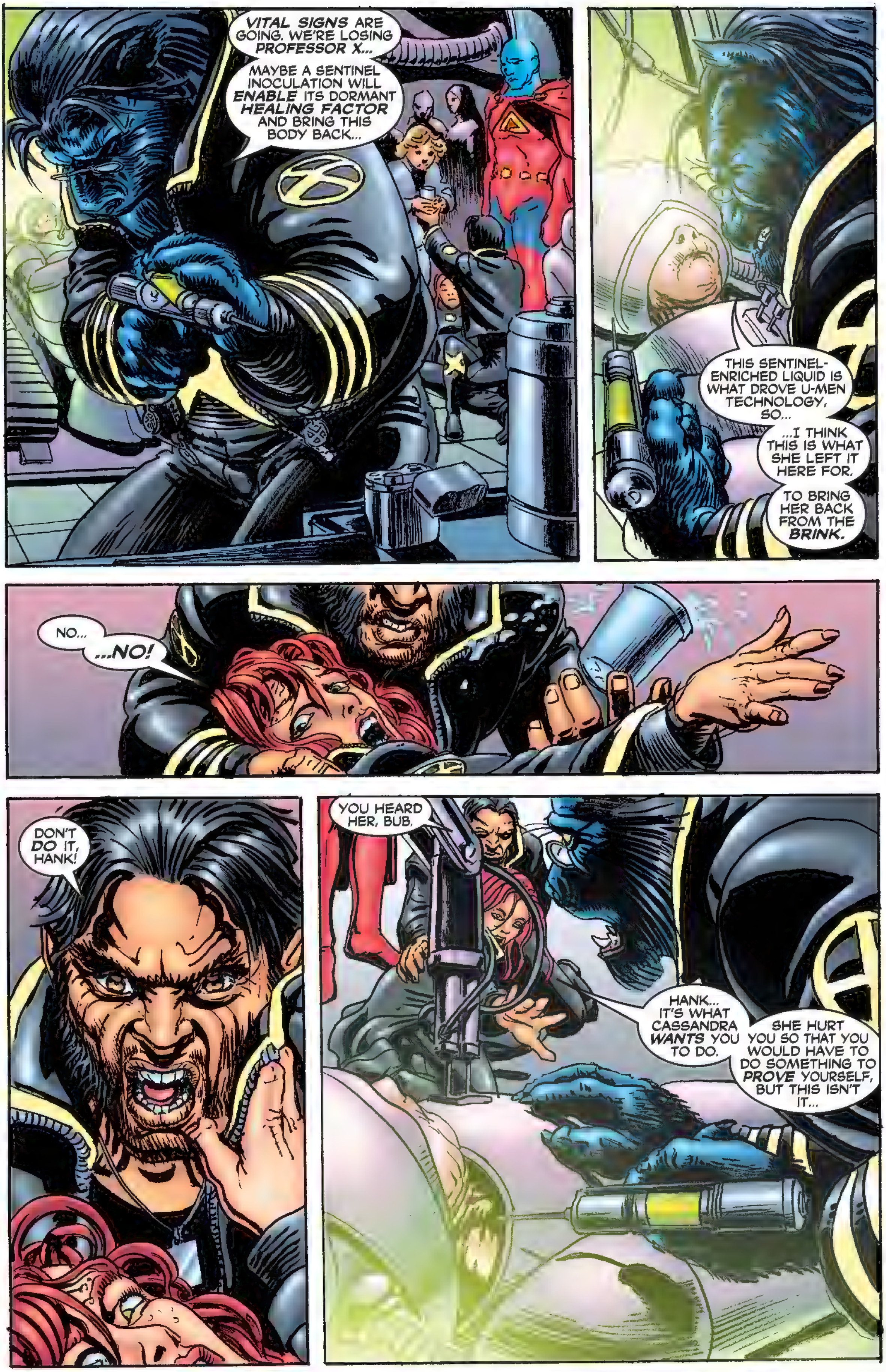

IT LOOKS VERY DANGEROUS FROM HERE, ANGEL...
CAN YOU ACTUALLY DO THIS?
ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY?
WE FEEL VERY SICK EXPERIENCING THIS THROUGH YOUR GRIMY SENSES.
THIS IS YOUR TENTH ATTEMPT...
AH, SHUT UP, WILL YA? I DID IT... OKAY?
SEE? I'M IN.
THERE BETTER BE NO MORE ALIENS IN HERE.
BAD ENOUGH I GOT YOU CREEPY CRAWLIES IN MY HEAD.
FIRST DAY I WAS HERE, I CAME DOWN LOOKIN' FOR DRUGS, BUT COULDN'T FIND ANY...
YOU'VE NEVER HAD A DRUG IN YOUR LIFE, ANGEL. STOP TRYING TO ACT BIG.
WE CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU.

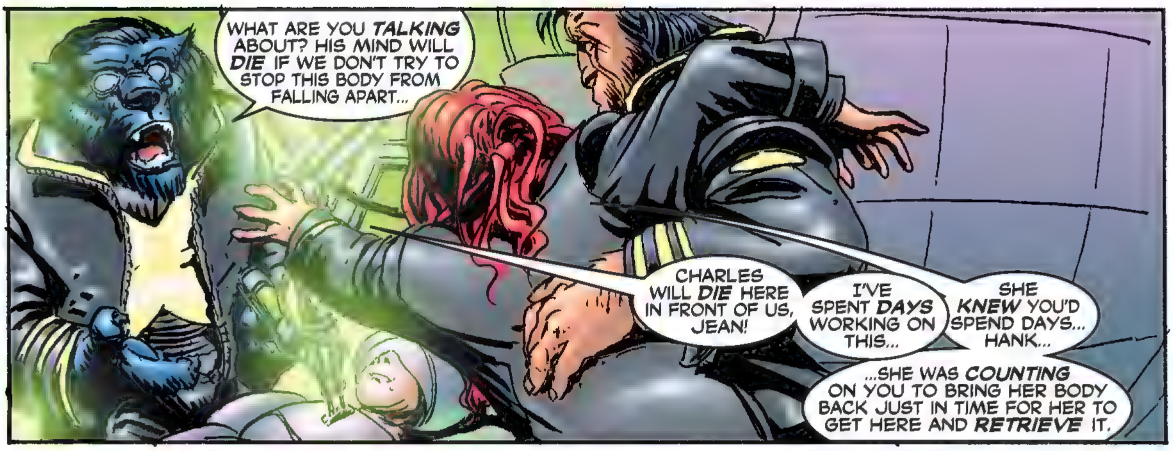

SHE HAS HAD SEX THOUGH, WHICH IS MORE THAN ANY OF *US* CAN SAY.
THAT'S IT, ANGEL... THE JAR WHICH SAYS *"CASSANDRA NOVA SAMPLE."*
TELL HER *MISS FROST* IS BECOMING INCREDIBLY *IMPATIENT.*
UMM... ANGEL?
WHAT IS *THAT* WE'RE SEEING?
YOU TELL ME.
...PLEASE...
...I'M TOTALLY *NAKED,* SELF-CONSCIOUS AND CRAZY IN THE HEAD... PLEASE...
...I DESERVE PANTS AS A BASIC HUMAN RIGHT.
CHEESES.
YOU KNOW WHAT?
I'M SETTING THIS FREAK LOOSE FOR THE *HELL* OF IT.

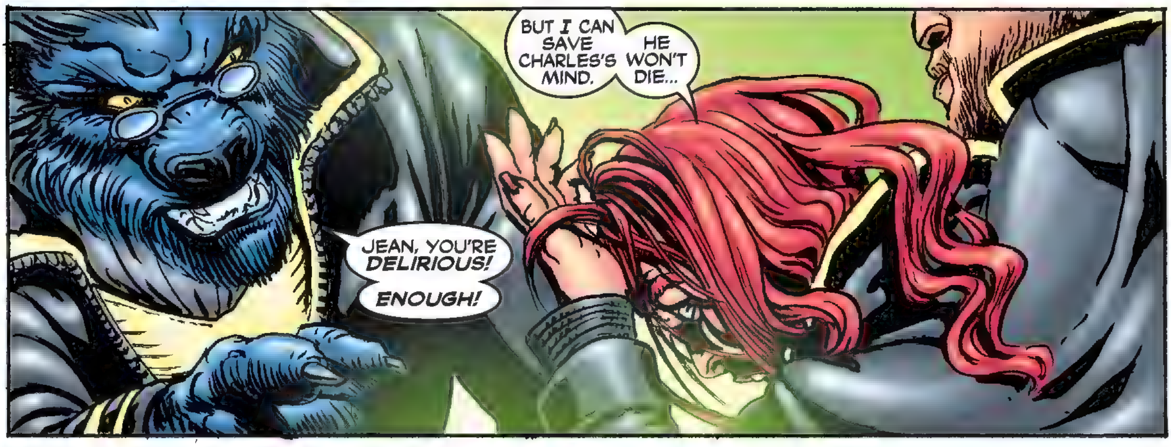

SO, YOU DIDN'T SEE ANY ALIEN SUPER HEROES, BUT YOU FOUND *HIM?*
IT'S ALL GONE VERY *QUIET,* IN A SINISTER SORT OF WAY...
SO THERE IS ONLY THE FIVE OF *YOU...*
...SHE SAID YOU WERE AN *ARMY...* THIS IS THE ONLY ARMY WHO CAN ALL GO TO WAR IN THE SAME *TAXI CAB.*
SIX OF US, ACTUALLY.
SEVEN IF YOU COUNT MISS FROST, WHO HAPPENS TO BE A *TEACHER.*
LOOK, WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU, *"BEAK,"* AND IT WASN'T VERY *IMPORTANT.* WE HAVE TO GET THIS HELMET THING OFF HER HEAD...
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT FOR *ME* TO PROCESS THE TRAUMA OF MY LIFE THESE LAST FEW DAYS!
LIKE *I'M* THE FREAK HERE EVERY TIME!
ALL I'M TRYING TO SAY IS HOW ABOUT WE ASK THIS SPACE GUY ABOUT HOW *HE* WOULD TAKE THE SPACE HELMET OFF THE TEACHER'S HEAD?
YOU ARE AN UNDENIABLE WEIRDO, *BARNELL BOHUSK.*
BUT THAT'S A VERY *GOOD* IDEA.
NOW.

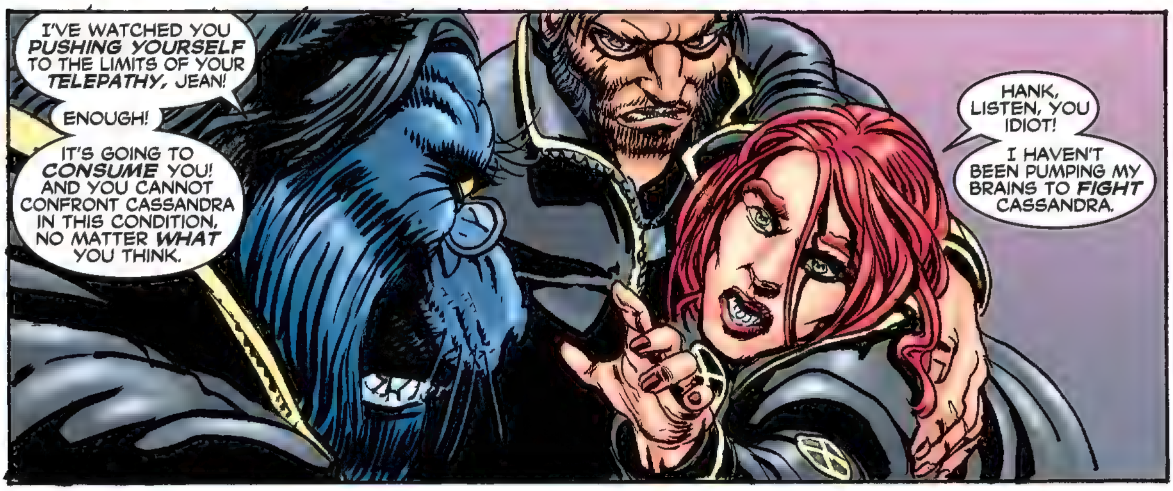

YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, BUM-FACE.
HOW DO WE GET THIS HOOD THING OFF MISS FROST?
WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ITS NEURO-DRIVE.
PLEEZ, NUUHHH--
THERE!
CAN YOU FEEL ALL THIS WEIRD, SLIPPERY SPACE STUFF IN YOUR HEAD?
EEIIIIIII
AAUU!!
PUSH.
UHH... I WILL NEVER USE SPEARMINT TOOTHPASTE AGAIN...
THANK YOU, GIRLS.
WHERE WERE WE BEFORE ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE?
WE HAVE A PLAN.
WE ASKED OUR NEW FRIEND ANGEL TO STEAL THIS PARTICULAR DNA SAMPLE FROM DOCTOR McCOY'S LABORATORY.
GIRLS... I'M SO IMMENSELY PROUD OF YOU.
WHAT HAPPENED TO EVERYONE?

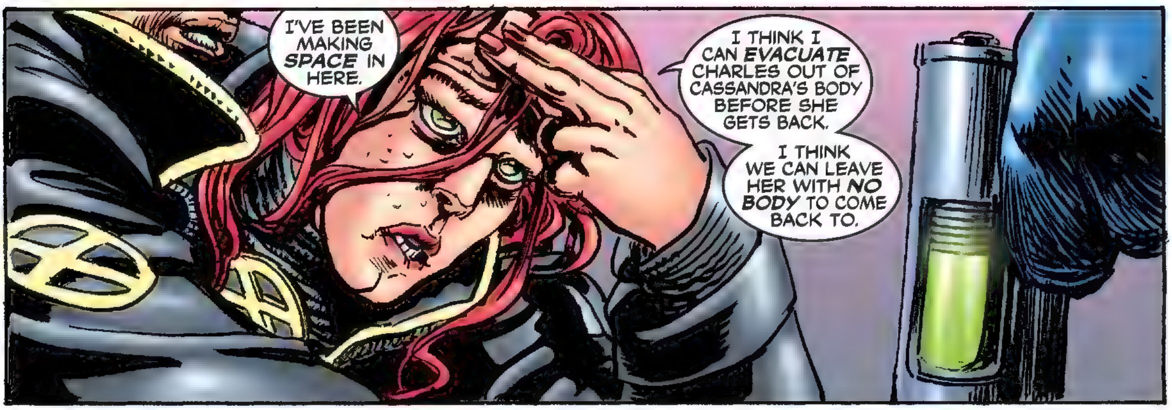

I...I...I'M SORRY...
HANK, YOU WERE SAYING...?
HE WAS SAYING WE'RE UP TO OUR NECKS IN IT...
CASSANDRA NOVA RIPPED RIGHT THROUGH US LAST TIME, BUT I TELL YOU, I'M SPOILING FOR THIS, JEANNIE...
WE SUPERGUARDIANS WILL STAND AT YOUR SIDE, WOLVERINE.
YOU HAVE MY VOW.
HEY...COME ON, SIT DOWN, DARLIN'.
YOUR TEMPERATURE'S WAY OUT OF CONTROL.
I FEEL SO SICK...
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO, LOGAN.
THAT'S BECAUSE THERE ARE MICRO-SENTINELS IN OUR BODIES...
MY MICRO-VISION CONFIRMS IT.
THERE ARE TEN BILLION ACTIVE MACHINES IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM, DISMANTLING WHITE CELL IMMUNE STRUCTURES.
CASSANDRA PLANNED EVERYTHING... SHE SEES THROUGH TIME AND SPACE...
LOGAN...
SHE THOUGHT IT THROUGH...EVERY STEP OF THE WAY... ON A SCALE WE CAN HARDLY IMAGINE, BUT...

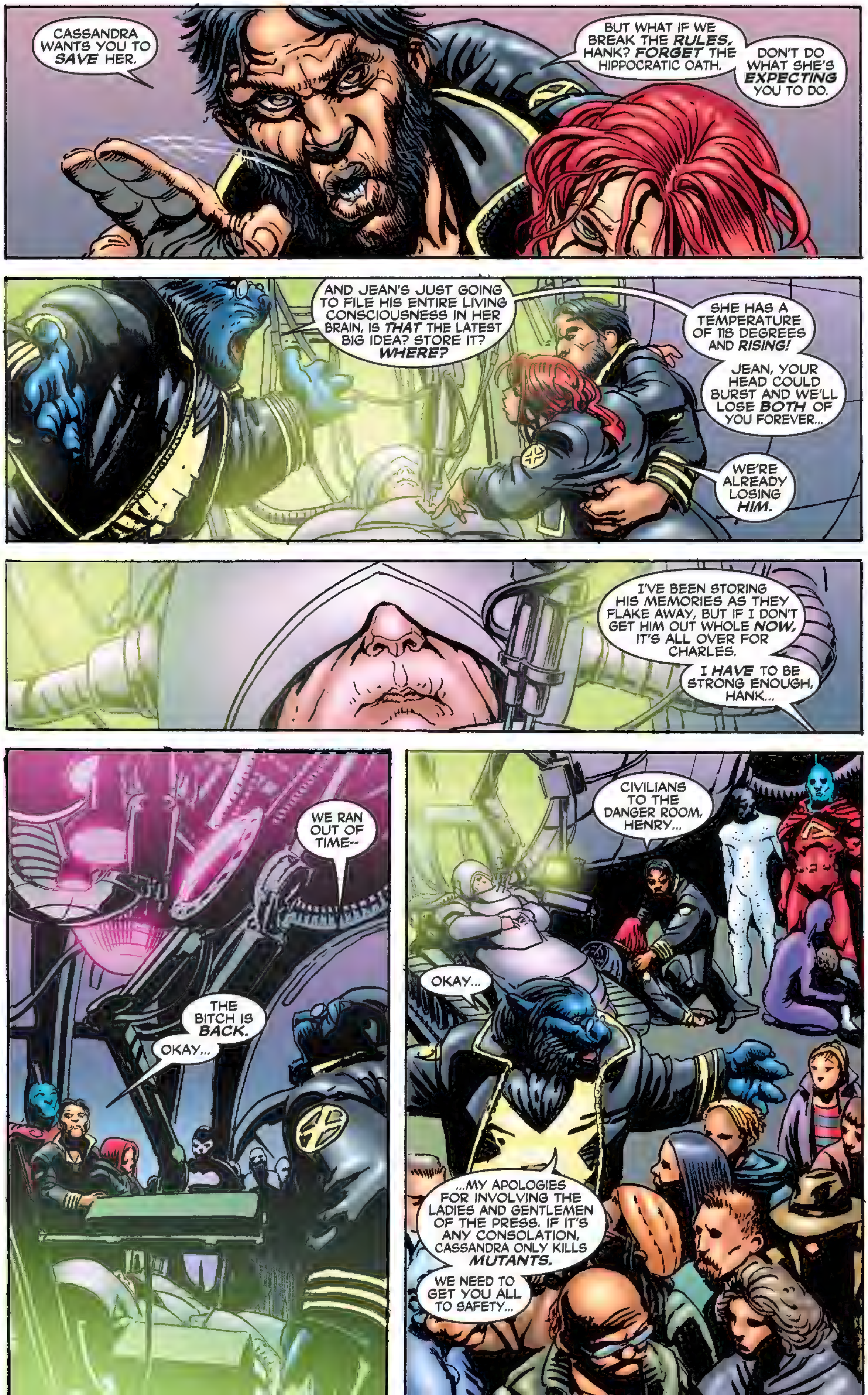

VITAL SIGNS ARE GOING. WE'RE LOSING PROFESSOR X...
MAYBE A SENTINEL INOCULATION WILL ENABLE ITS DORMANT HEALING FACTOR AND BRING THIS BODY BACK...
THIS SENTINEL-ENRICHED LIQUID IS WHAT DROVE U-MEN TECHNOLOGY, SO...
...I THINK THIS IS WHAT SHE LEFT IT HERE FOR.
TO BRING HER BACK FROM THE BRINK.
NO...
...NO!
DON'T DO IT, HANK!
YOU HEARD HER, BUB.
HANK... IT'S WHAT CASSANDRA WANTS YOU TO DO.
SHE HURT YOU SO THAT YOU WOULD HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO PROVE YOURSELF, BUT THIS ISN'T IT...

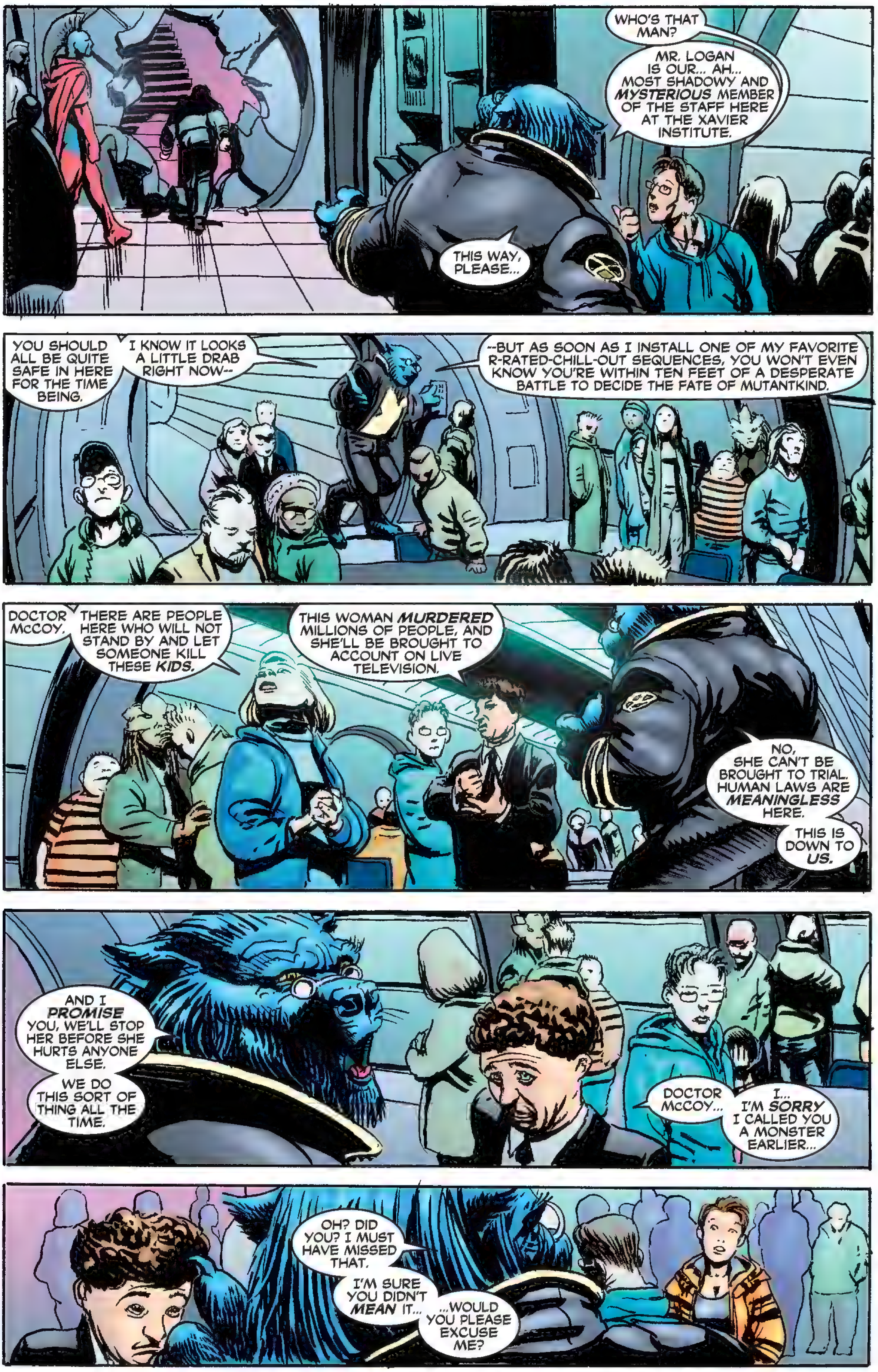

WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? HIS MIND WILL *DIE* IF WE DON'T TRY TO STOP THIS BODY FROM FALLING APART...
CHARLES WILL *DIE* HERE IN FRONT OF US, JEAN!
I'VE SPENT *DAYS* WORKING ON THIS...
SHE *KNEW* YOU'D SPEND DAYS... HANK...
...SHE WAS *COUNTING* ON YOU TO BRING HER BODY BACK JUST IN TIME FOR HER TO GET HERE AND *RETRIEVE* IT.

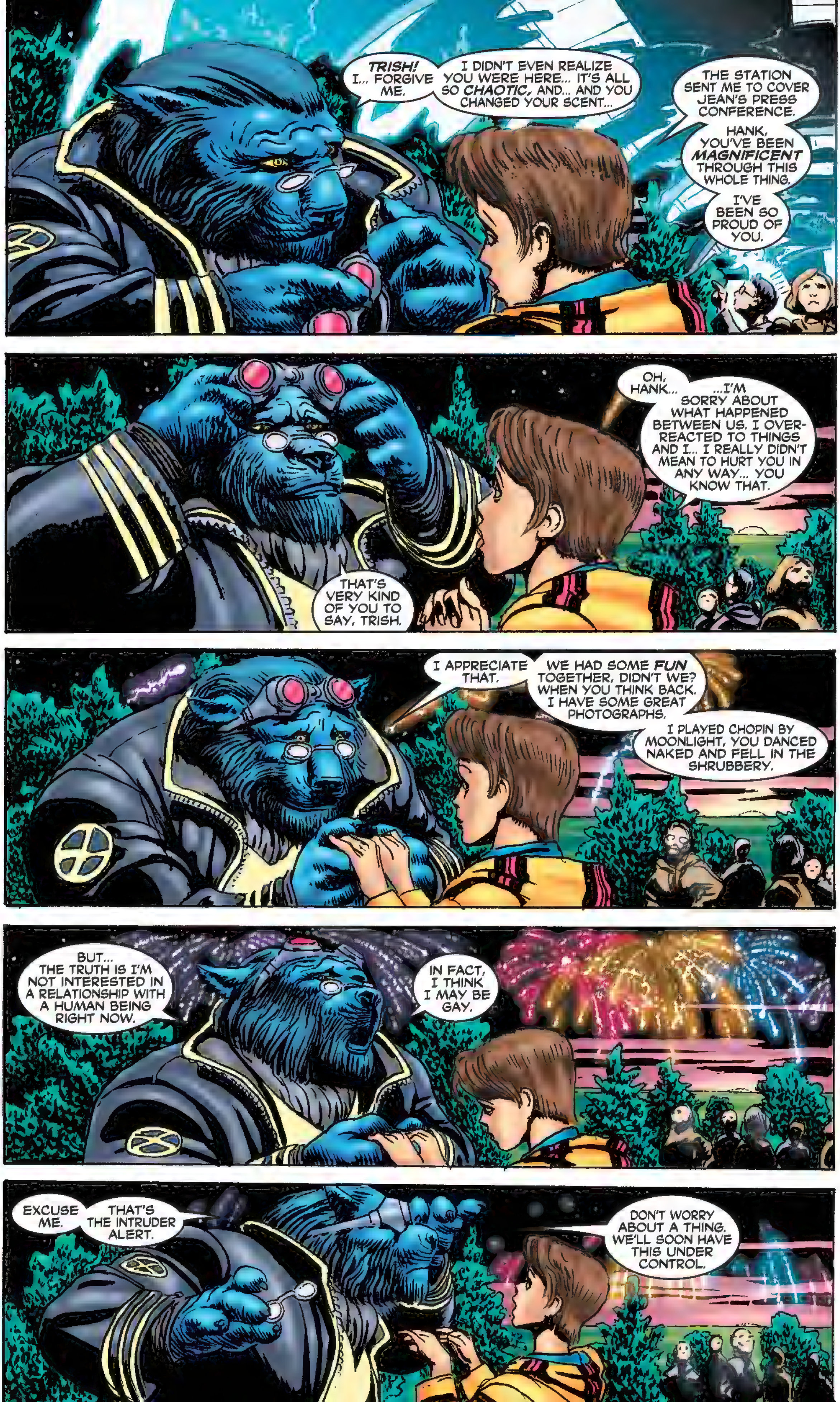

BUT *I* CAN SAVE CHARLES'S MIND.
HE WON'T DIE...
JEAN, YOU'RE *DELIRIOUS!*
ENOUGH!

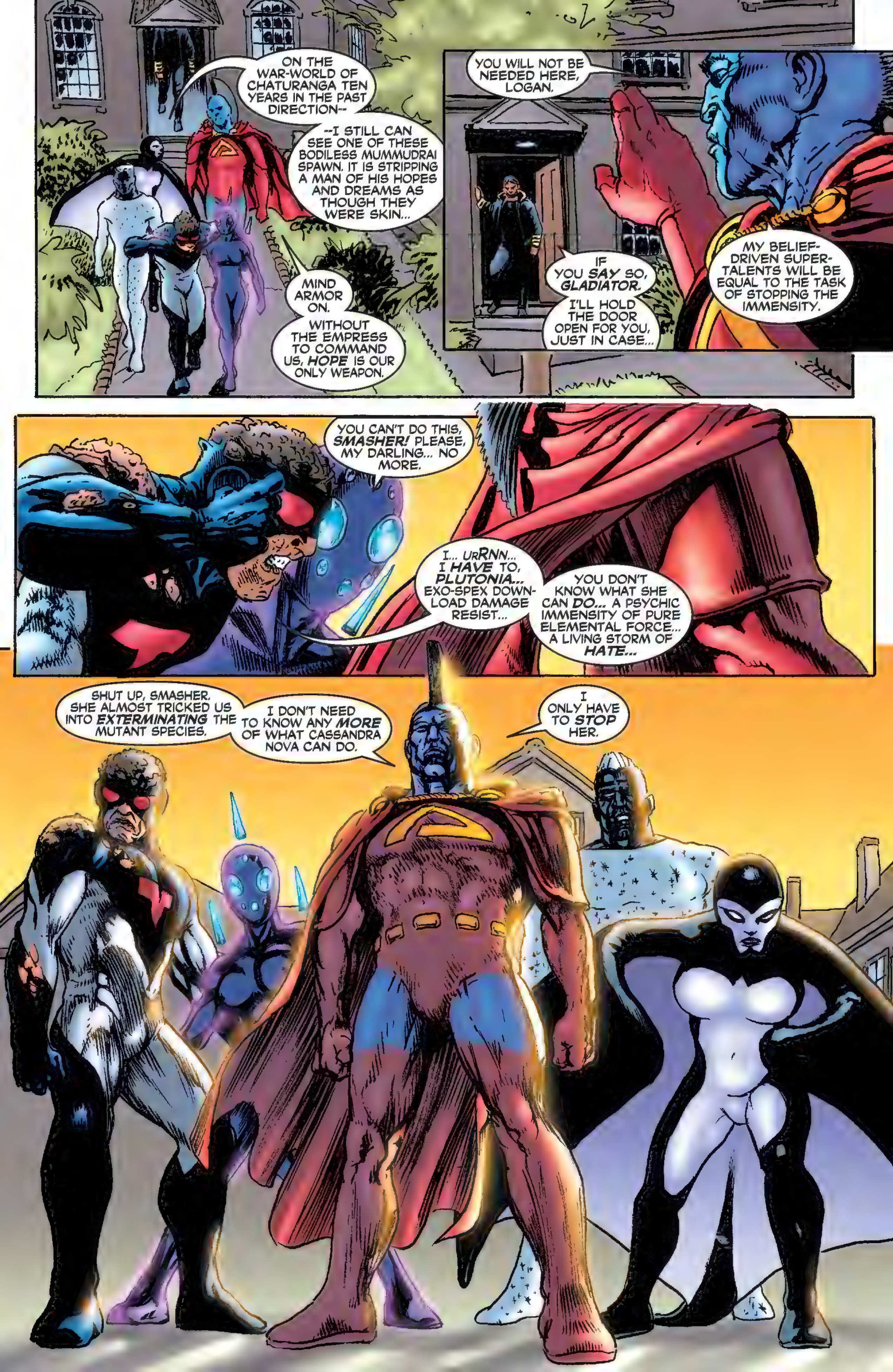

I'VE WATCHED YOU *PUSHING YOURSELF* TO THE LIMITS OF YOUR *TELEPATHY,* JEAN!
ENOUGH!
IT'S GOING TO *CONSUME* YOU! AND YOU CANNOT CONFRONT CASSANDRA IN THIS CONDITION, NO MATTER *WHAT* YOU THINK.
HANK, LISTEN, YOU IDIOT!
I HAVEN'T BEEN PUMPING MY BRAINS TO *FIGHT* CASSANDRA.

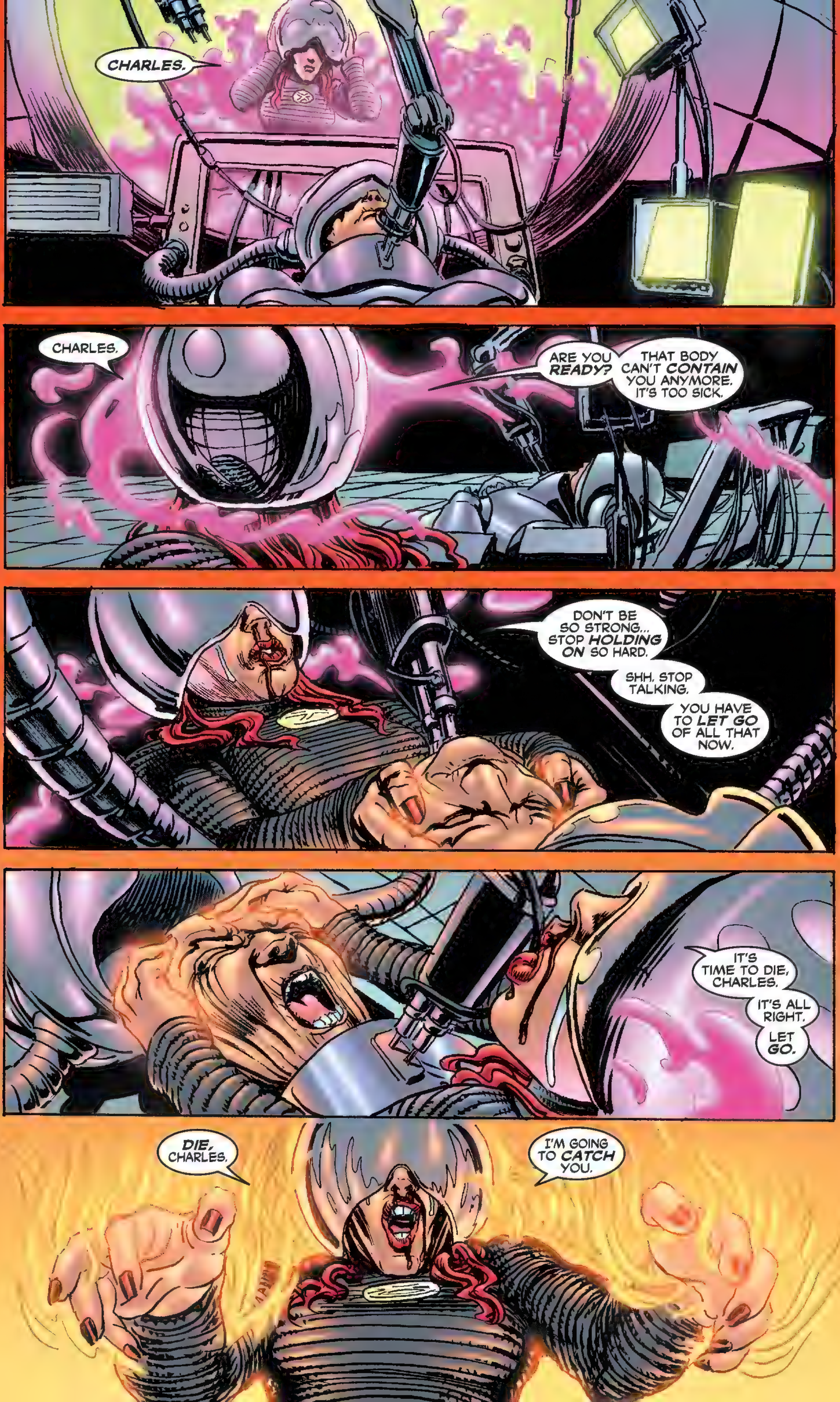

I'VE BEEN MAKING *SPACE* IN HERE.
I THINK I CAN *EVACUATE* CHARLES OUT OF CASSANDRA'S BODY BEFORE SHE GETS BACK.
I THINK WE CAN LEAVE HER WITH *NO BODY* TO COME BACK TO.

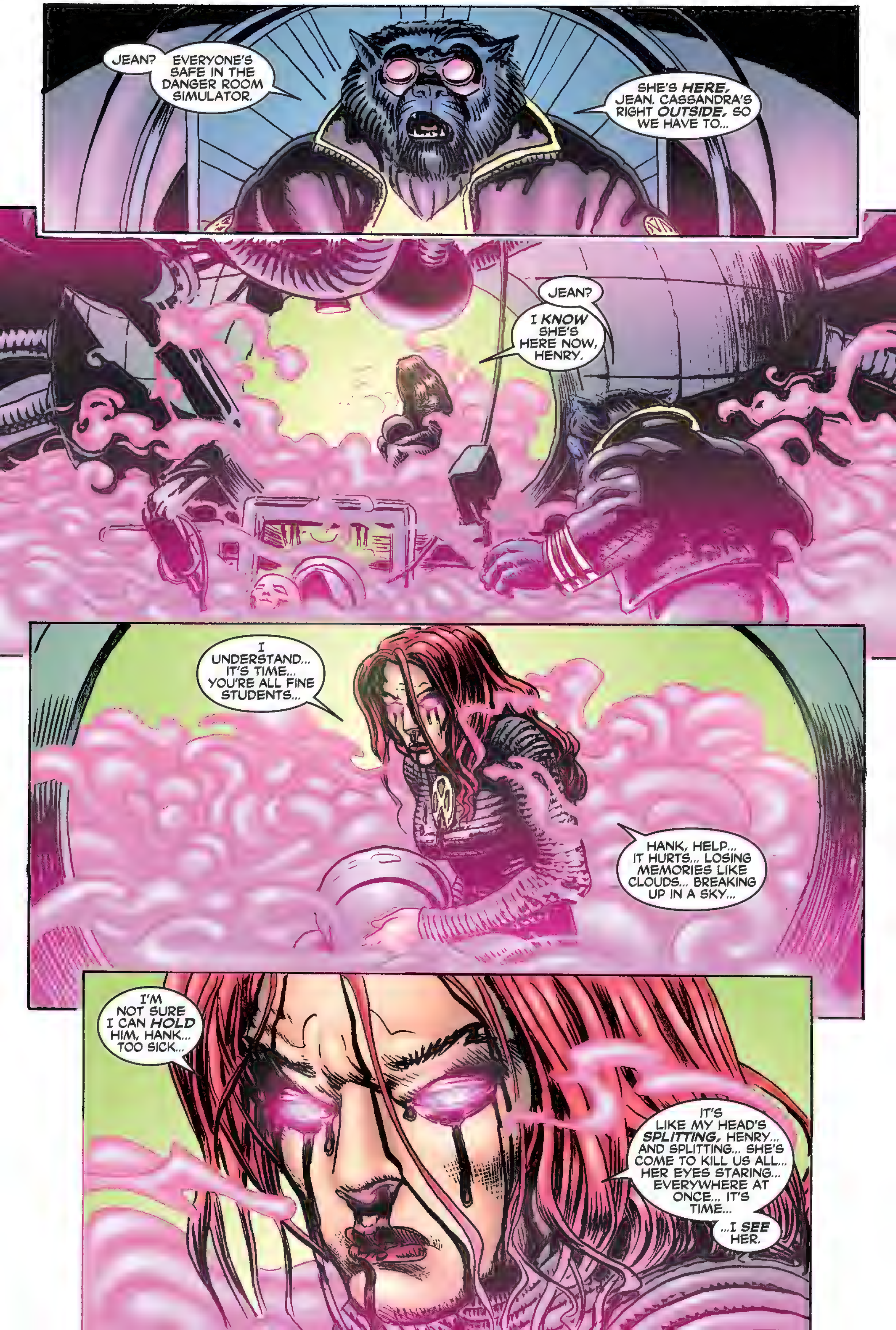

CASSANDRA WANTS YOU TO *SAVE* HER.
BUT WHAT IF WE BREAK THE *RULES,* HANK? *FORGET* THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH.
DON'T DO WHAT SHE'S *EXPECTING* YOU TO DO.
AND JEAN'S JUST GOING TO FILE HIS ENTIRE LIVING CONSCIOUSNESS IN HER BRAIN, IS *THAT* THE LATEST BIG IDEA? STORE IT? *WHERE?*
SHE HAS A TEMPERATURE OF 118 DEGREES AND *RISING!*
JEAN, YOUR HEAD COULD BURST AND WE'LL LOSE *BOTH* OF YOU FOREVER...
WE'RE ALREADY LOSING *HIM.*
I'VE BEEN STORING HIS MEMORIES AS THEY FLAKE AWAY, BUT IF I DON'T GET HIM OUT WHOLE *NOW,* IT'S ALL OVER FOR CHARLES.
I *HAVE* TO BE STRONG ENOUGH, HANK...
WE RAN OUT OF TIME--
THE BITCH IS *BACK.*
OKAY...
CIVILIANS TO THE DANGER ROOM, HENRY...
OKAY...
...MY APOLOGIES FOR INVOLVING THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS. IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, CASSANDRA ONLY KILLS *MUTANTS.*
WE NEED TO GET YOU ALL TO SAFETY...

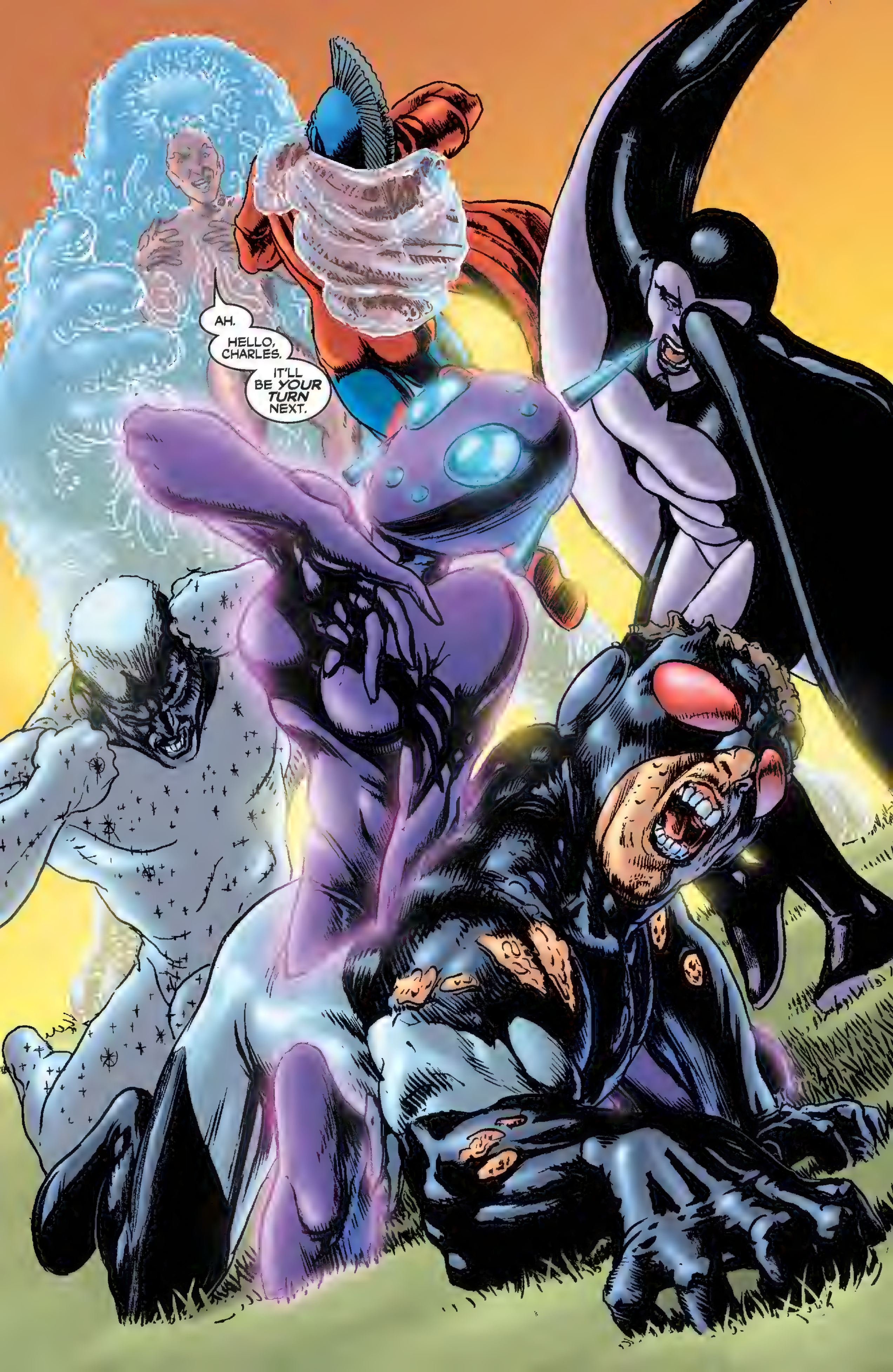

WHO'S THAT MAN?
MR. LOGAN IS OUR... AH... MOST SHADOWY AND ***MYSTERIOUS*** MEMBER OF THE STAFF HERE AT THE XAVIER INSTITUTE.
THIS WAY, PLEASE...
YOU SHOULD ALL BE QUITE SAFE IN HERE FOR THE TIME BEING.
I KNOW IT LOOKS A LITTLE DRAB RIGHT NOW--
--BUT AS SOON AS I INSTALL ONE OF MY FAVORITE R-RATED-CHILL-OUT SEQUENCES, YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE WITHIN TEN FEET OF A DESPERATE BATTLE TO DECIDE THE FATE OF MUTANTKIND.
DOCTOR McCOY.
THERE ARE PEOPLE HERE WHO WILL NOT STAND BY AND LET SOMEONE KILL THESE ***KIDS.***
THIS WOMAN ***MURDERED*** MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, AND SHE'LL BE BROUGHT TO ACCOUNT ON LIVE TELEVISION.
NO, SHE CAN'T BE BROUGHT TO TRIAL. HUMAN LAWS ARE ***MEANINGLESS*** HERE.
THIS IS DOWN TO ***US.***
AND I ***PROMISE*** YOU, WE'LL STOP HER BEFORE SHE HURTS ANYONE ELSE.
WE DO THIS SORT OF THING ALL THE TIME.
DOCTOR McCOY...
I... I'M ***SORRY*** I CALLED YOU A MONSTER EARLIER...
OH? DID YOU? I MUST HAVE MISSED THAT.
I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T ***MEAN*** IT...
...WOULD YOU PLEASE EXCUSE ME?

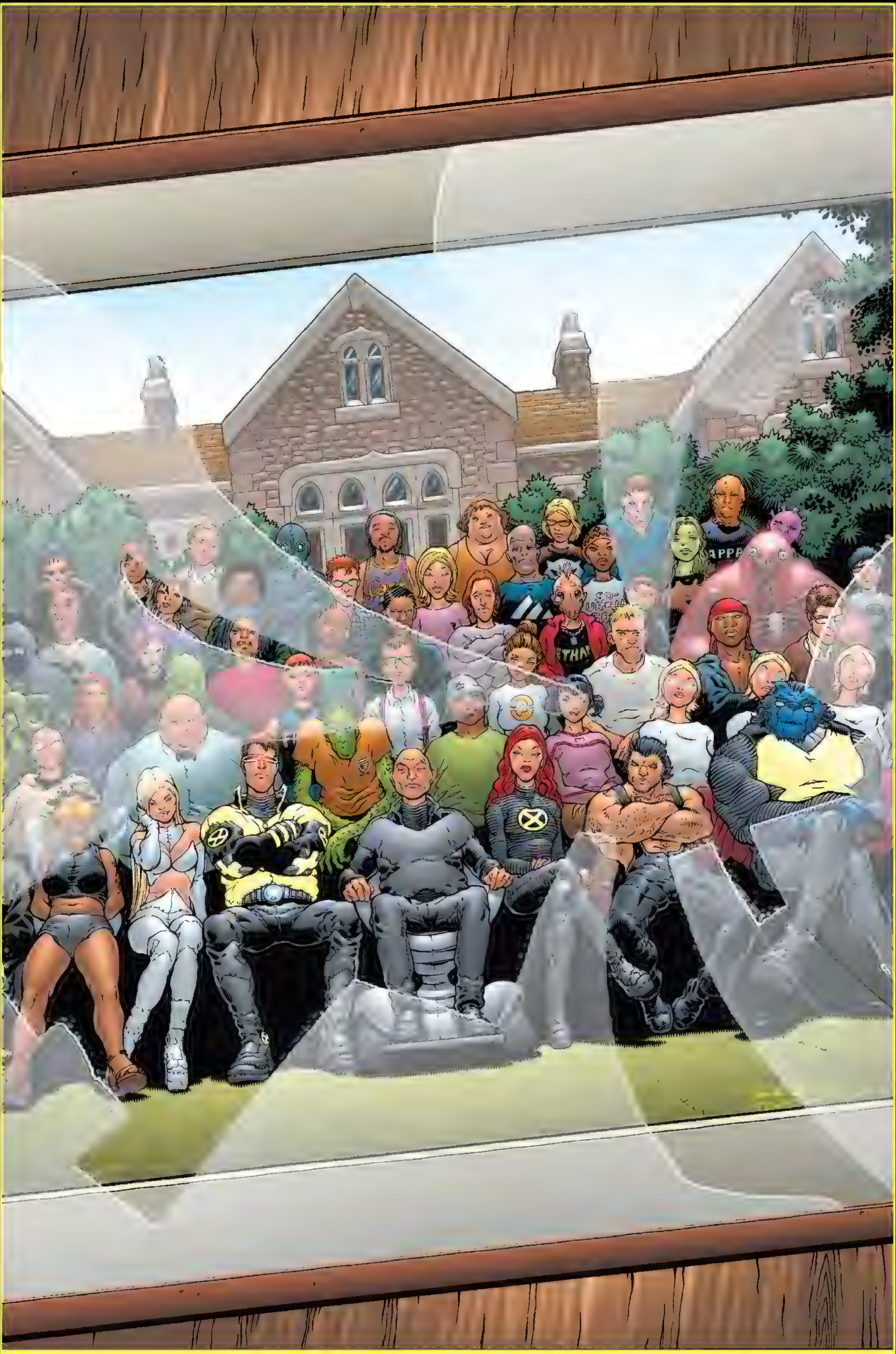

TRISH! I... FORGIVE ME.
I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE YOU WERE HERE... IT'S ALL SO *CHAOTIC,* AND... AND YOU CHANGED YOUR SCENT...
THE STATION SENT ME TO COVER JEAN'S PRESS CONFERENCE.
HANK, YOU'VE BEEN *MAGNIFICENT* THROUGH THIS WHOLE THING.
I'VE BEEN SO PROUD OF YOU.
OH, HANK...
...I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US. I OVERREACTED TO THINGS AND I... I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU IN ANY WAY... YOU KNOW THAT.
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO SAY, TRISH.
I APPRECIATE THAT.
WE HAD SOME *FUN* TOGETHER, DIDN'T WE? WHEN YOU THINK BACK. I HAVE SOME GREAT PHOTOGRAPHS.
I PLAYED CHOPIN BY MOONLIGHT, YOU DANCED NAKED AND FELL IN THE SHRUBBERY.
BUT... THE TRUTH IS I'M NOT INTERESTED IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH A HUMAN BEING RIGHT NOW.
IN FACT, I THINK I MAY BE GAY.
EXCUSE ME.
THAT'S THE INTRUDER ALERT.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. WE'LL SOON HAVE THIS UNDER CONTROL.


ON THE WAR-WORLD OF CHATURANGA TEN YEARS IN THE PAST DIRECTION--
--I STILL CAN SEE ONE OF THESE BODILESS MUMMUDRAI SPAWN. IT IS STRIPPING A MAN OF HIS HOPES AND DREAMS AS THOUGH THEY WERE SKIN...
MIND ARMOR ON.
WITHOUT THE EMPRESS TO COMMAND US, **HOPE** IS OUR ONLY WEAPON.
YOU WILL NOT BE NEEDED HERE, LOGAN.
IF YOU **SAY** SO, **GLADIATOR.**
I'LL HOLD THE DOOR OPEN FOR YOU, JUST IN CASE...
MY BELIEF-DRIVEN SUPER-TALENTS WILL BE EQUAL TO THE TASK OF STOPPING THE IMMENSITY.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS, **SMASHER!** PLEASE, MY DARLING... NO MORE.
I... URRNN... I **HAVE** TO, **PLUTONIA...** EXO-SPEX DOWN-LOAD DAMAGE RESIST...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE CAN **DO...** A PSYCHIC IMMENSITY OF PURE ELEMENTAL FORCE... A LIVING STORM OF **HATE...**
SHUT UP, SMASHER. SHE ALMOST TRICKED US INTO **EXTERMINATING** THE MUTANT SPECIES.
I DON'T NEED TO KNOW ANY **MORE** OF WHAT CASSANDRA NOVA CAN DO.
I ONLY HAVE TO **STOP** HER.


CHARLES.
CHARLES.
ARE YOU READY?
THAT BODY CAN'T CONTAIN YOU ANYMORE. IT'S TOO SICK.
DON'T BE SO STRONG... STOP HOLDING ON SO HARD.
SHH, STOP TALKING.
YOU HAVE TO LET GO OF ALL THAT NOW.
IT'S TIME TO DIE, CHARLES.
IT'S ALL RIGHT.
LET GO.
DIE, CHARLES.
I'M GOING TO CATCH YOU.

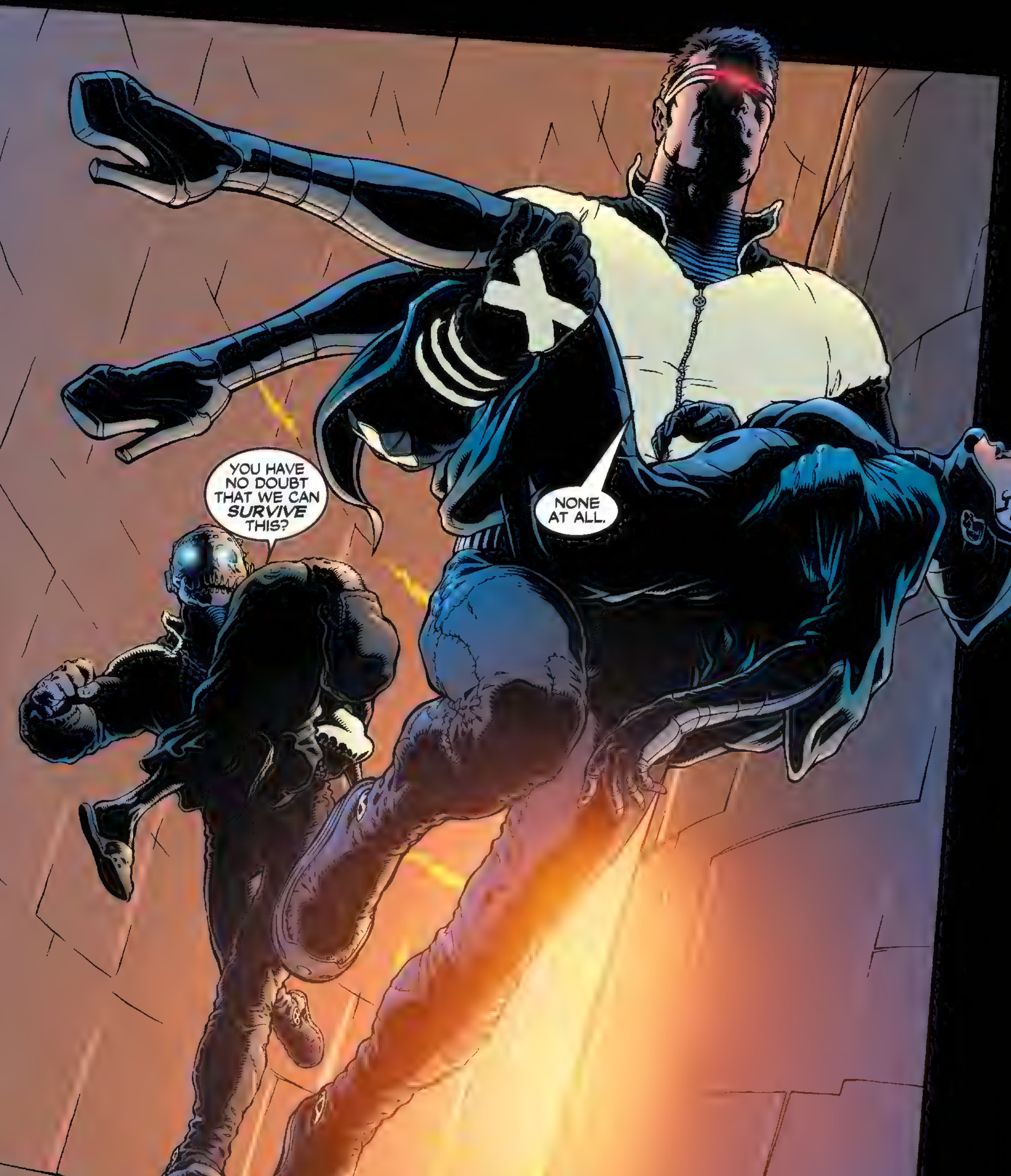

JEAN?
EVERYONE'S SAFE IN THE DANGER ROOM SIMULATOR.
SHE'S *HERE,* JEAN. CASSANDRA'S RIGHT *OUTSIDE,* SO WE HAVE TO...
JEAN?
I *KNOW* SHE'S HERE NOW, HENRY.
I UNDERSTAND... IT'S TIME... YOU'RE ALL FINE STUDENTS...
HANK, HELP... IT HURTS... LOSING MEMORIES LIKE CLOUDS... BREAKING UP IN A SKY...
I'M NOT SURE I CAN *HOLD* HIM, HANK... TOO SICK...
IT'S LIKE MY HEAD'S *SPLITTING,* HENRY... AND SPLITTING... SHE'S COME TO KILL US ALL... HER EYES STARING... EVERYWHERE AT ONCE... IT'S TIME...
...I *SEE* HER.

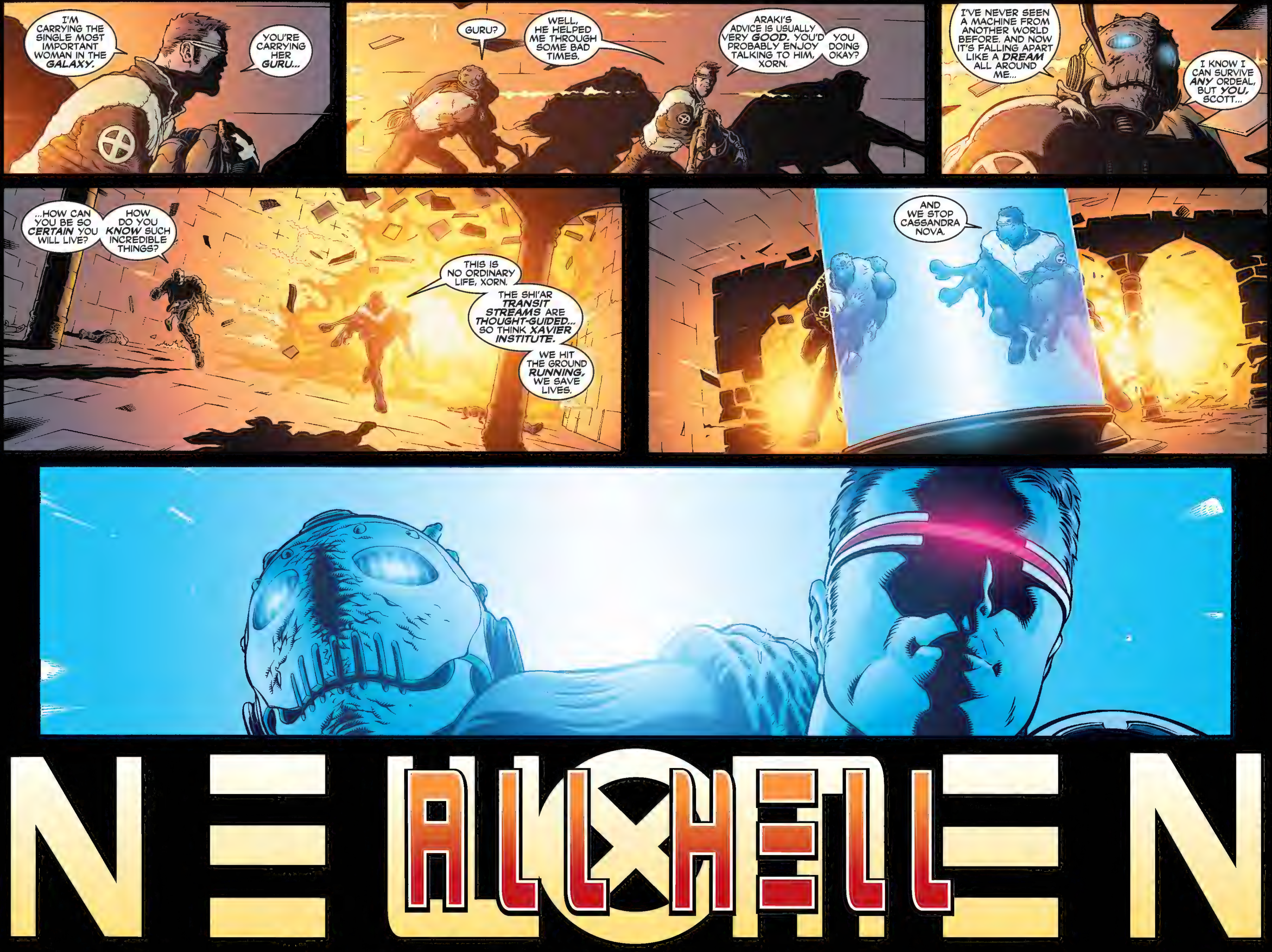

AH.
HELLO, CHARLES.
IT'LL BE *YOUR TURN* NEXT.

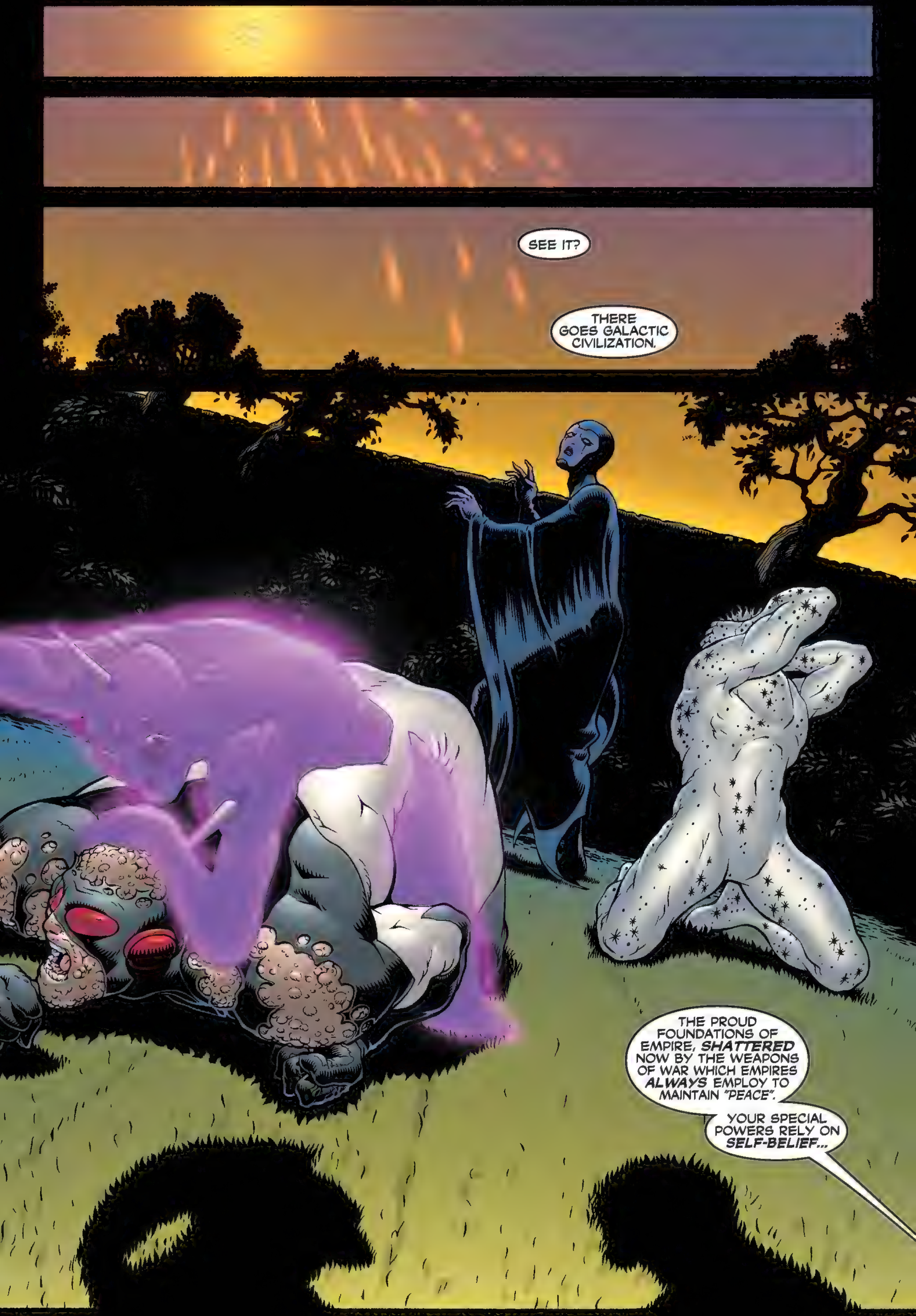


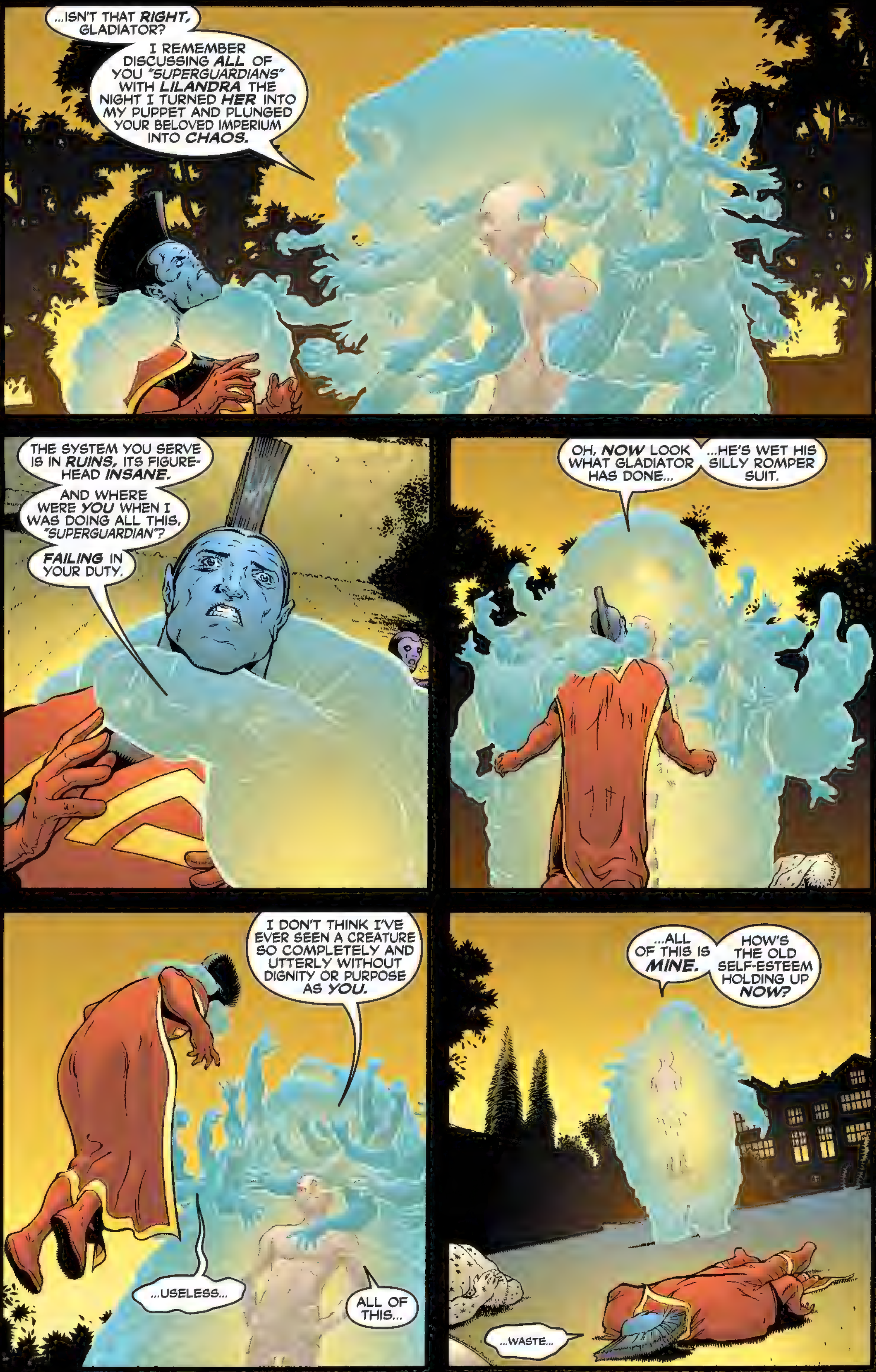
NEW X-MEN #126

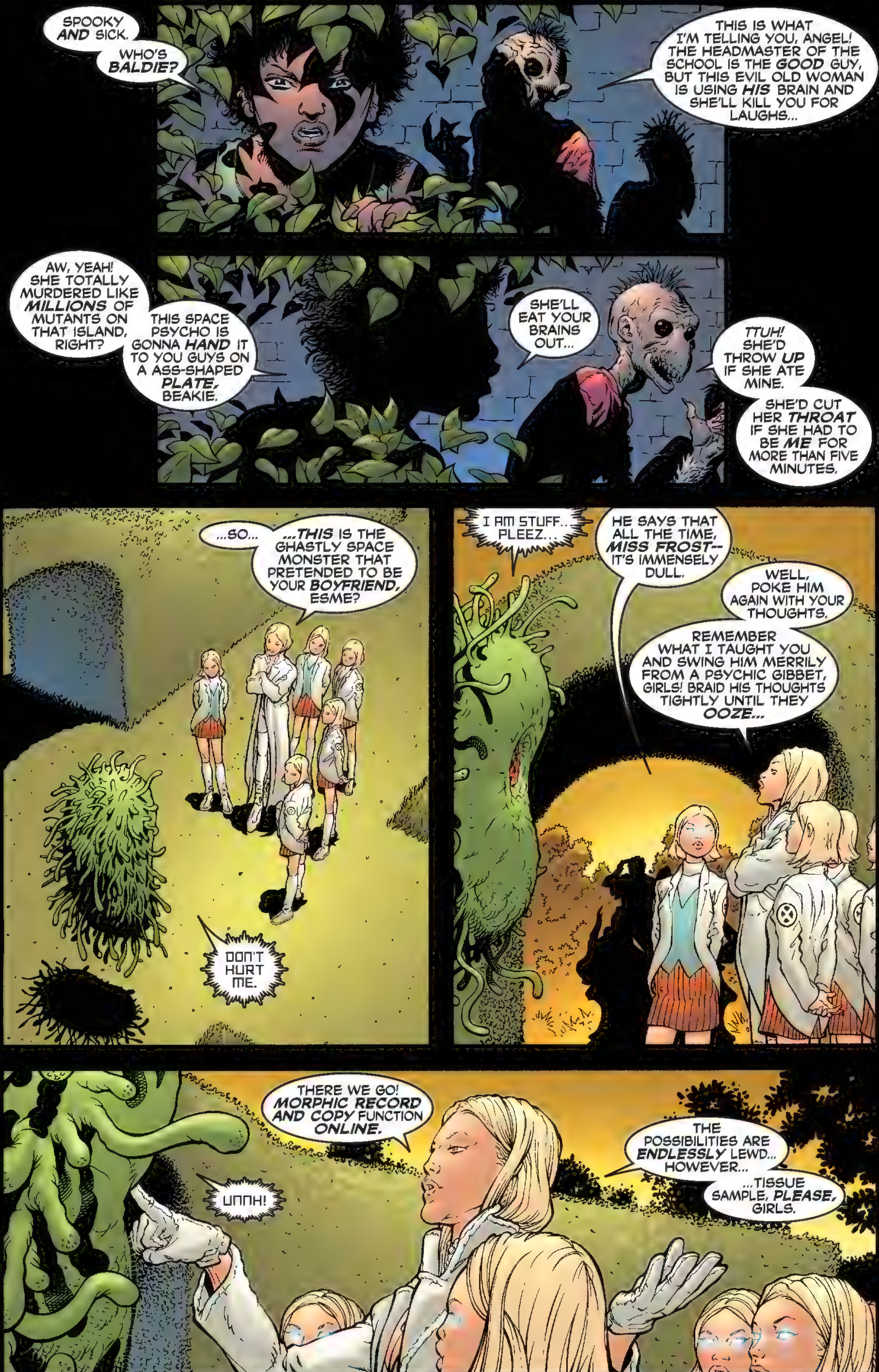
"ALL HELL"

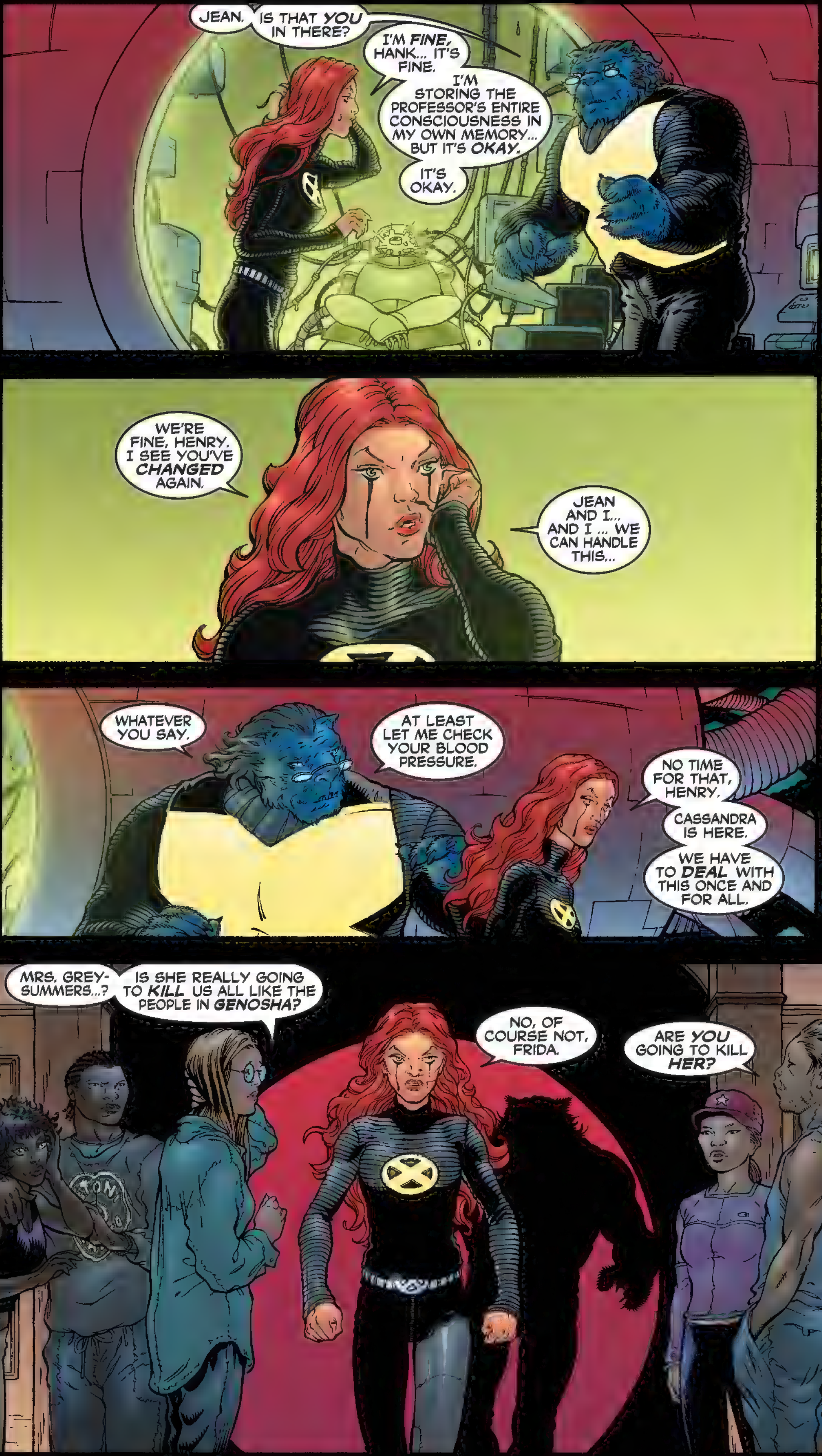

YOU HAVE NO DOUBT THAT WE CAN *SURVIVE* THIS?
NONE AT ALL.

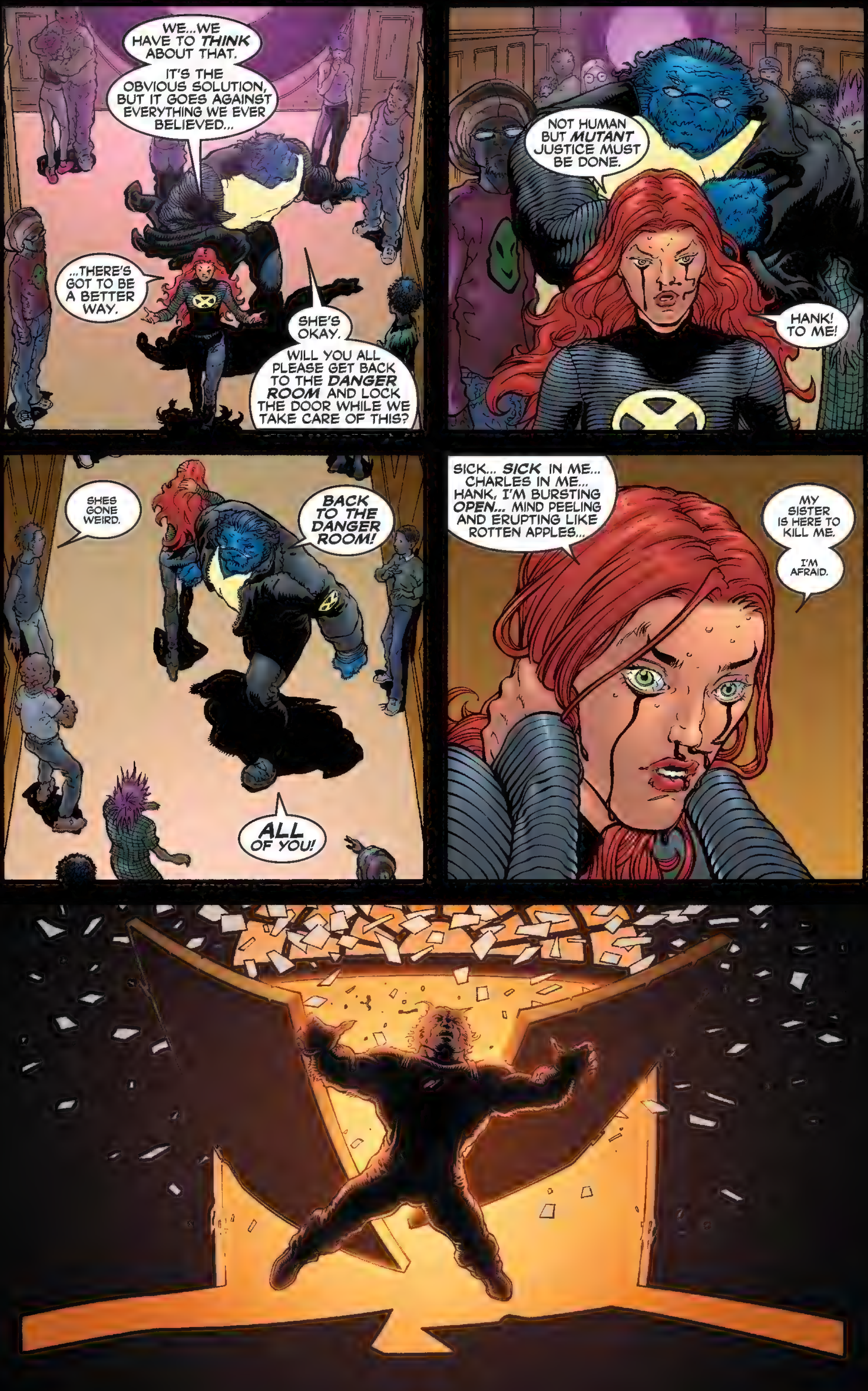

I'M CARRYING THE SINGLE MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN IN THE *GALAXY.*
YOU'RE CARRYING HER *GURU...*
GURU?
WELL, HE HELPED ME THROUGH SOME BAD TIMES.
ARAKI'S ADVICE IS USUALLY VERY *GOOD.* YOU'D PROBABLY ENJOY TALKING TO HIM, XORN.
YOU DOING OKAY?
I'VE NEVER SEEN A MACHINE FROM ANOTHER WORLD BEFORE. AND NOW IT'S FALLING APART LIKE A *DREAM* ALL AROUND ME...
I KNOW I CAN SURVIVE *ANY* ORDEAL, BUT *YOU,* SCOTT...
...HOW CAN YOU BE SO *CERTAIN* YOU WILL LIVE?
HOW DO YOU *KNOW* SUCH INCREDIBLE THINGS?
THIS IS NO ORDINARY LIFE, XORN.
THE SHI'AR *TRANSIT STREAMS* ARE *THOUGHT-GUIDED...* SO THINK *XAVIER INSTITUTE.*
WE HIT THE GROUND *RUNNING,* WE SAVE LIVES.
AND WE STOP CASSANDRA NOVA.
ALL HELL

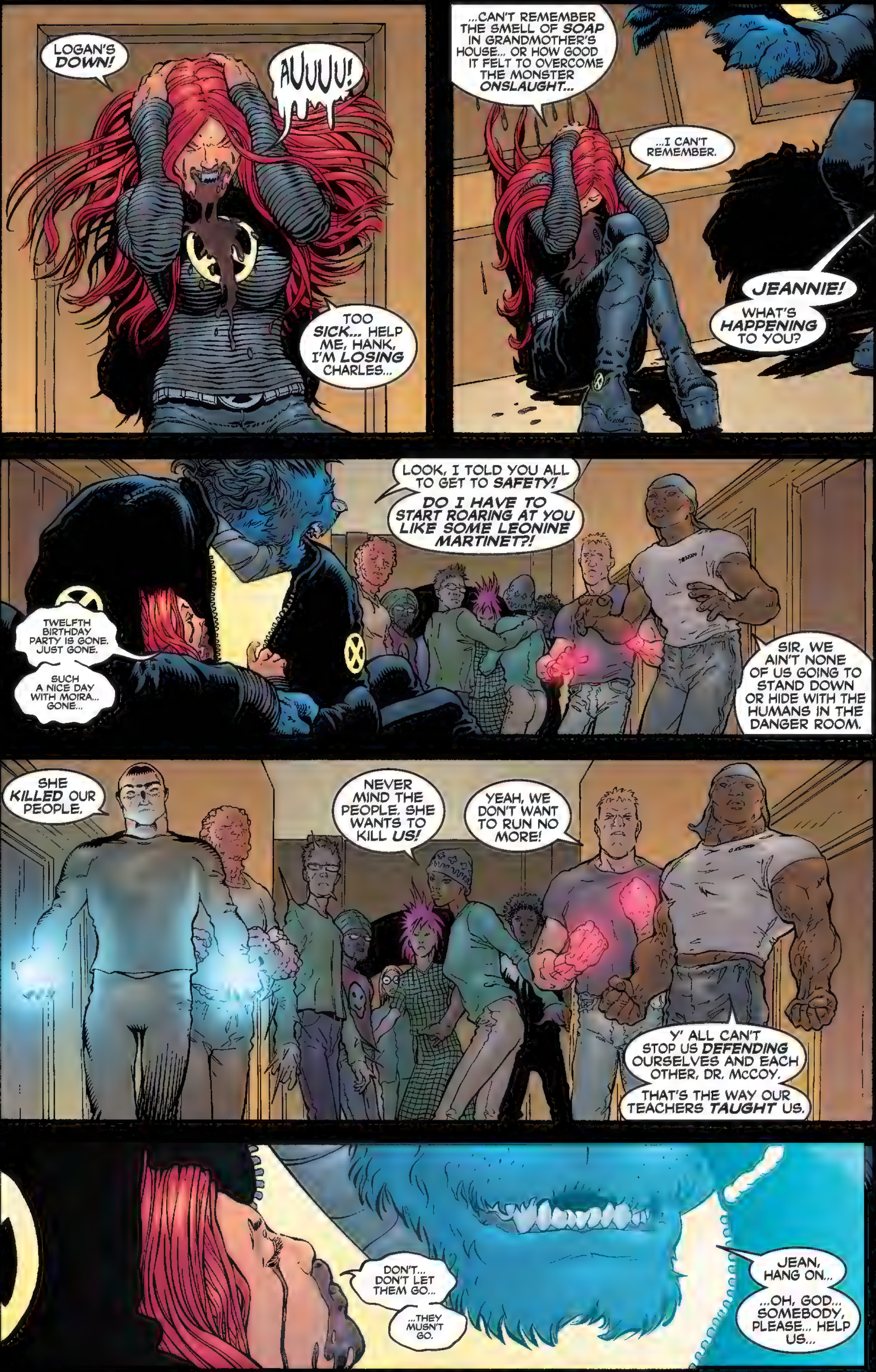

SEE IT?
THERE GOES GALACTIC CIVILIZATION.
THE PROUD FOUNDATIONS OF EMPIRE, ***SHATTERED*** NOW BY THE WEAPONS OF WAR WHICH EMPIRES ***ALWAYS*** EMPLOY TO MAINTAIN "PEACE".
YOUR SPECIAL POWERS RELY ON ***SELF-BELIEF...***

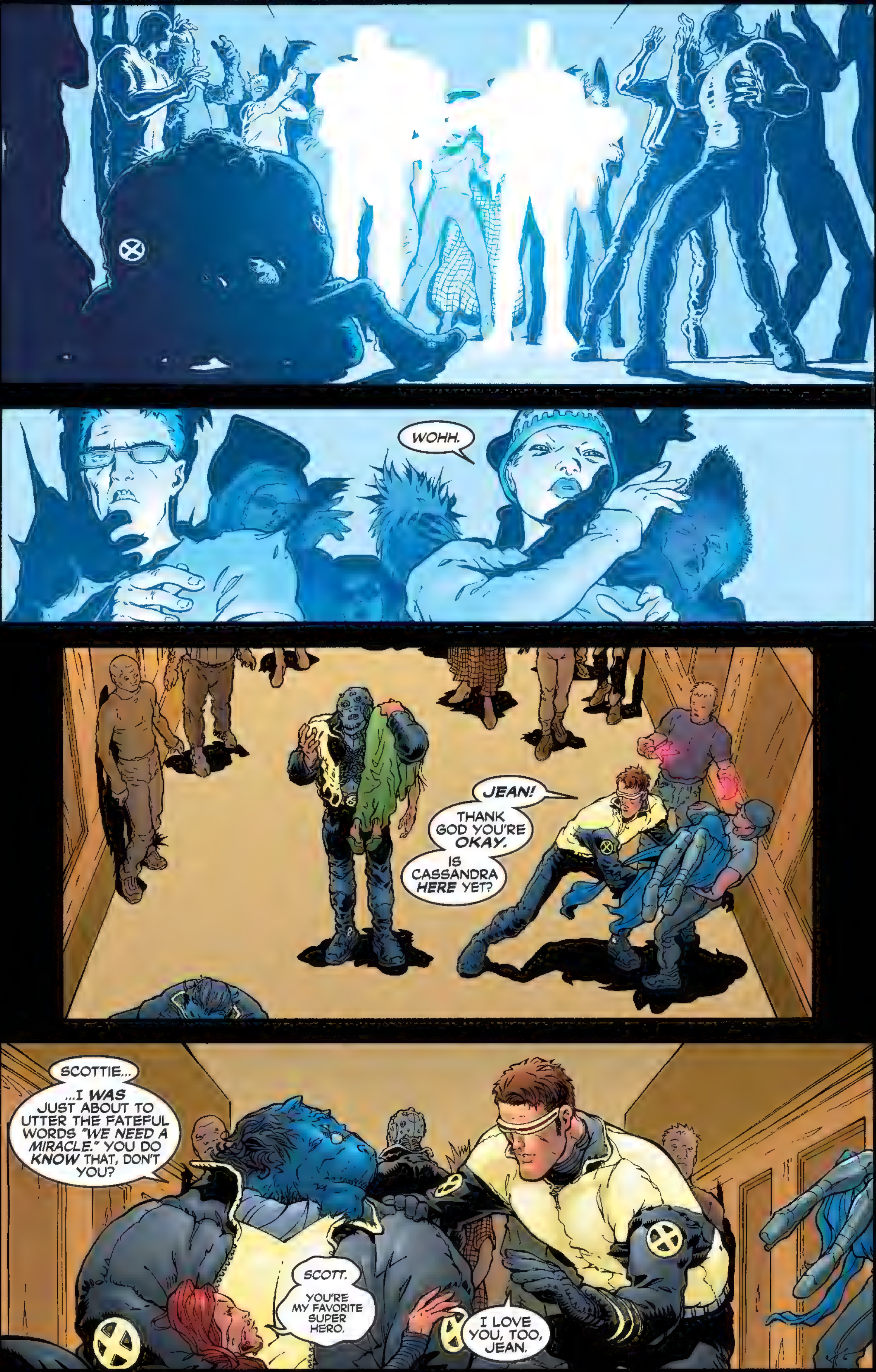

...ISN'T THAT **RIGHT,** GLADIATOR?
I REMEMBER DISCUSSING **ALL** OF YOU "SUPERGUARDIANS" WITH **LILANDRA** THE NIGHT I TURNED **HER** INTO MY PUPPET AND PLUNGED YOUR BELOVED IMPERIUM INTO **CHAOS.**
THE SYSTEM YOU SERVE IS IN **RUINS,** ITS FIGUREHEAD **INSANE.**
AND WHERE WERE **YOU** WHEN I WAS DOING ALL THIS, "SUPERGUARDIAN"?
FAILING IN YOUR DUTY.
OH, **NOW** LOOK WHAT GLADIATOR HAS DONE...
...HE'S WET HIS SILLY ROMPER SUIT.
I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN A CREATURE SO COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY WITHOUT DIGNITY OR PURPOSE AS **YOU.**
...USELESS...
ALL OF THIS...
...ALL OF THIS IS **MINE.**
HOW'S THE OLD SELF-ESTEEM HOLDING UP **NOW?**
...WASTE...

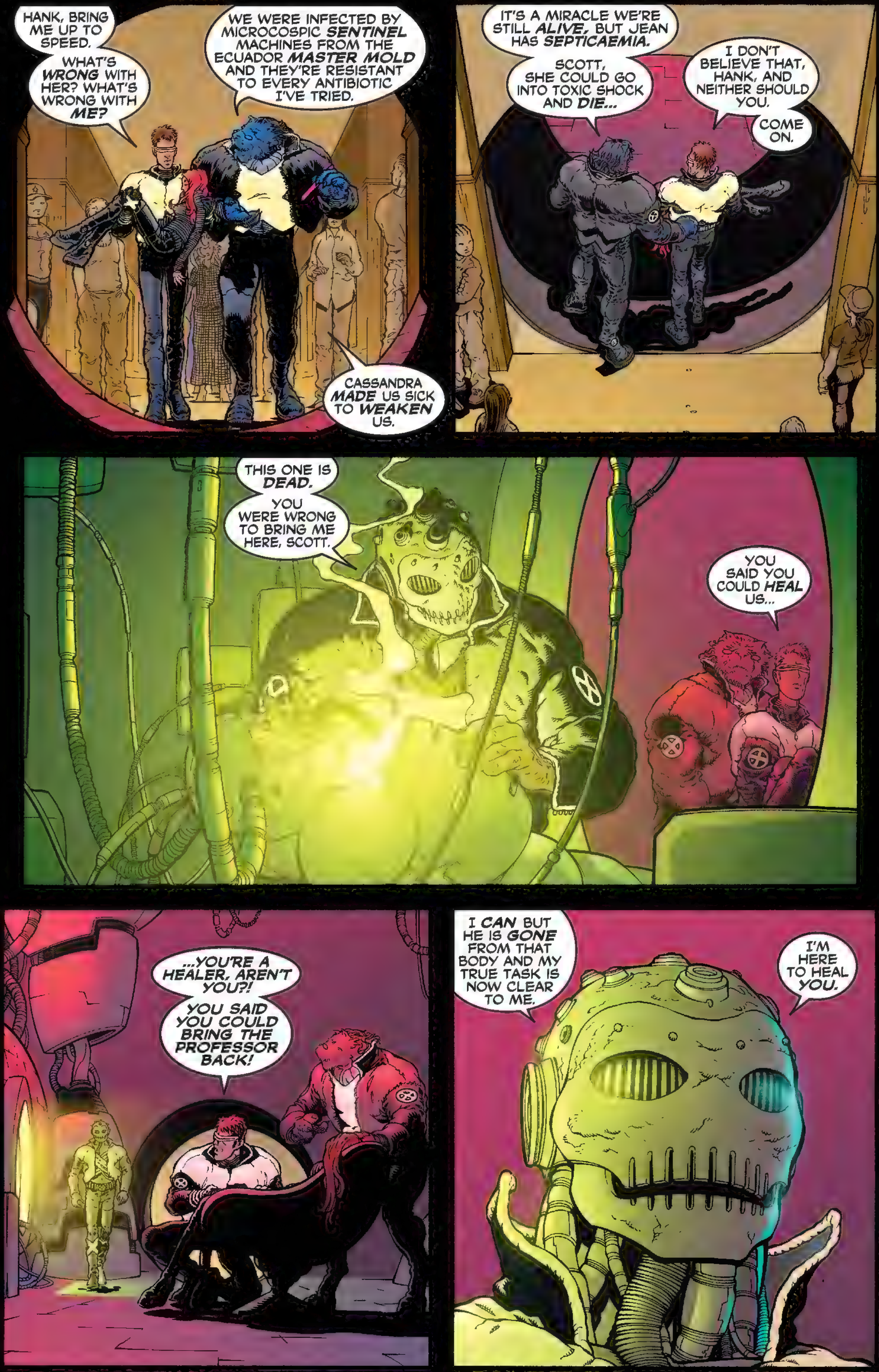

SPOOKY AND SICK.
WHO'S BALDIE?
THIS IS WHAT I'M TELLING YOU, ANGEL! THE HEADMASTER OF THE SCHOOL IS THE GOOD GUY, BUT THIS EVIL OLD WOMAN IS USING HIS BRAIN AND SHE'LL KILL YOU FOR LAUGHS...
AW, YEAH! SHE TOTALLY MURDERED LIKE MILLIONS OF MUTANTS ON THAT ISLAND, RIGHT?
THIS SPACE PSYCHO IS GONNA HAND IT TO YOU GUYS ON A ASS-SHAPED PLATE, BEAKIE.
SHE'LL EAT YOUR BRAINS OUT...
TTUH! SHE'D THROW UP IF SHE ATE MINE.
SHE'D CUT HER THROAT IF SHE HAD TO BE ME FOR MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES.
...SO...
...THIS IS THE GHASTLY SPACE MONSTER THAT PRETENDED TO BE YOUR BOYFRIEND, ESME?
DON'T HURT ME.
I AM STUFF... PLEEZ...
HE SAYS THAT ALL THE TIME, MISS FROST-- IT'S IMMENSELY DULL.
WELL, POKE HIM AGAIN WITH YOUR THOUGHTS.
REMEMBER WHAT I TAUGHT YOU AND SWING HIM MERRILY FROM A PSYCHIC GIBBET, GIRLS! BRAID HIS THOUGHTS TIGHTLY UNTIL THEY OOZE...
THERE WE GO! MORPHIC RECORD AND COPY FUNCTION ONLINE.
UNNH!
THE POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESSLY LEWD... HOWEVER...
...TISSUE SAMPLE, PLEASE, GIRLS.

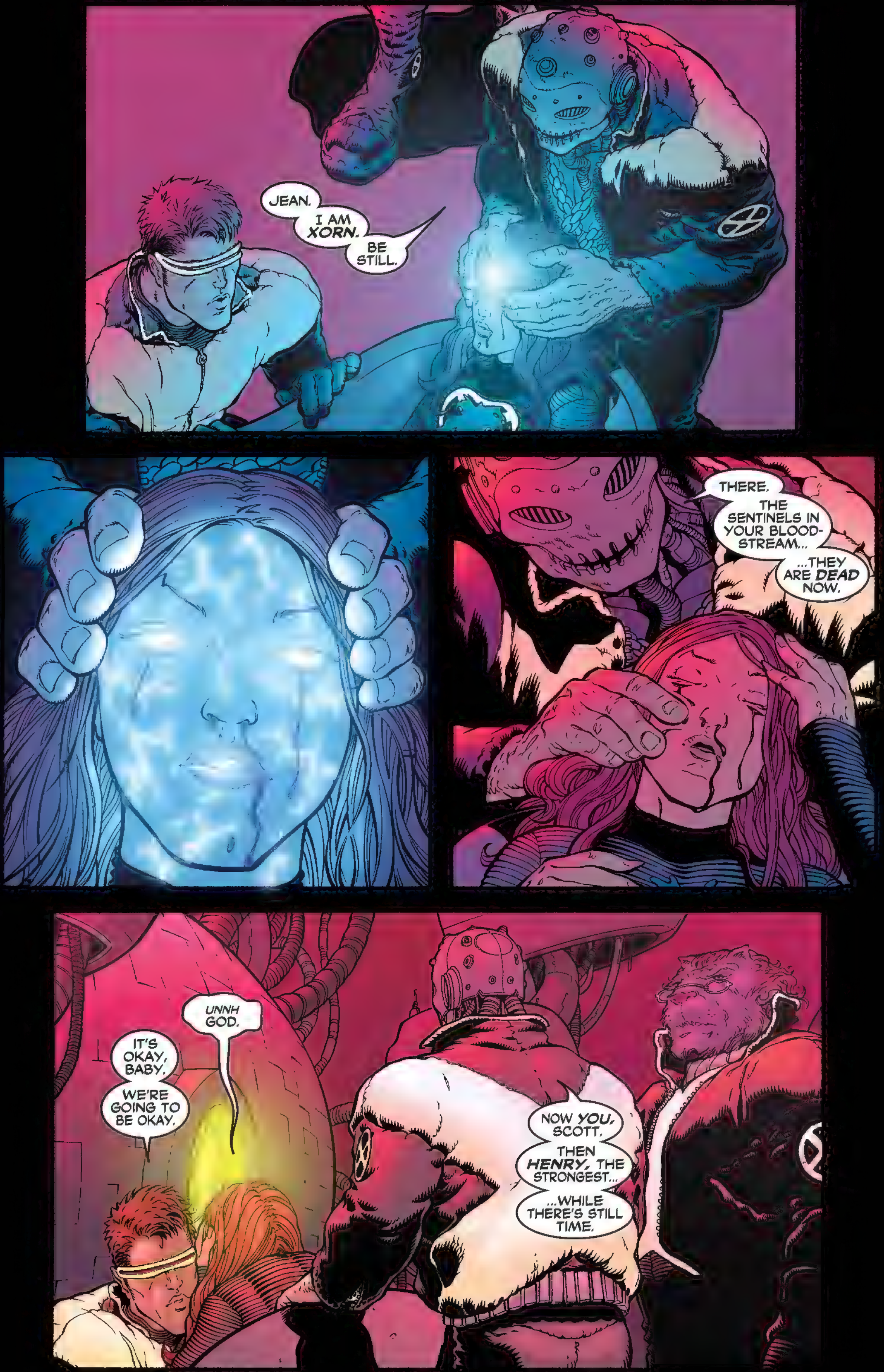

JEAN. IS THAT *YOU* IN THERE?
I'M *FINE,* HANK... IT'S FINE.
I'M STORING THE PROFESSOR'S ENTIRE CONSCIOUSNESS IN MY OWN MEMORY... BUT IT'S *OKAY.*
IT'S OKAY.
WE'RE FINE, HENRY. I SEE YOU'VE *CHANGED* AGAIN.
JEAN AND I... AND I ... WE CAN HANDLE THIS...
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
AT LEAST LET ME CHECK YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE.
NO TIME FOR THAT, HENRY.
CASSANDRA IS HERE.
WE HAVE TO *DEAL* WITH THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.
MRS. GREY-SUMMERS...?
IS SHE REALLY GOING TO *KILL* US ALL LIKE THE PEOPLE IN *GENOSHA?*
NO, OF COURSE NOT, FRIDA.
ARE *YOU* GOING TO KILL *HER?*

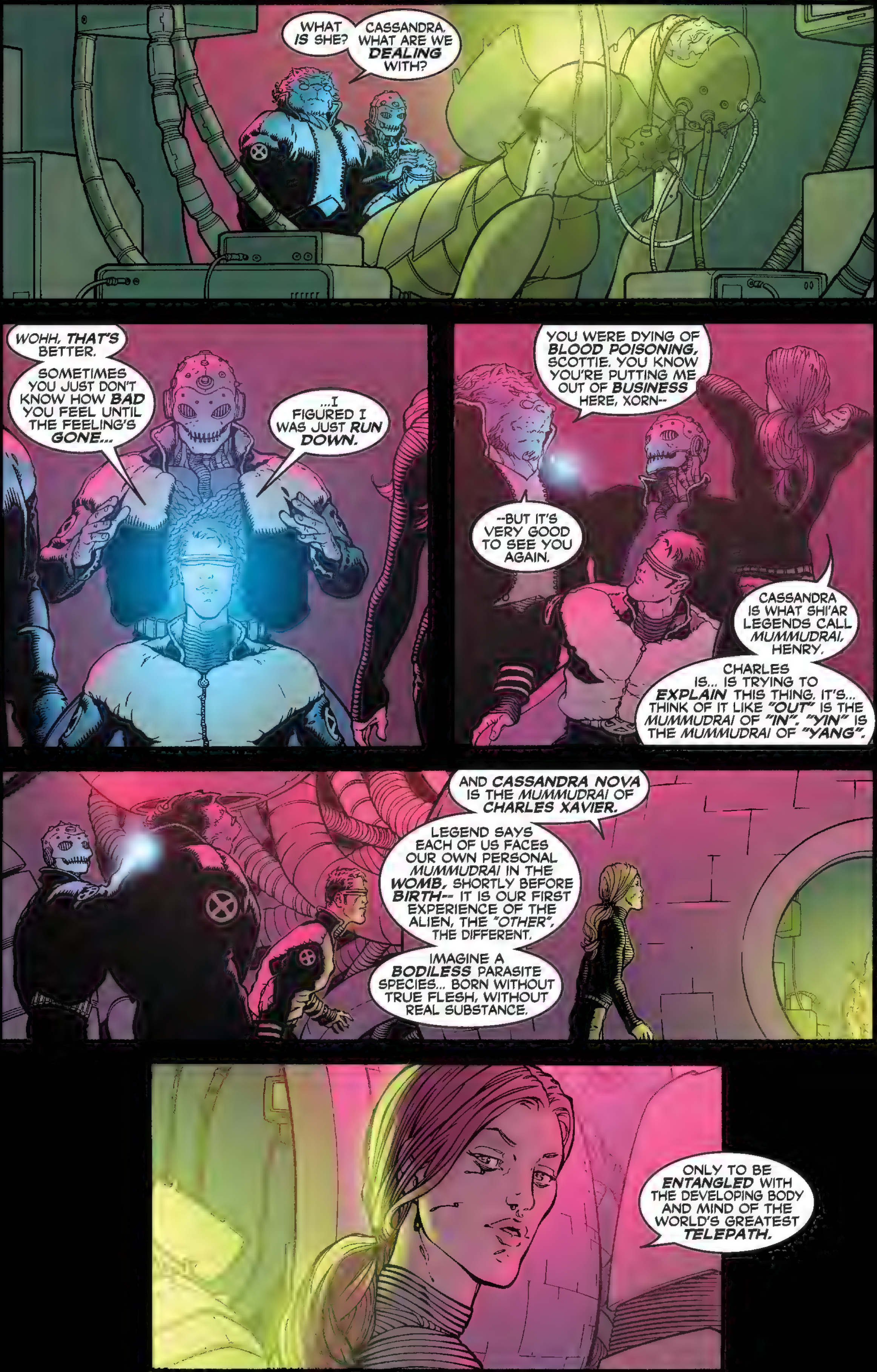

WE...WE HAVE TO *THINK* ABOUT THAT.
IT'S THE OBVIOUS SOLUTION, BUT IT GOES AGAINST EVERYTHING WE EVER BELIEVED...
...THERE'S GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY.
SHE'S OKAY.
WILL YOU ALL PLEASE GET BACK TO THE *DANGER ROOM* AND LOCK THE DOOR WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF THIS?
NOT HUMAN BUT *MUTANT* JUSTICE MUST BE DONE.
HANK! TO ME!
SHES GONE WEIRD.
BACK TO THE DANGER ROOM!
ALL OF YOU!
SICK... *SICK* IN ME... CHARLES IN ME... HANK, I'M BURSTING *OPEN...* MIND PEELING AND ERUPTING LIKE ROTTEN APPLES...
MY SISTER IS HERE TO KILL ME.
I'M AFRAID.

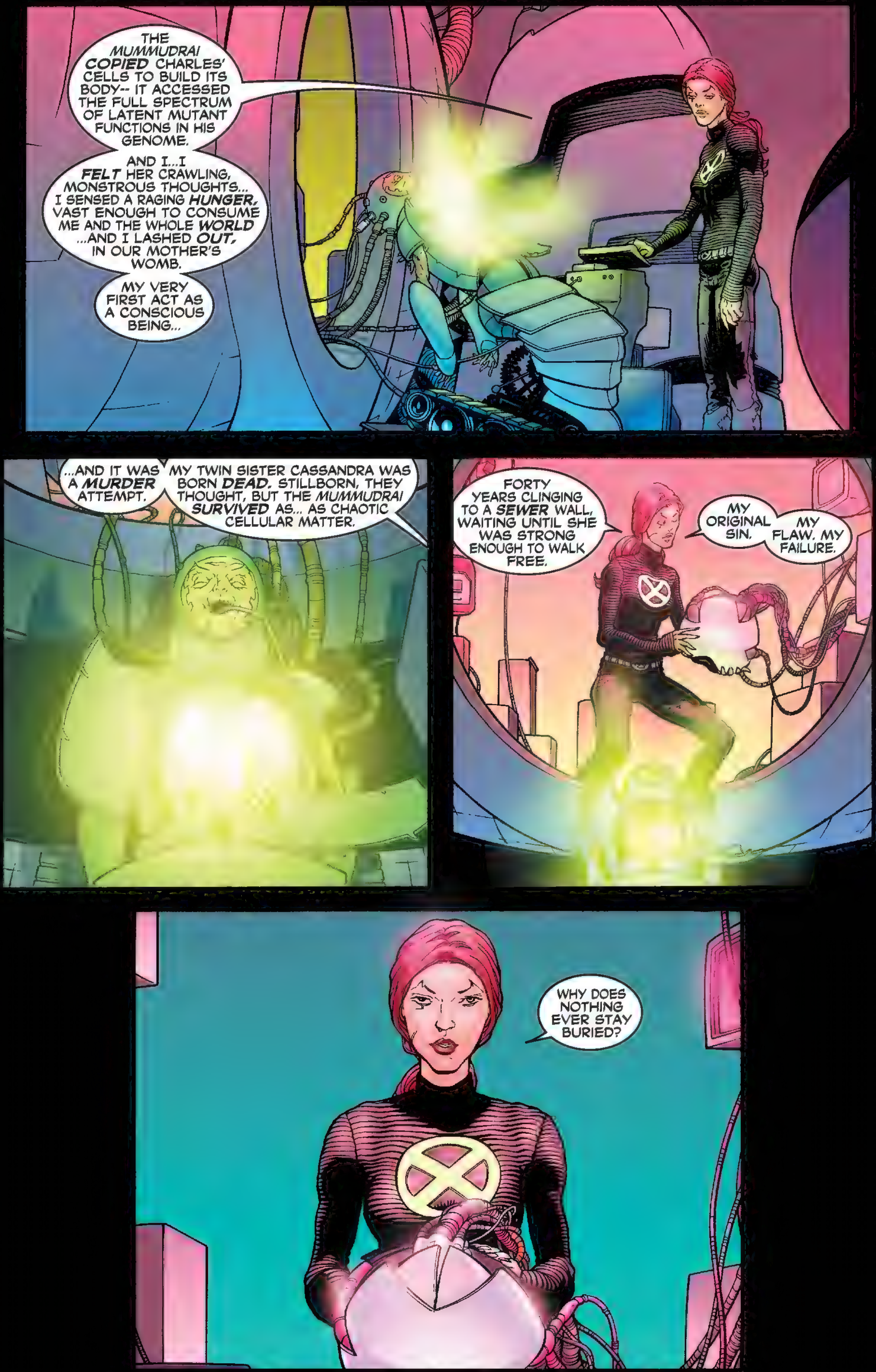

LOGAN'S *DOWN!*
AUUUU!
TOO *SICK*... HELP ME, HANK, I'M *LOSING* CHARLES...
...CAN'T REMEMBER THE SMELL OF *SOAP* IN GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE... OR HOW GOOD IT FELT TO OVERCOME THE MONSTER *ONSLAUGHT*...
...I CAN'T REMEMBER.
JEANNIE!
WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO YOU?
LOOK, I TOLD YOU ALL TO GET TO *SAFETY!*
DO I HAVE TO START ROARING AT YOU LIKE SOME LEONINE MARTINET?!
TWELFTH BIRTHDAY PARTY IS GONE. JUST GONE.
SUCH A NICE DAY WITH MOIRA... GONE...
SIR, WE AIN'T NONE OF US GOING TO STAND DOWN OR HIDE WITH THE HUMANS IN THE DANGER ROOM.
SHE *KILLED* OUR PEOPLE.
NEVER MIND THE PEOPLE. SHE WANTS TO KILL *US!*
YEAH, WE DON'T WANT TO RUN NO MORE!
Y' ALL CAN'T STOP US *DEFENDING* OURSELVES AND EACH OTHER, DR. McCOY.
THAT'S THE WAY OUR TEACHERS *TAUGHT* US.
DON'T... DON'T LET THEM GO...
...THEY MUSN'T GO.
JEAN, HANG ON...
...OH, GOD... SOMEBODY, PLEASE... HELP US...

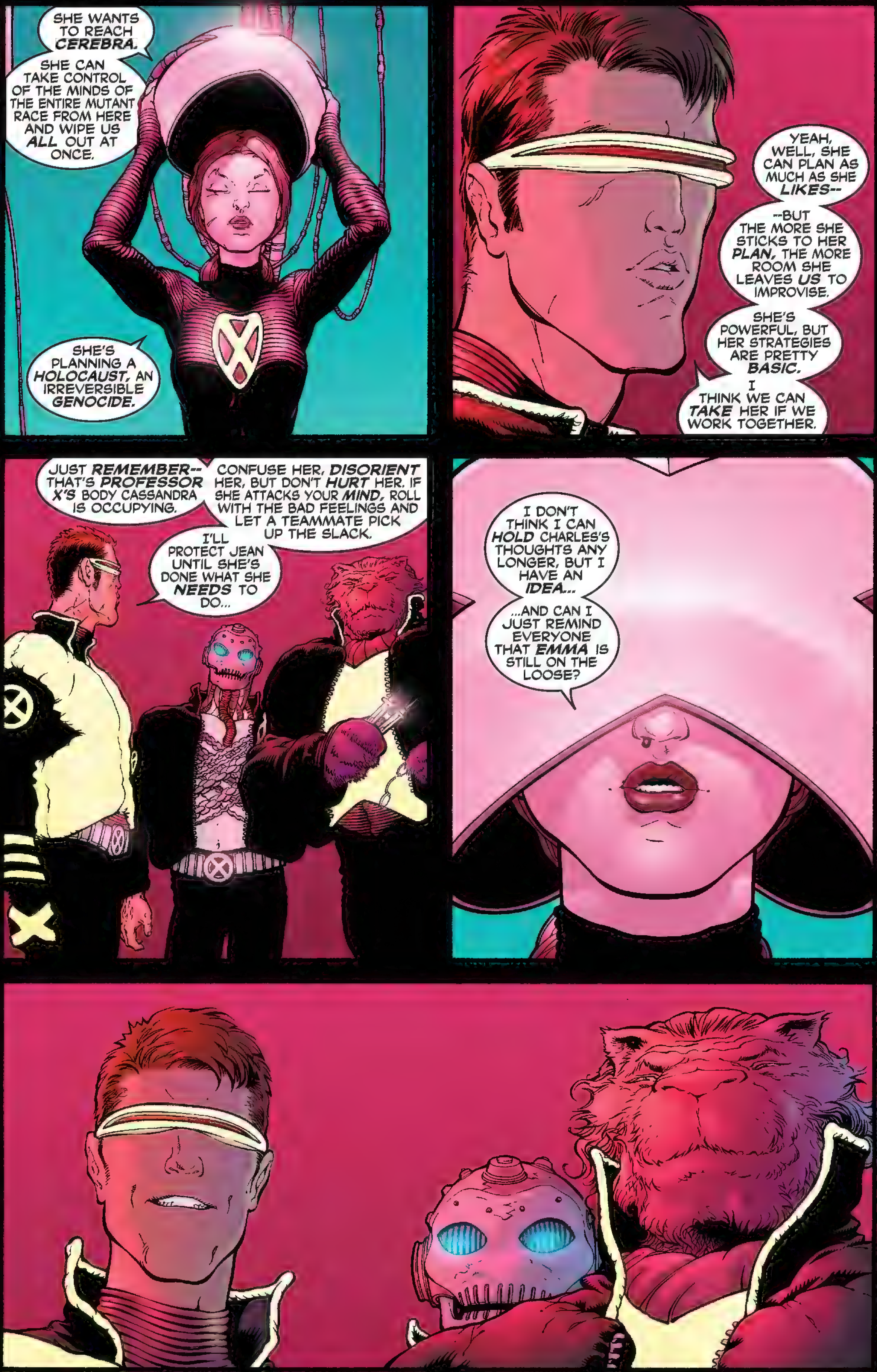

WOHH.
JEAN!
THANK GOD YOU'RE OKAY.
IS CASSANDRA HERE YET?
SCOTTIE...
...I WAS JUST ABOUT TO UTTER THE FATEFUL WORDS "WE NEED A MIRACLE." YOU DO KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
SCOTT.
YOU'RE MY FAVORITE SUPER HERO.
I LOVE YOU, TOO, JEAN.

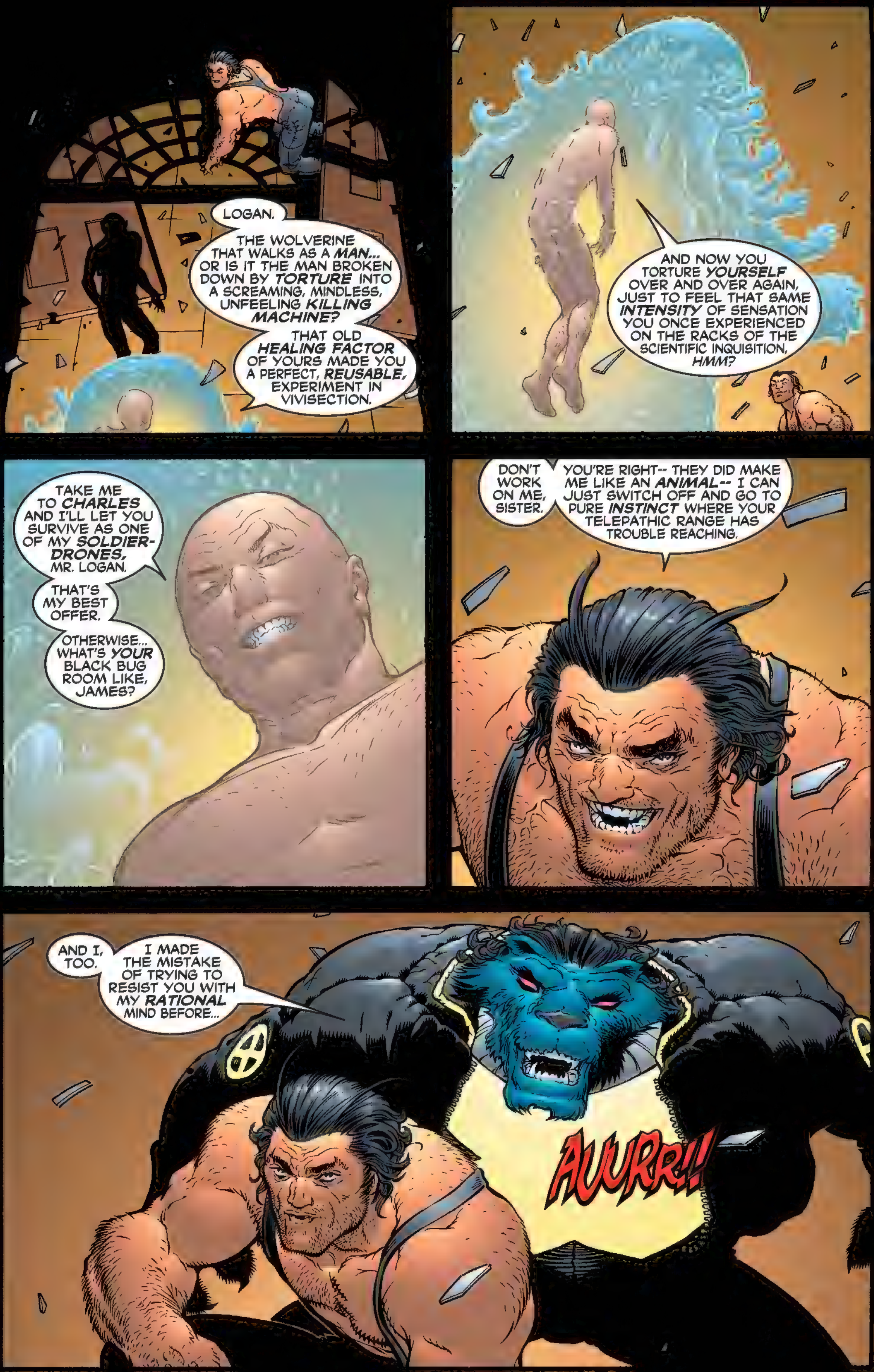

HANK, BRING ME UP TO SPEED.
WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HER? WHAT'S WRONG WITH **ME?**
WE WERE INFECTED BY MICROCOSPIC **SENTINEL** MACHINES FROM THE ECUADOR **MASTER MOLD** AND THEY'RE RESISTANT TO EVERY ANTIBIOTIC I'VE TRIED.
CASSANDRA **MADE** US SICK TO **WEAKEN** US.
IT'S A MIRACLE WE'RE STILL **ALIVE,** BUT JEAN HAS **SEPTICAEMIA.**
SCOTT, SHE COULD GO INTO TOXIC SHOCK AND **DIE...**
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT, HANK, AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU.
COME ON.
THIS ONE IS **DEAD.**
YOU WERE WRONG TO BRING ME HERE, SCOTT.
YOU SAID YOU COULD **HEAL** US...
...YOU'RE A HEALER, AREN'T YOU?!
YOU SAID YOU COULD BRING THE PROFESSOR BACK!
I **CAN** BUT HE IS **GONE** FROM THAT BODY AND MY TRUE TASK IS NOW CLEAR TO ME.
I'M HERE TO HEAL **YOU.**

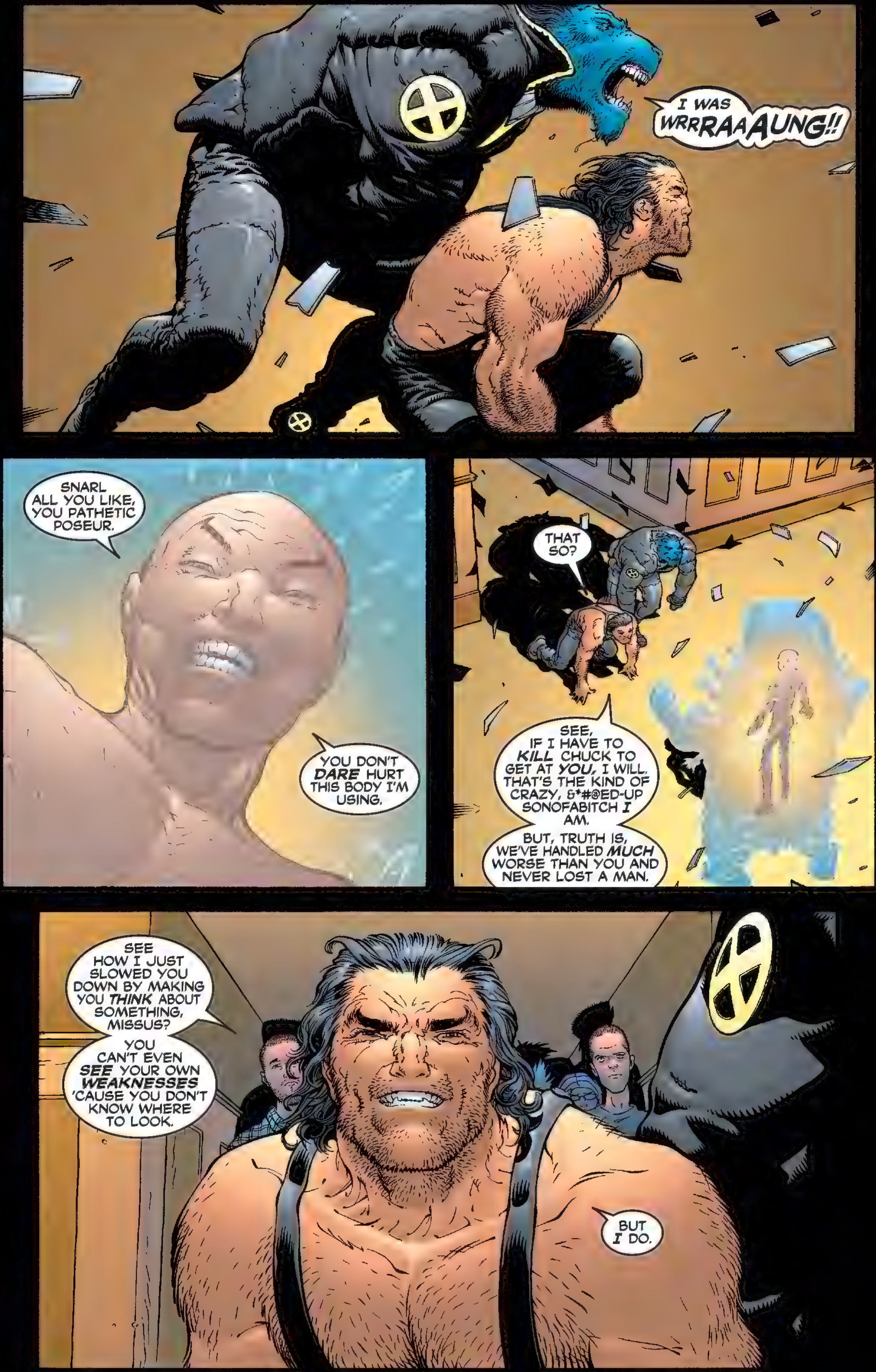

JEAN.
I AM *XORN*.
BE STILL.
THERE.
THE SENTINELS IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM...
...THEY ARE *DEAD* NOW.
IT'S OKAY, BABY.
WE'RE GOING TO BE OKAY.
UNNH GOD.
NOW *YOU*, SCOTT.
THEN *HENRY*, THE STRONGEST...
...WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME.

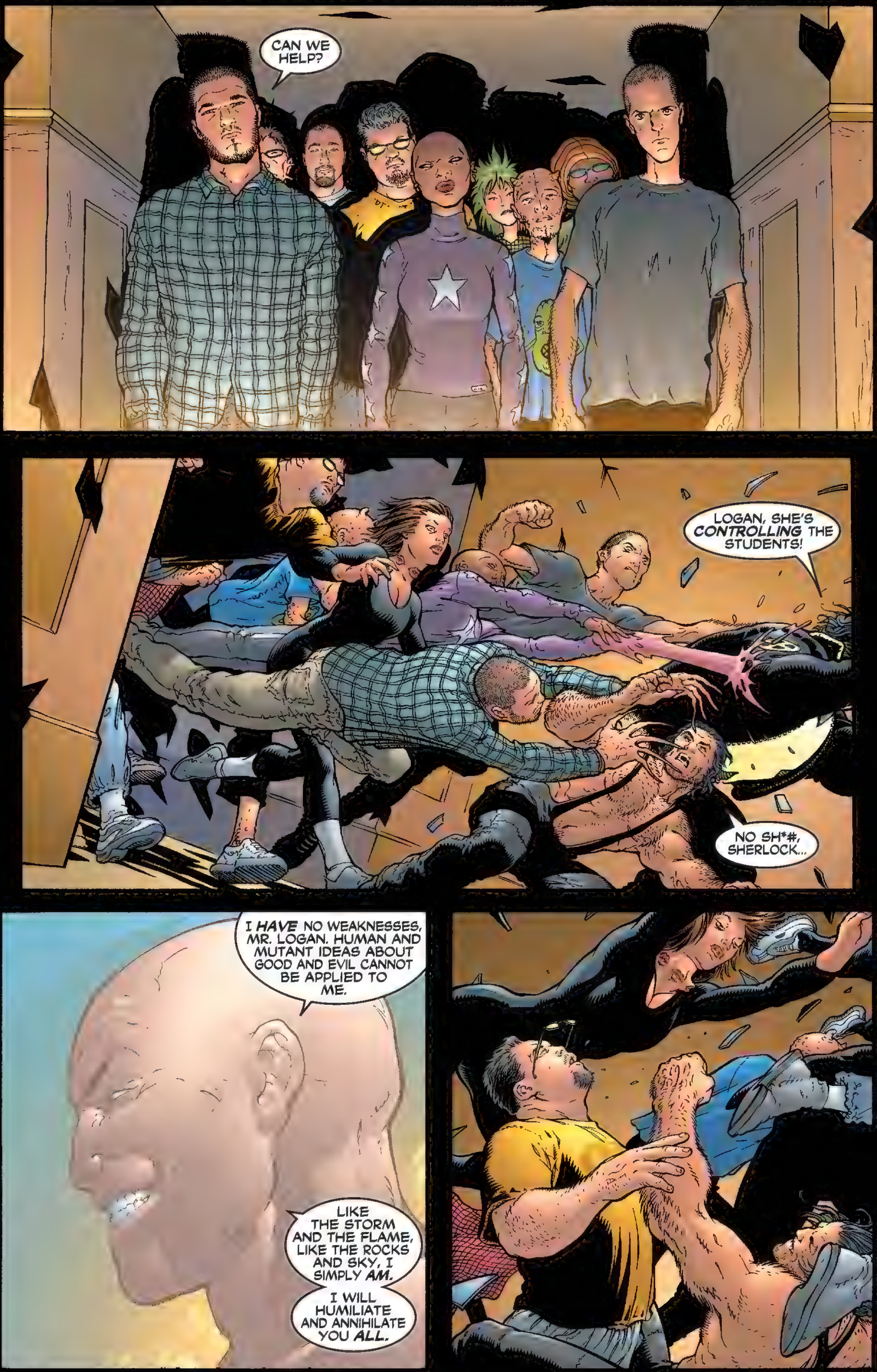

WHAT *IS* SHE?
CASSANDRA, WHAT ARE WE *DEALING* WITH?
WOHH, *THAT'S* BETTER.
SOMETIMES YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW *BAD* YOU FEEL UNTIL THE FEELING'S *GONE...*
...I FIGURED I WAS JUST *RUN DOWN.*
YOU WERE DYING OF *BLOOD POISONING,* SCOTTIE. YOU KNOW YOU'RE PUTTING ME OUT OF *BUSINESS* HERE, XORN--
--BUT IT'S VERY GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
CASSANDRA IS WHAT SHI'AR LEGENDS CALL *MUMMUDRAI,* HENRY.
CHARLES IS... IS TRYING TO *EXPLAIN* THIS THING. IT'S... THINK OF IT LIKE *"OUT"* IS THE *MUMMUDRAI* OF *"IN"*. *"YIN"* IS THE *MUMMUDRAI* OF *"YANG"*.
AND *CASSANDRA NOVA* IS THE *MUMMUDRAI* OF *CHARLES XAVIER.*
LEGEND SAYS EACH OF US FACES OUR OWN PERSONAL *MUMMUDRAI* IN THE *WOMB,* SHORTLY BEFORE *BIRTH--* IT IS OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE ALIEN, THE *"OTHER"*, THE DIFFERENT.
IMAGINE A *BODILESS* PARASITE SPECIES... BORN WITHOUT TRUE FLESH, WITHOUT REAL SUBSTANCE.
ONLY TO BE *ENTANGLED* WITH THE DEVELOPING BODY AND MIND OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST *TELEPATH.*

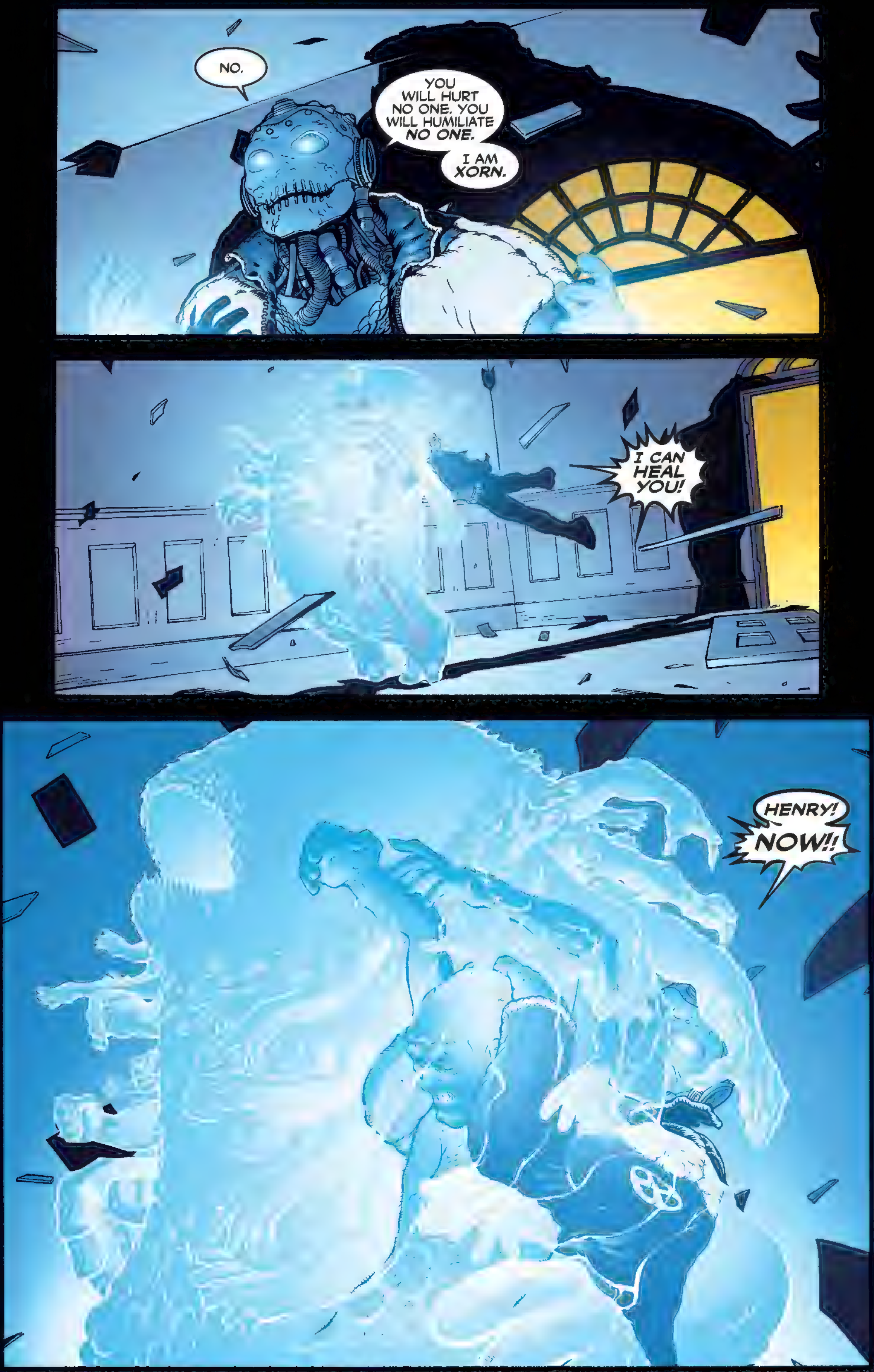

THE *MUMMUDRAI* **COPIED** CHARLES' CELLS TO BUILD ITS BODY-- IT ACCESSED THE FULL SPECTRUM OF LATENT MUTANT FUNCTIONS IN HIS GENOME.
AND I...I **FELT** HER CRAWLING, MONSTROUS THOUGHTS... I SENSED A RAGING **HUNGER,** VAST ENOUGH TO CONSUME ME AND THE WHOLE **WORLD** ...AND I LASHED **OUT,** IN OUR MOTHER'S WOMB.
MY VERY FIRST ACT AS A CONSCIOUS BEING...
...AND IT WAS A **MURDER** ATTEMPT.
MY TWIN SISTER CASSANDRA WAS BORN **DEAD.** STILLBORN, THEY THOUGHT, BUT THE *MUMMUDRAI* **SURVIVED** AS... AS CHAOTIC CELLULAR MATTER.
FORTY YEARS CLINGING TO A **SEWER** WALL, WAITING UNTIL SHE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK FREE.
MY ORIGINAL SIN.
MY FLAW. MY FAILURE.
WHY DOES NOTHING EVER STAY BURIED?

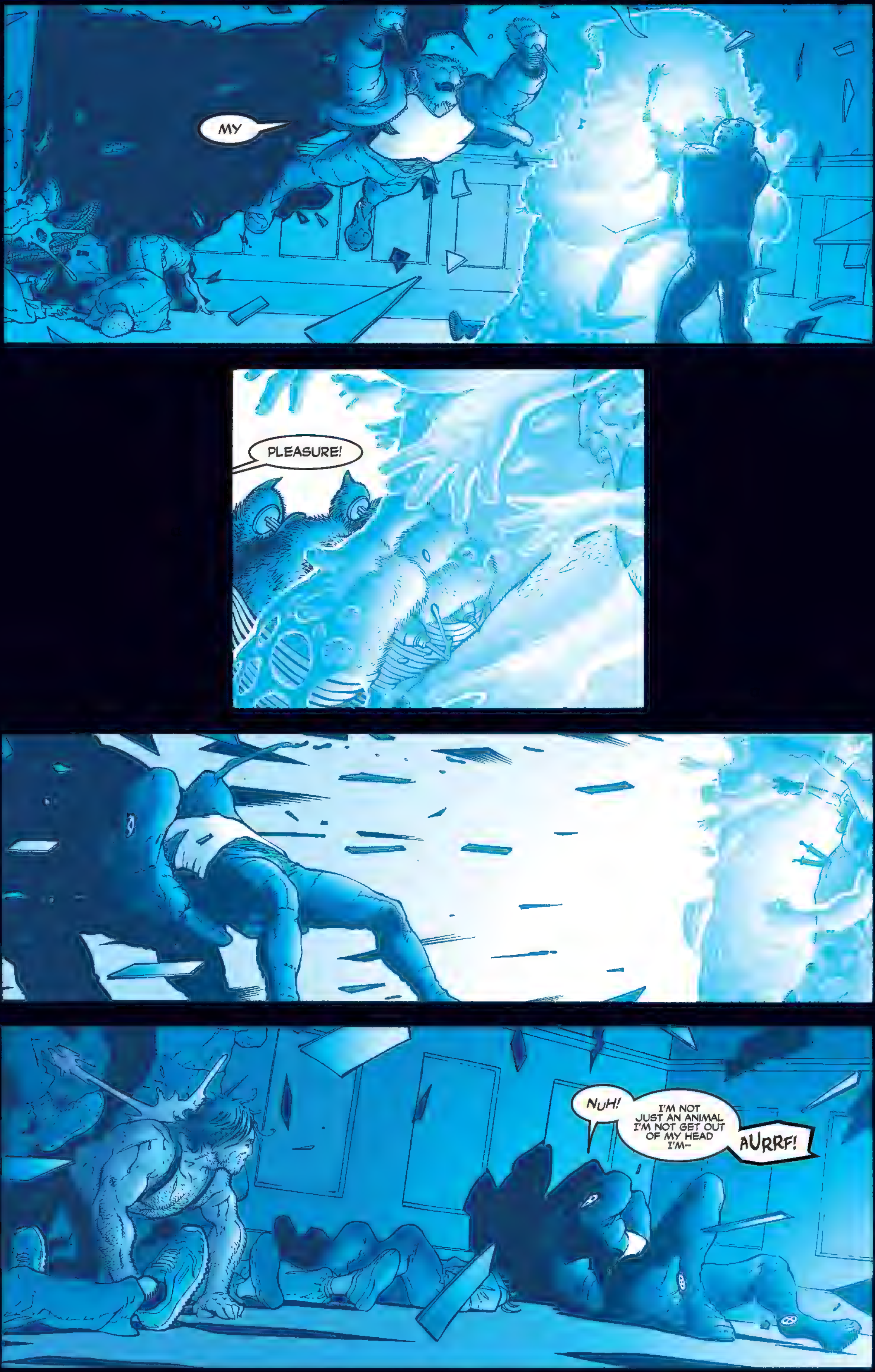

SHE WANTS TO REACH **CEREBRA.**
SHE CAN TAKE CONTROL OF THE MINDS OF THE ENTIRE MUTANT RACE FROM HERE AND WIPE US **ALL** OUT AT ONCE.
SHE'S PLANNING A **HOLOCAUST,** AN IRREVERSIBLE **GENOCIDE.**
YEAH, WELL, SHE CAN PLAN AS MUCH AS SHE **LIKES--**
--BUT THE MORE SHE STICKS TO HER **PLAN,** THE MORE ROOM SHE LEAVES **US** TO IMPROVISE.
SHE'S POWERFUL, BUT HER STRATEGIES ARE PRETTY **BASIC.**
I THINK WE CAN **TAKE** HER IF WE WORK TOGETHER.
JUST **REMEMBER--** THAT'S **PROFESSOR X'S** BODY CASSANDRA IS OCCUPYING.
CONFUSE HER, **DISORIENT** HER, BUT DON'T **HURT** HER. IF SHE ATTACKS YOUR **MIND,** ROLL WITH THE BAD FEELINGS AND LET A TEAMMATE PICK UP THE SLACK.
I'LL PROTECT JEAN UNTIL SHE'S DONE WHAT SHE **NEEDS** TO DO...
I DON'T THINK I CAN **HOLD** CHARLES'S THOUGHTS ANY LONGER, BUT I HAVE AN **IDEA...**
...AND CAN I JUST REMIND EVERYONE THAT **EMMA** IS STILL ON THE LOOSE?

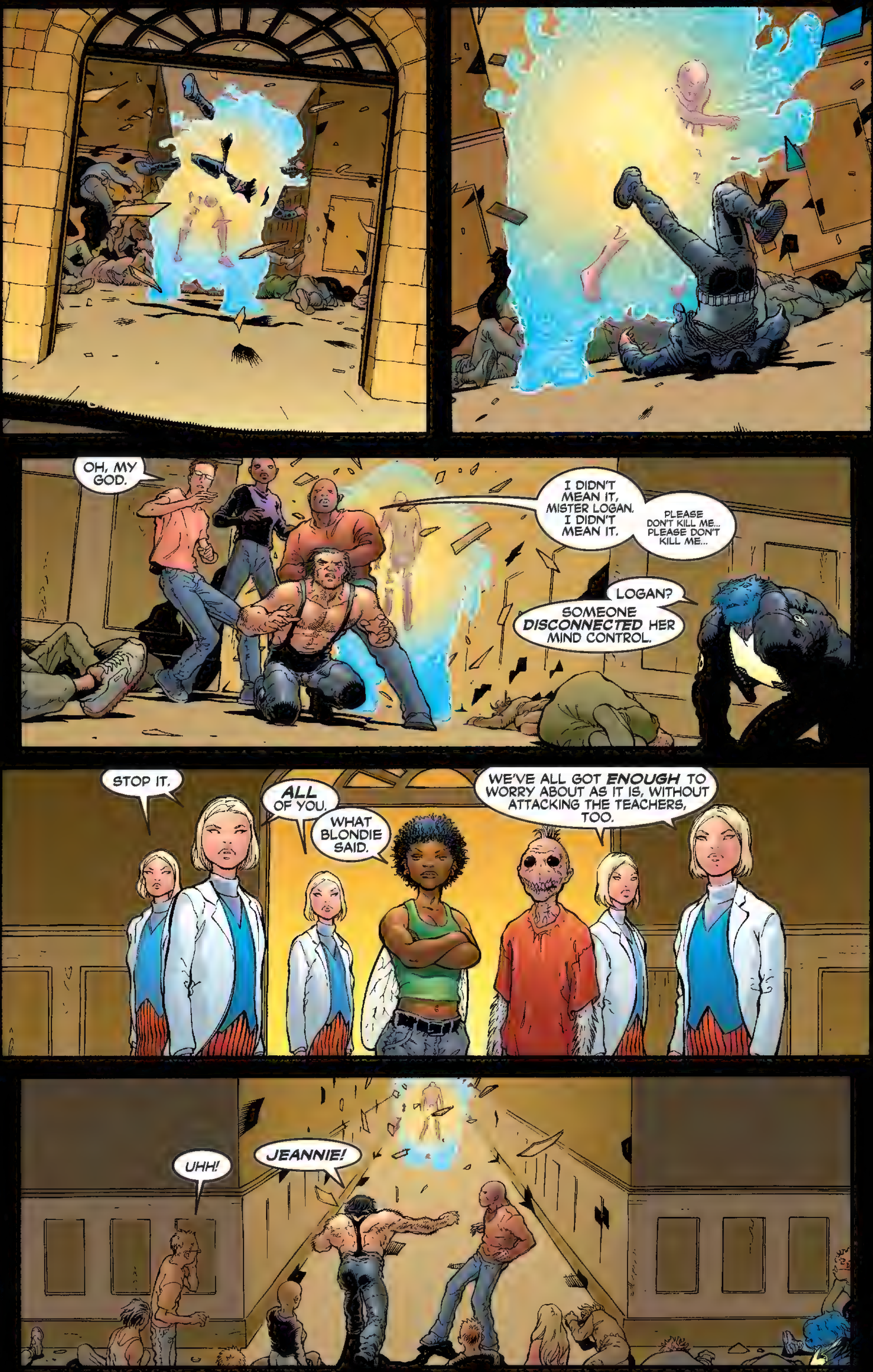

LOGAN.
THE WOLVERINE THAT WALKS AS A *MAN*... OR IS IT THE MAN BROKEN DOWN BY *TORTURE* INTO A SCREAMING, MINDLESS, UNFEELING *KILLING MACHINE?*
THAT OLD *HEALING FACTOR* OF YOURS MADE YOU A PERFECT, *REUSABLE*, EXPERIMENT IN VIVISECTION.
AND NOW YOU TORTURE *YOURSELF* OVER AND OVER AGAIN, JUST TO FEEL THAT SAME *INTENSITY* OF SENSATION YOU ONCE EXPERIENCED ON THE RACKS OF THE SCIENTIFIC INQUISITION, *HMM?*
TAKE ME TO *CHARLES* AND I'LL LET YOU SURVIVE AS ONE OF MY *SOLDIER-DRONES*, MR. LOGAN.
THAT'S MY BEST OFFER.
OTHERWISE... WHAT'S *YOUR* BLACK BUG ROOM LIKE, JAMES?
DON'T WORK ON ME, SISTER.
YOU'RE RIGHT-- THEY DID MAKE ME LIKE AN *ANIMAL*-- I CAN JUST SWITCH OFF AND GO TO PURE *INSTINCT* WHERE YOUR TELEPATHIC RANGE HAS TROUBLE REACHING.
AND I, TOO.
I MADE THE MISTAKE OF TRYING TO RESIST YOU WITH MY *RATIONAL* MIND BEFORE...
AUURR!!

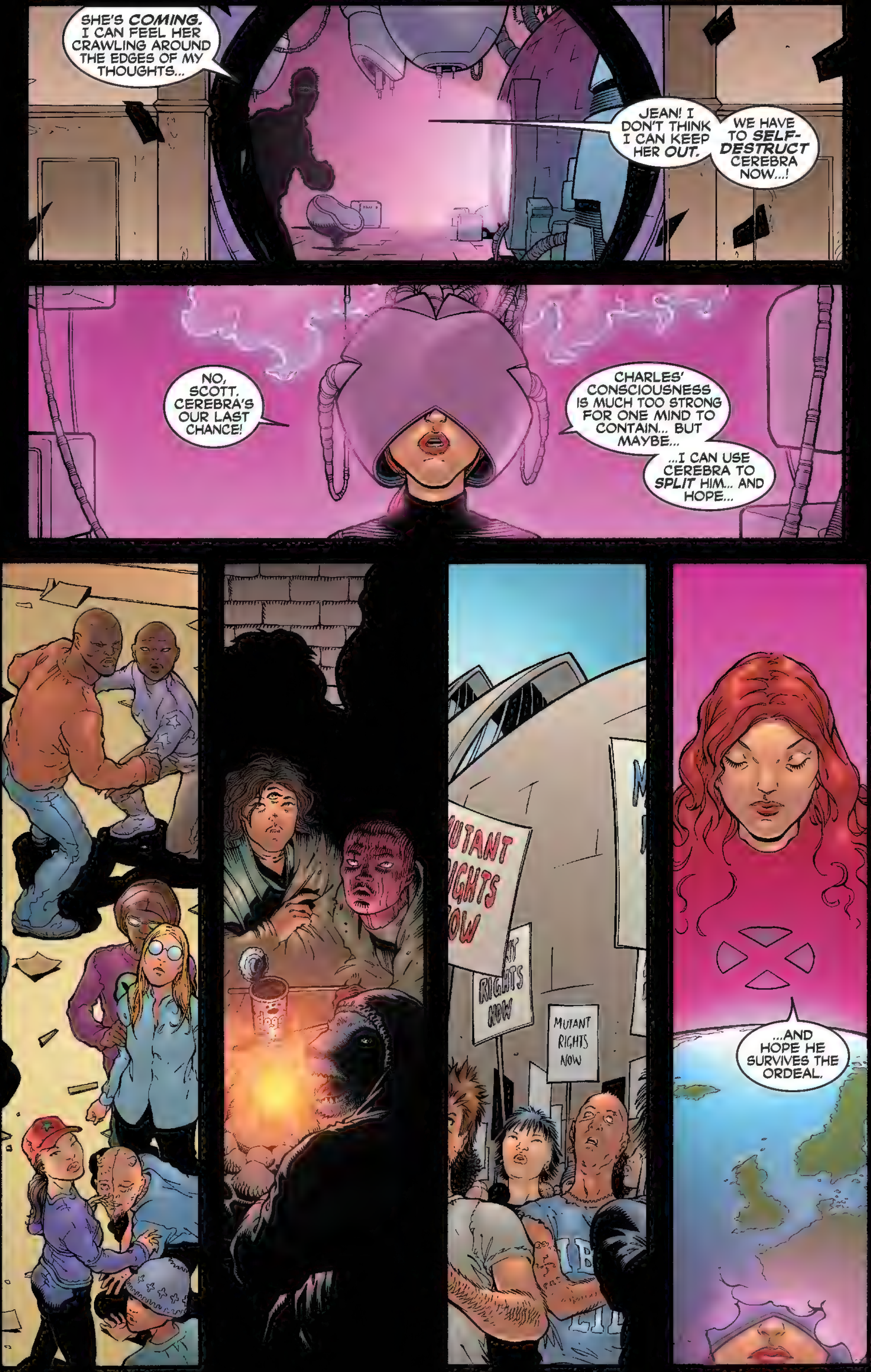

I WAS WRRRAAAAUNG!!
SNARL ALL YOU LIKE, YOU PATHETIC POSEUR.
YOU DON'T *DARE* HURT THIS BODY I'M USING.
THAT SO?
SEE, IF I HAVE TO *KILL* CHUCK TO GET AT *YOU,* I WILL. THAT'S THE KIND OF CRAZY, &*#@ED-UP SONOFABITCH *I* AM.
BUT, TRUTH IS, WE'VE HANDLED *MUCH* WORSE THAN YOU AND NEVER LOST A MAN.
SEE HOW I JUST SLOWED YOU DOWN BY MAKING YOU *THINK* ABOUT SOMETHING, MISSUS?
YOU CAN'T EVEN *SEE* YOUR OWN *WEAKNESSES* 'CAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.
BUT *I* DO.

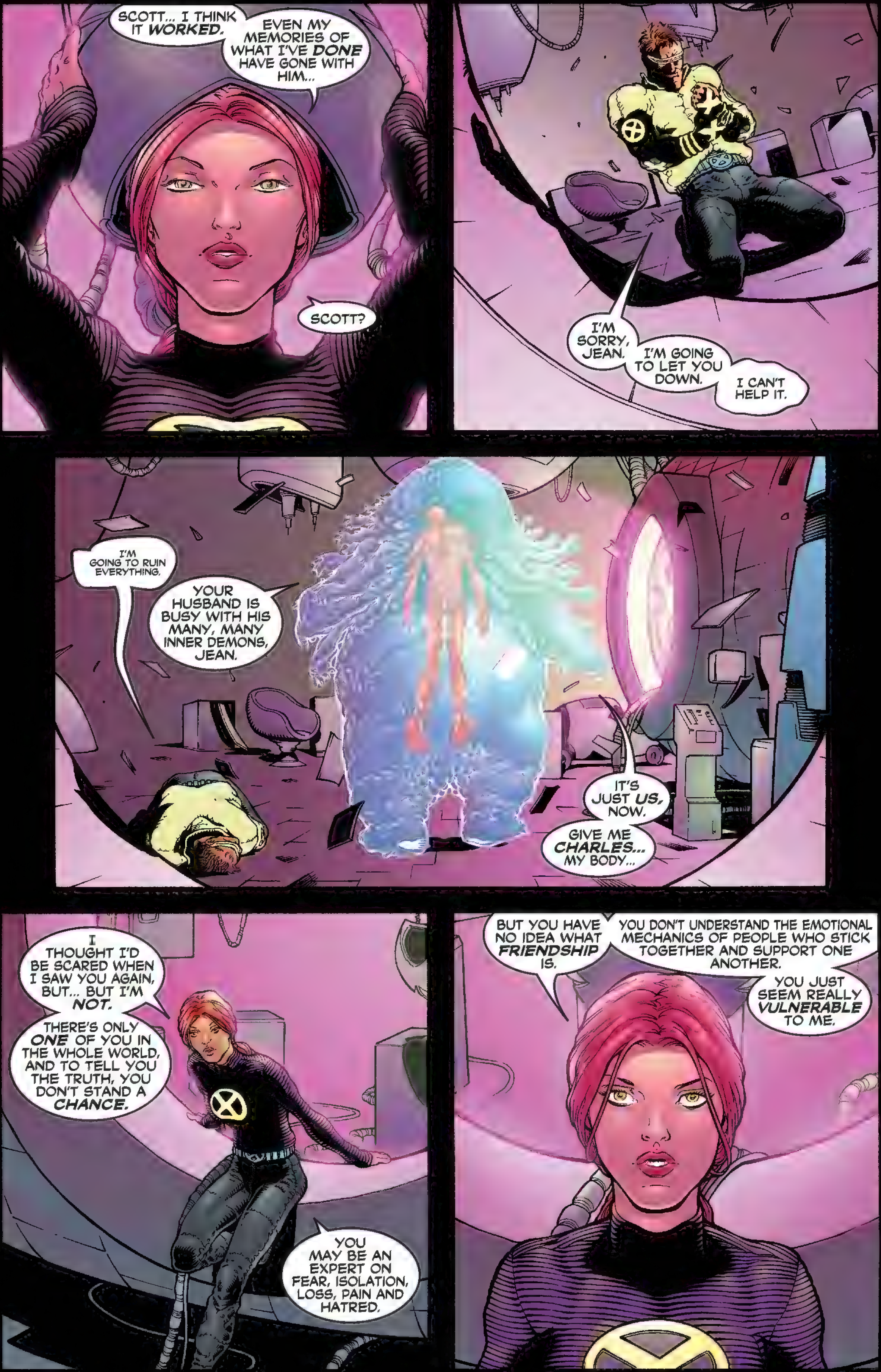

CAN WE HELP?
LOGAN, SHE'S *CONTROLLING* THE STUDENTS!
NO SH*#, SHERLOCK...
I *HAVE* NO WEAKNESSES, MR. LOGAN. HUMAN AND MUTANT IDEAS ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL CANNOT BE APPLIED TO ME.
LIKE THE STORM AND THE FLAME, LIKE THE ROCKS AND SKY, I SIMPLY *AM.*
I WILL HUMILIATE AND ANNIHILATE YOU *ALL.*

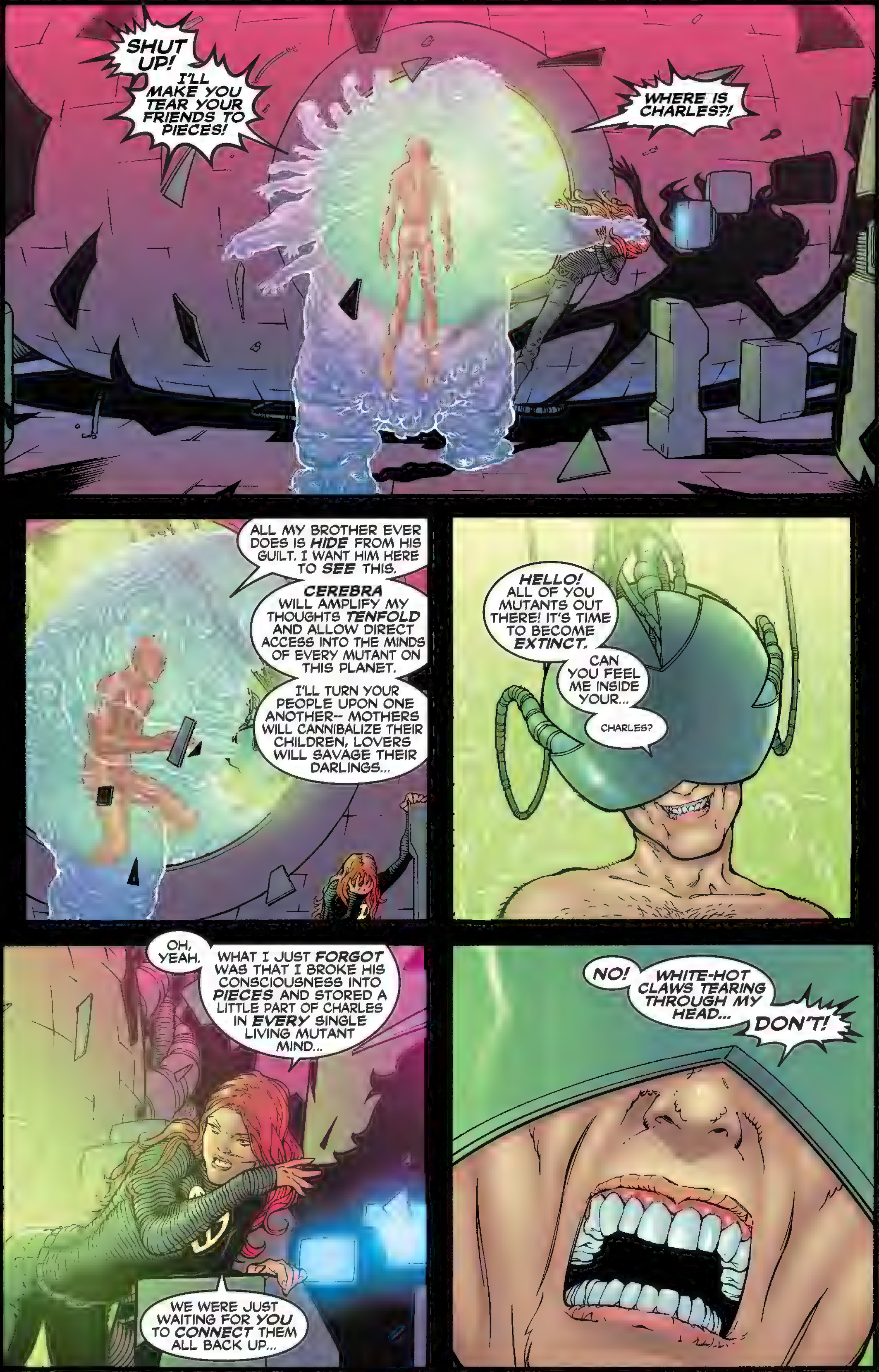

NO.
YOU WILL HURT NO ONE. YOU WILL HUMILIATE NO ONE.
I AM XORN.
I CAN HEAL YOU!
HENRY!
NOW!!

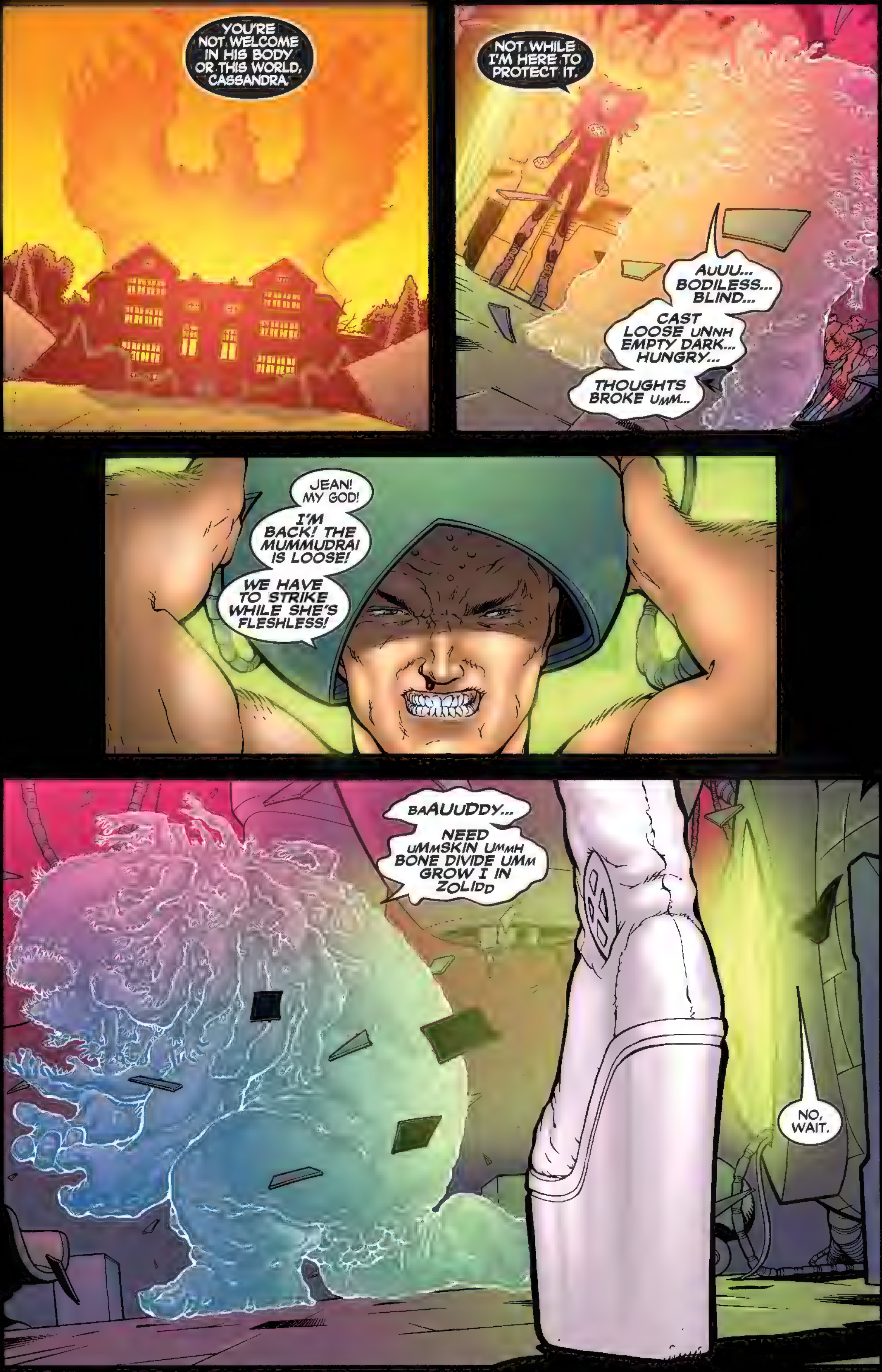

MY
PLEASURE!
NUH!
I'M NOT JUST AN ANIMAL I'M NOT GET OUT OF MY HEAD I'M--
AURRF!

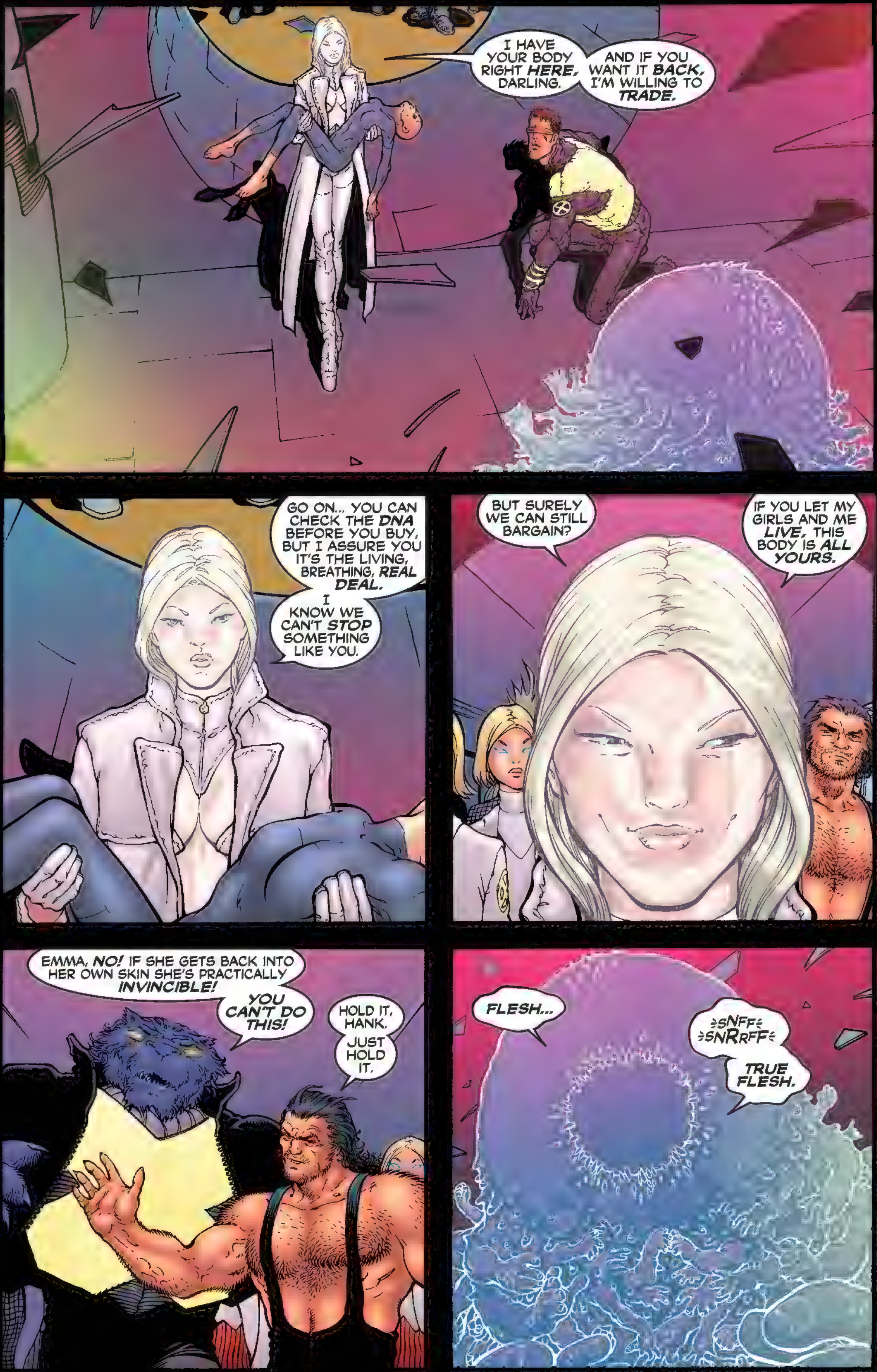

OH, MY GOD.
I DIDN'T MEAN IT, MISTER LOGAN. I DIDN'T MEAN IT.
PLEASE DON'T KILL ME... PLEASE DON'T KILL ME...
LOGAN?
SOMEONE DISCONNECTED HER MIND CONTROL.
STOP IT.
ALL OF YOU.
WHAT BLONDIE SAID.
WE'VE ALL GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT AS IT IS, WITHOUT ATTACKING THE TEACHERS, TOO.
UHH!
JEANNIE!

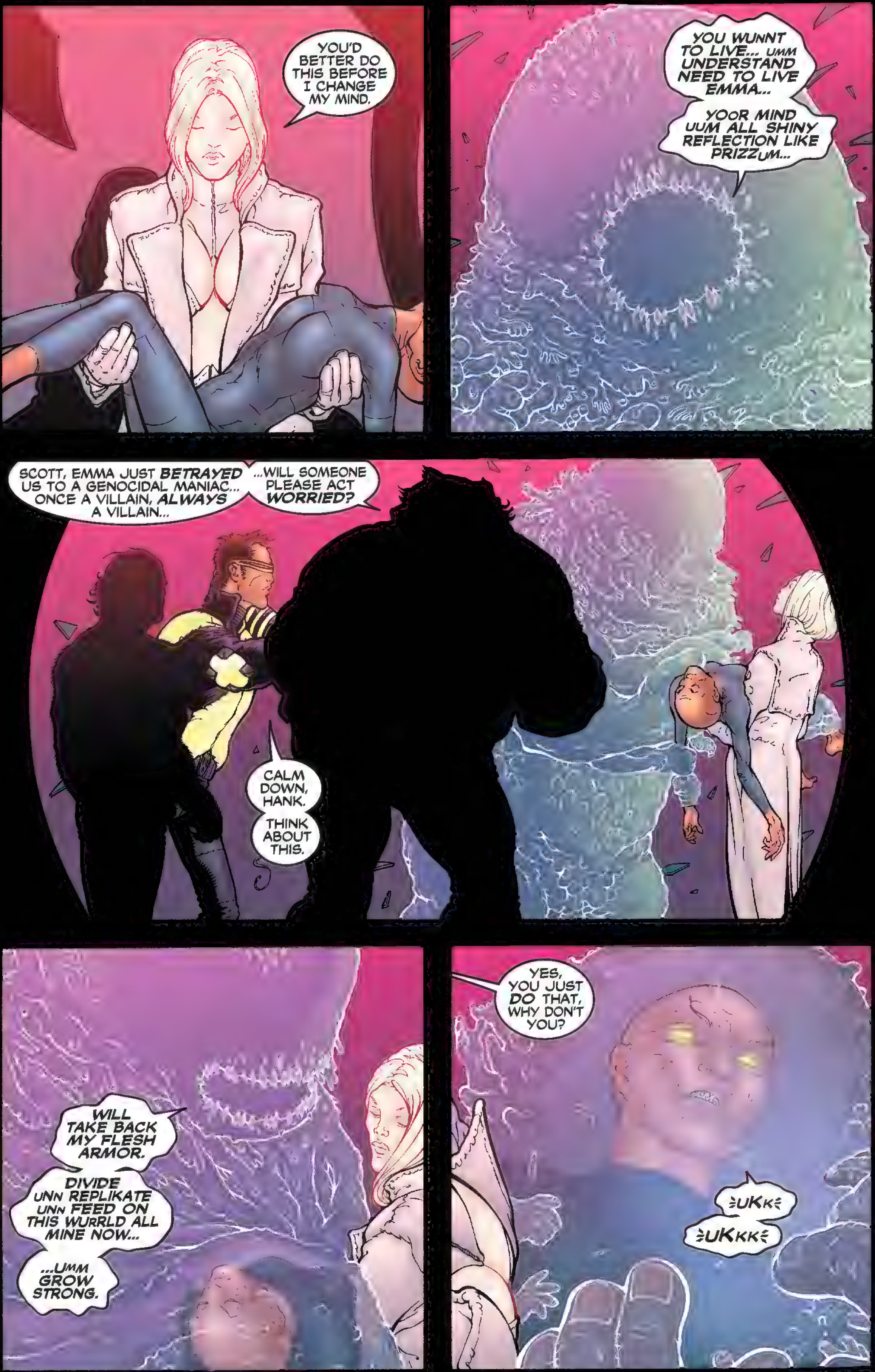

SHE'S *COMING.* I CAN FEEL HER CRAWLING AROUND THE EDGES OF MY THOUGHTS...
JEAN! I DON'T THINK I CAN KEEP HER *OUT.*
WE HAVE TO *SELF-DESTRUCT* CEREBRA NOW...!
NO, SCOTT. CEREBRA'S OUR LAST CHANCE!
CHARLES' CONSCIOUSNESS IS MUCH TOO STRONG FOR ONE MIND TO CONTAIN... BUT MAYBE...
...I CAN USE CEREBRA TO *SPLIT* HIM... AND HOPE...
UTANT IGHTS OW
RIGHTS NOW
MUTANT RIGHTS NOW
...AND HOPE HE SURVIVES THE ORDEAL.

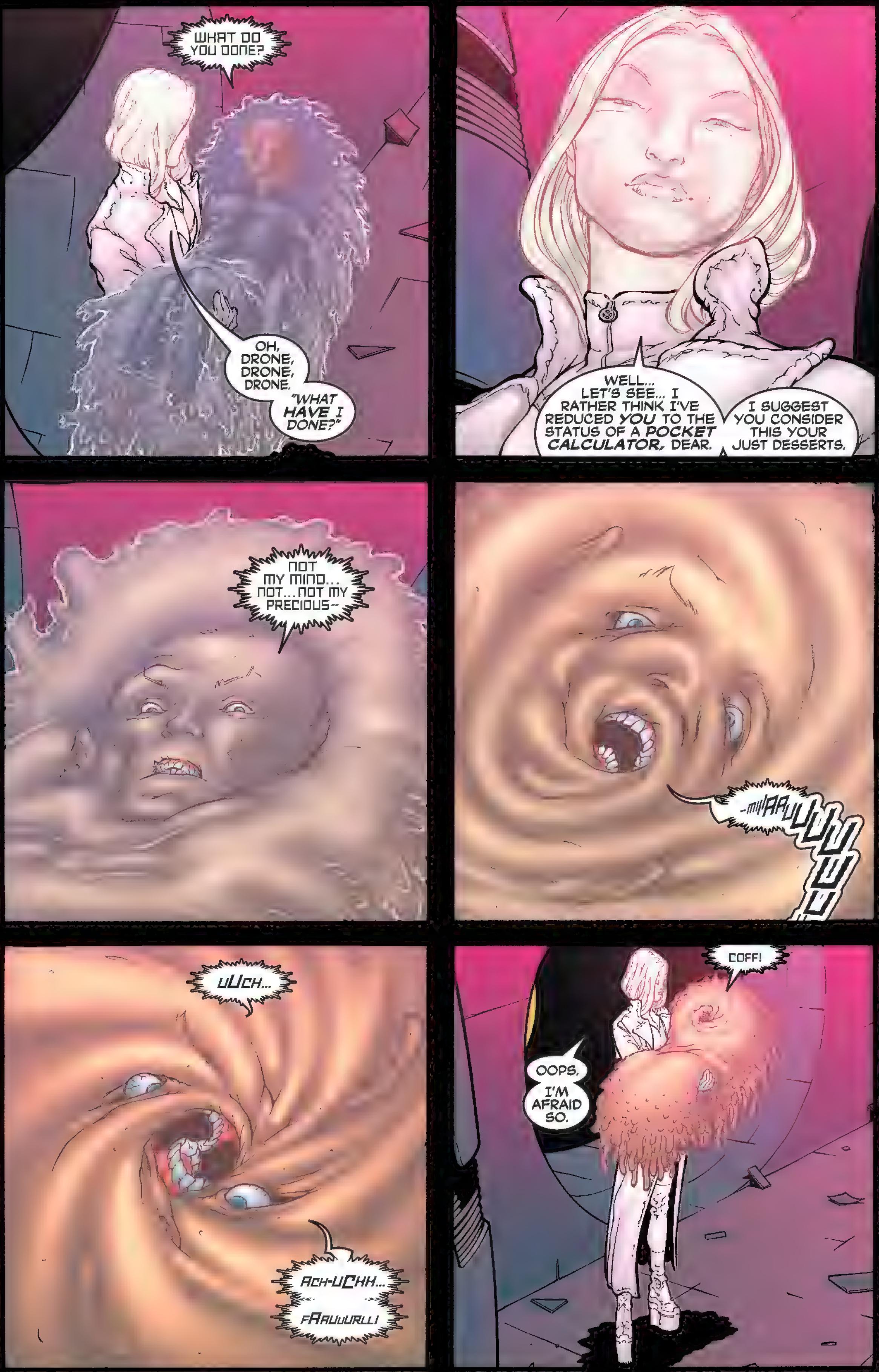

SCOTT... I THINK IT *WORKED.*
EVEN MY MEMORIES OF WHAT I'VE *DONE* HAVE GONE WITH HIM...
SCOTT?
I'M SORRY, JEAN.
I'M GOING TO LET YOU DOWN.
I CAN'T HELP IT.
I'M GOING TO RUIN EVERYTHING.
YOUR HUSBAND IS BUSY WITH HIS MANY, MANY INNER DEMONS, JEAN.
IT'S JUST *US,* NOW.
GIVE ME *CHARLES...* MY BODY...
I THOUGHT I'D BE SCARED WHEN I SAW YOU AGAIN, BUT... BUT I'M *NOT.*
THERE'S ONLY *ONE* OF YOU IN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, YOU DON'T STAND A *CHANCE.*
YOU MAY BE AN EXPERT ON FEAR, ISOLATION, LOSS, PAIN AND HATRED.
BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT *FRIENDSHIP* IS.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE EMOTIONAL MECHANICS OF PEOPLE WHO STICK TOGETHER AND SUPPORT ONE ANOTHER.
YOU JUST SEEM REALLY *VULNERABLE* TO ME.

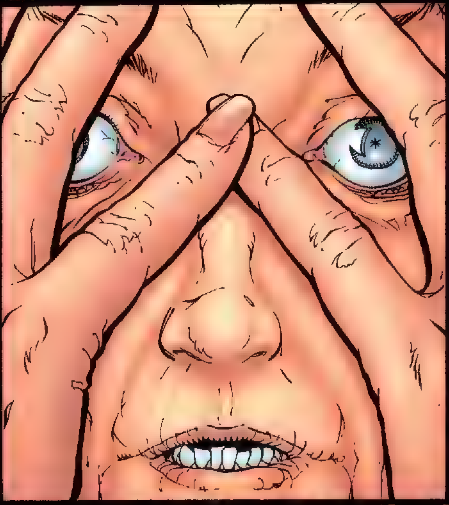

SHUT UP! I'LL MAKE YOU TEAR YOUR FRIENDS TO PIECES!
WHERE IS CHARLES?!
ALL MY BROTHER EVER DOES IS HIDE FROM HIS GUILT. I WANT HIM HERE TO SEE THIS.
CEREBRA WILL AMPLIFY MY THOUGHTS TENFOLD AND ALLOW DIRECT ACCESS INTO THE MINDS OF EVERY MUTANT ON THIS PLANET.
I'LL TURN YOUR PEOPLE UPON ONE ANOTHER-- MOTHERS WILL CANNIBALIZE THEIR CHILDREN, LOVERS WILL SAVAGE THEIR DARLINGS...
HELLO! ALL OF YOU MUTANTS OUT THERE! IT'S TIME TO BECOME EXTINCT.
CAN YOU FEEL ME INSIDE YOUR...
CHARLES?
OH, YEAH.
WHAT I JUST FORGOT WAS THAT I BROKE HIS CONSCIOUSNESS INTO PIECES AND STORED A LITTLE PART OF CHARLES IN EVERY SINGLE LIVING MUTANT MIND...
WE WERE JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO CONNECT THEM ALL BACK UP...
NO! WHITE-HOT CLAWS TEARING THROUGH MY HEAD... DON'T!

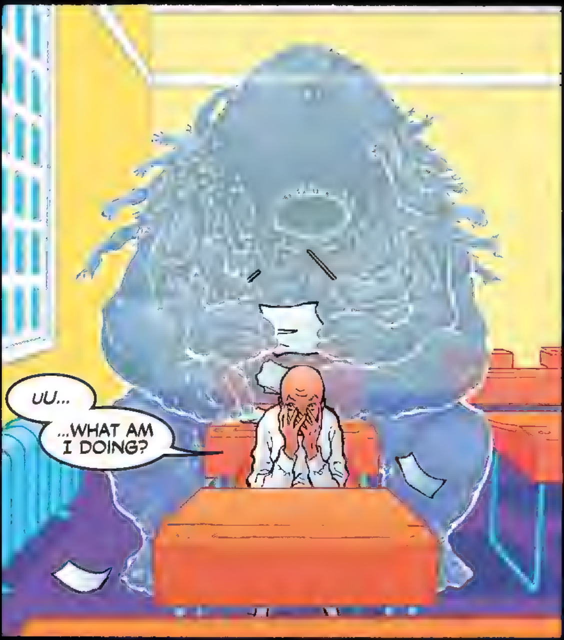

YOU'RE NOT WELCOME IN HIS BODY OR THIS WORLD, CASSANDRA.
NOT WHILE I'M HERE TO PROTECT IT.
AUUU... BODILESS... BLIND...
CAST LOOSE UNNH EMPTY DARK... HUNGRY...
THOUGHTS BROKE UMM...
JEAN! MY GOD!
I'M BACK! THE MUMMUDRAI IS LOOSE!
WE HAVE TO STRIKE WHILE SHE'S FLESHLESS!
BAAUUDDY...
NEED UMMSKIN UMMH BONE DIVIDE UMM GROW I IN ZOLIDD
NO, WAIT.

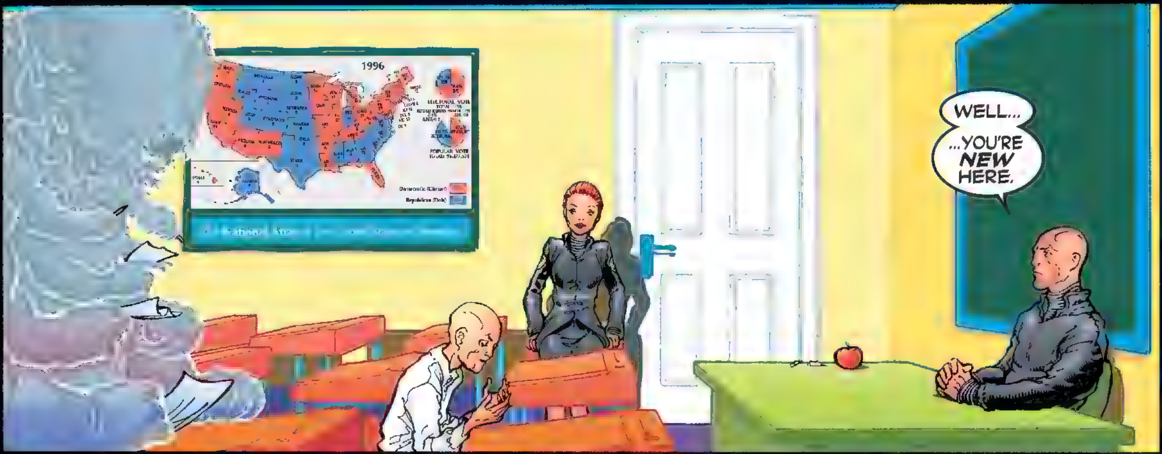

I HAVE YOUR BODY RIGHT *HERE,* DARLING.
AND IF YOU WANT IT *BACK,* I'M WILLING TO *TRADE.*
GO ON... YOU CAN CHECK THE *DNA* BEFORE YOU BUY, BUT I ASSURE YOU IT'S THE LIVING, BREATHING, *REAL DEAL.*
I KNOW WE CAN'T *STOP* SOMETHING LIKE YOU.
BUT SURELY WE CAN STILL BARGAIN?
IF YOU LET MY GIRLS AND ME *LIVE,* THIS BODY IS *ALL YOURS.*
EMMA, *NO!* IF SHE GETS BACK INTO HER OWN SKIN SHE'S PRACTICALLY *INVINCIBLE!*
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
HOLD IT, HANK. JUST HOLD IT.
FLESH...
SNFF SNRFF
TRUE FLESH.

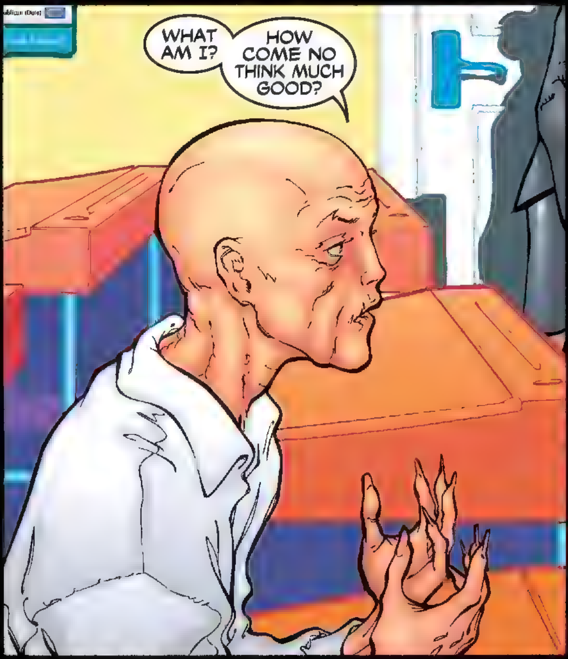

YOU'D BETTER DO THIS BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND.
YOU WUNNT TO LIVE... UMM UNDERSTAND NEED TO LIVE EMMA...
YOOR MIND UUM ALL SHINY REFLECTION LIKE PRIZZUM...
SCOTT, EMMA JUST BETRAYED US TO A GENOCIDAL MANIAC... ONCE A VILLAIN, ALWAYS A VILLAIN...
...WILL SOMEONE PLEASE ACT WORRIED?
CALM DOWN, HANK.
THINK ABOUT THIS.
WILL TAKE BACK MY FLESH ARMOR.
DIVIDE UNN REPLIKATE UNN FEED ON THIS WURRLD ALL MINE NOW...
...UMM GROW STRONG.
YES, YOU JUST DO THAT, WHY DON'T YOU?
UKK
UKKK

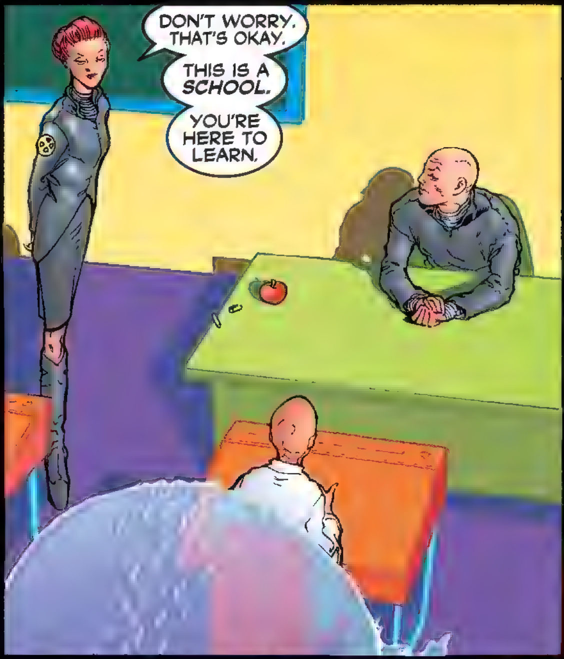

WHAT DO YOU DONE?
OH, DRONE, DRONE, DRONE. "WHAT *HAVE* I DONE?"
WELL... LET'S SEE... I RATHER THINK I'VE REDUCED *YOU* TO THE STATUS OF A *POCKET CALCULATOR,* DEAR.
I SUGGEST YOU CONSIDER THIS YOUR JUST DESSERTS.
NOT MY MIND... NOT...NOT MY PRECIOUS--
--mmAAUUUUUU
UUCH...
ACH-UCHH...
FARUUURLL!
COFF!
OOPS, I'M AFRAID SO.

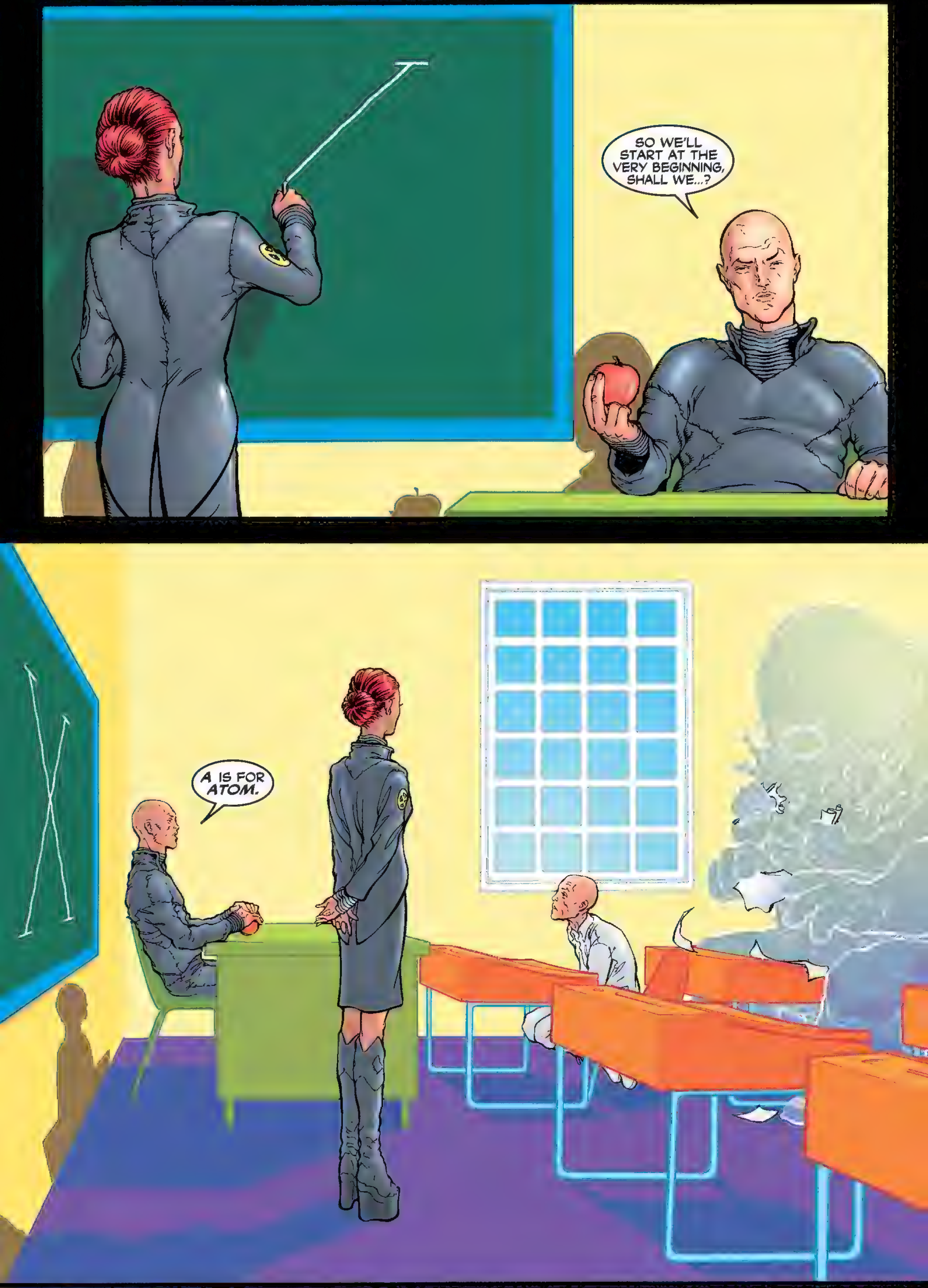


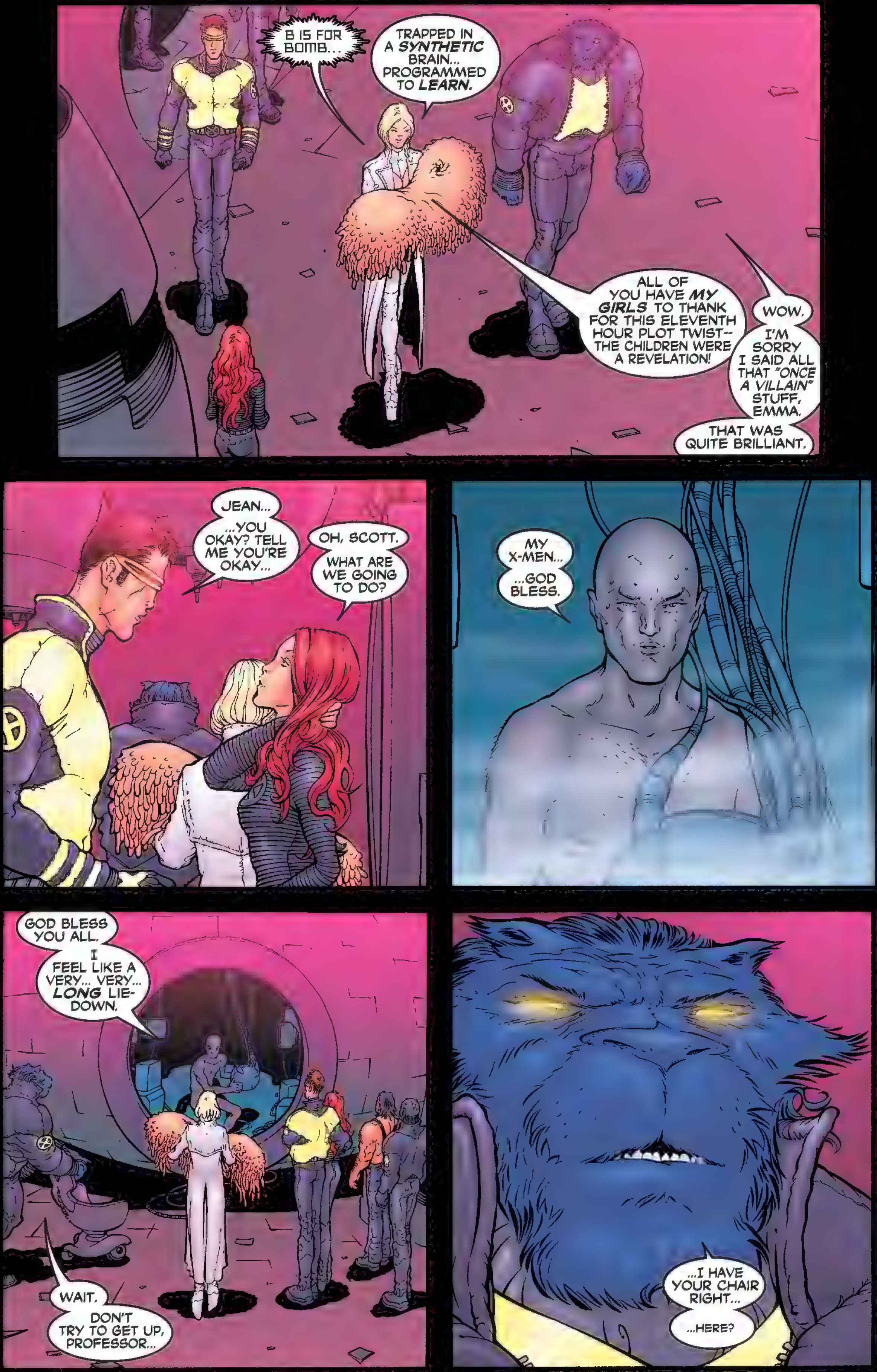

UU...
...WHAT AM I DOING?

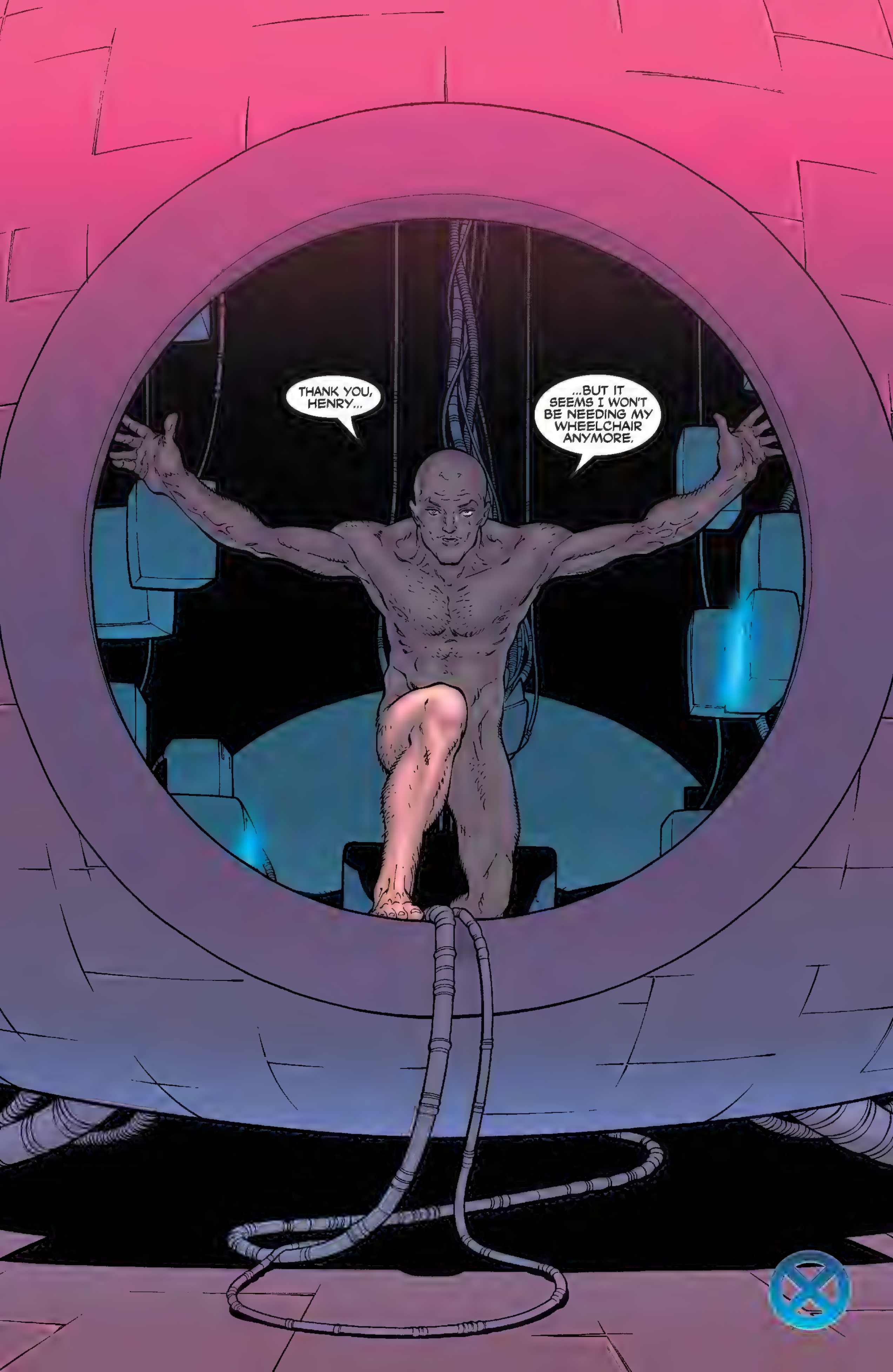

1996
WELL...
...YOU'RE *NEW* HERE.

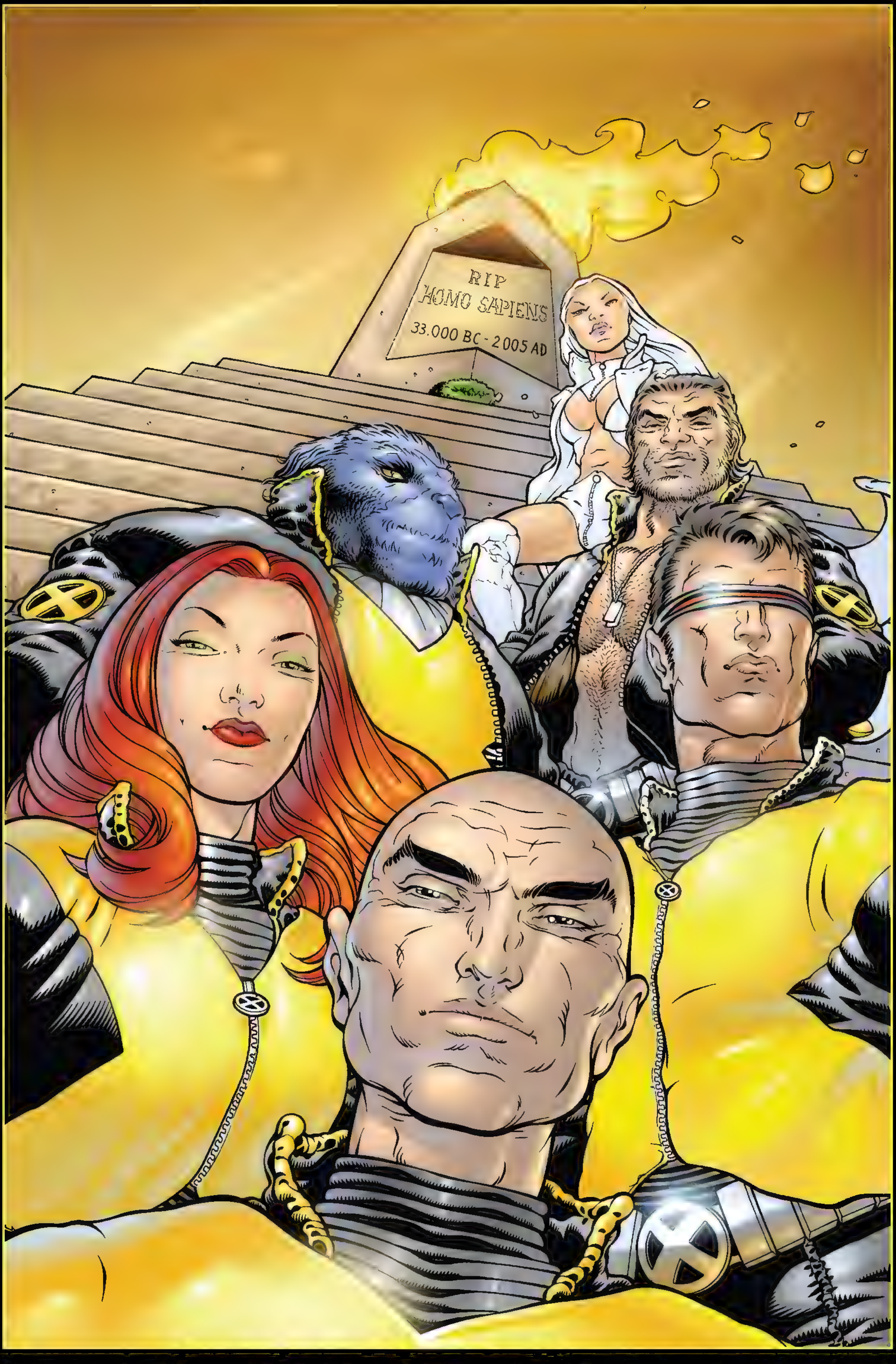

WHAT AM I?
HOW COME NO THINK MUCH GOOD?


DON'T WORRY. THAT'S OKAY.
THIS IS A *SCHOOL*.
YOU'RE HERE TO LEARN.

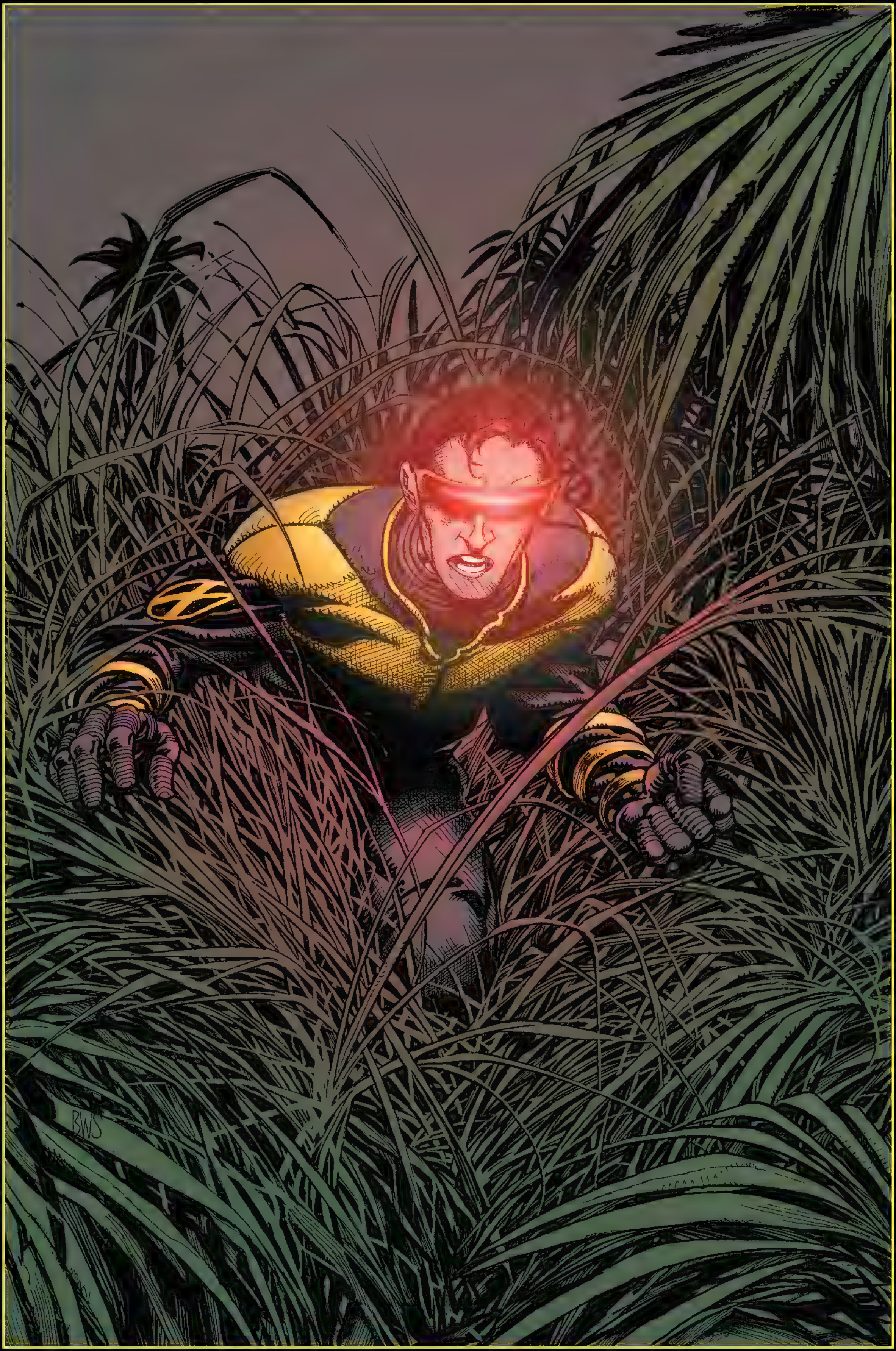

SO WE'LL START AT THE VERY BEGINNING, SHALL WE...?
A IS FOR *ATOM.*


B IS FOR BOMB...
TRAPPED IN A *SYNTHETIC* BRAIN... PROGRAMMED TO *LEARN.*
ALL OF YOU HAVE *MY GIRLS* TO THANK FOR THIS ELEVENTH HOUR PLOT TWIST-- THE CHILDREN WERE A REVELATION!
WOW.
I'M SORRY I SAID ALL THAT *"ONCE A VILLAIN"* STUFF, EMMA.
THAT WAS QUITE BRILLIANT.
JEAN...
...YOU OKAY? TELL ME YOU'RE OKAY...
OH, SCOTT.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
MY X-MEN...
...GOD BLESS.
GOD BLESS YOU ALL.
I FEEL LIKE A VERY... VERY... *LONG* LIE-DOWN.
WAIT.
DON'T TRY TO GET UP, PROFESSOR...
...I HAVE YOUR CHAIR RIGHT...
...HERE?


THANK YOU, HENRY...
...BUT IT SEEMS I WON'T BE NEEDING MY WHEELCHAIR ANYMORE.

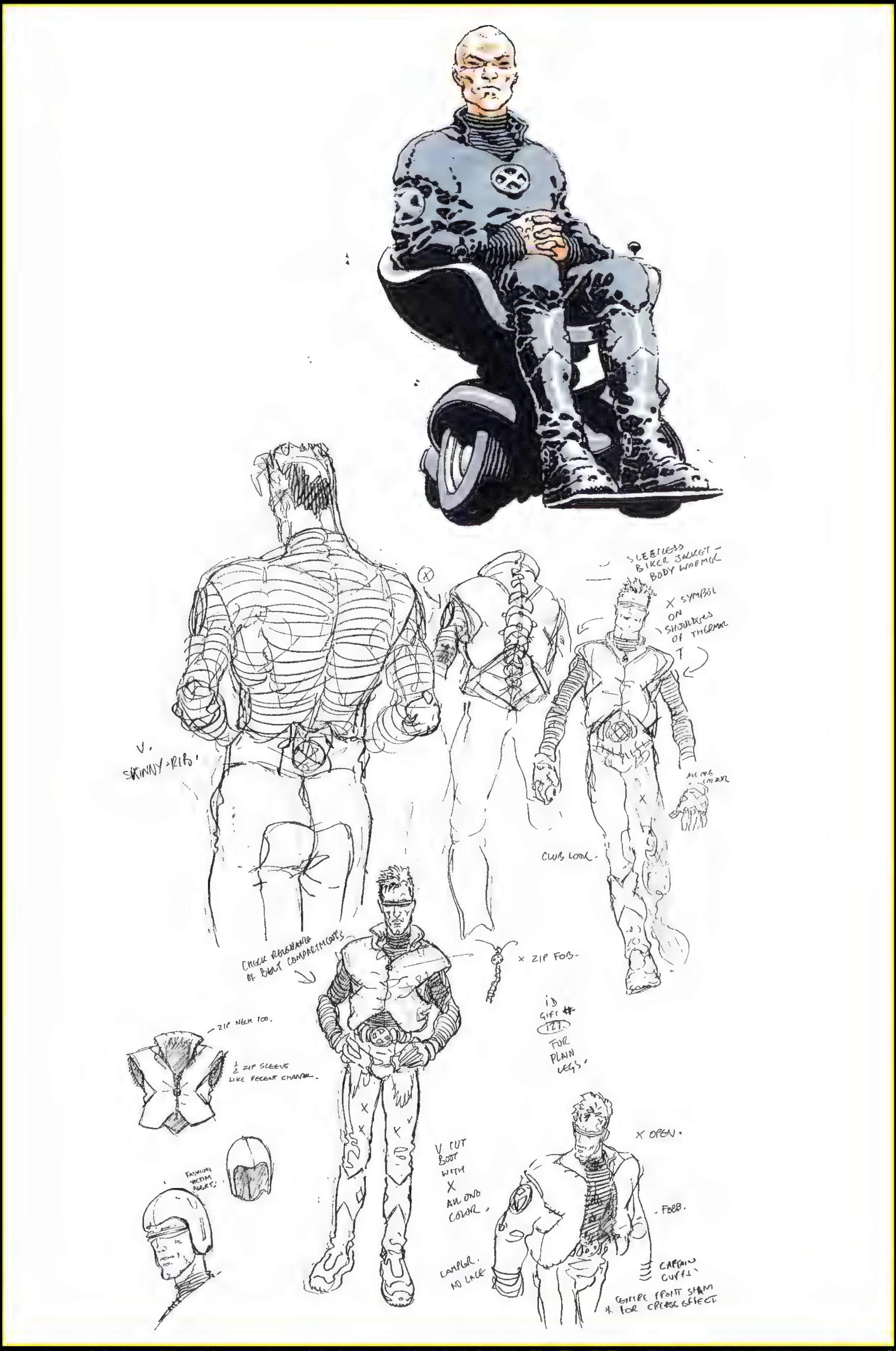

RIP
HOMO SAPIENS
33.000 BC - 2005 AD

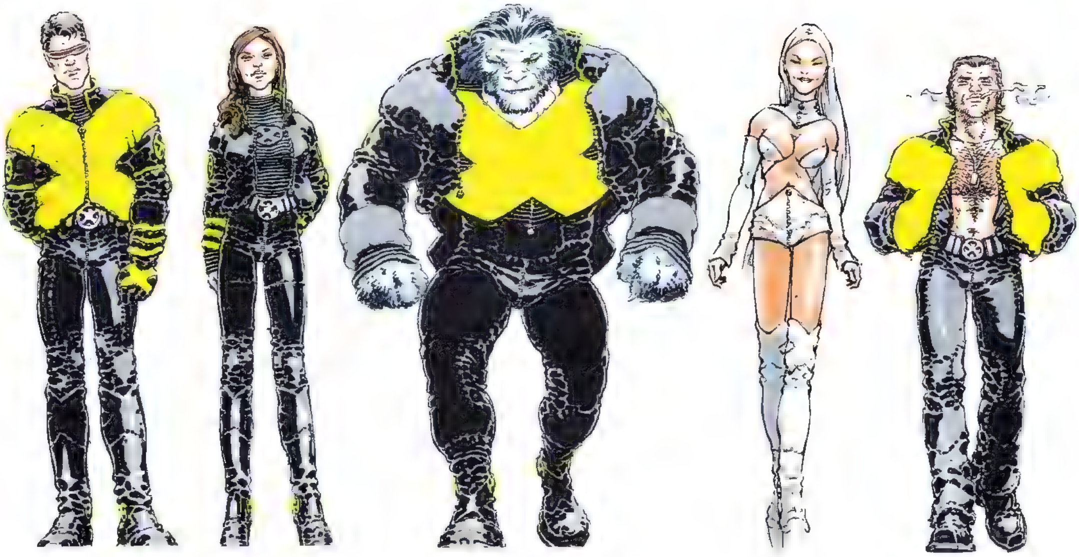
PROMOTIONAL ART BY **FRANK QUITELY**

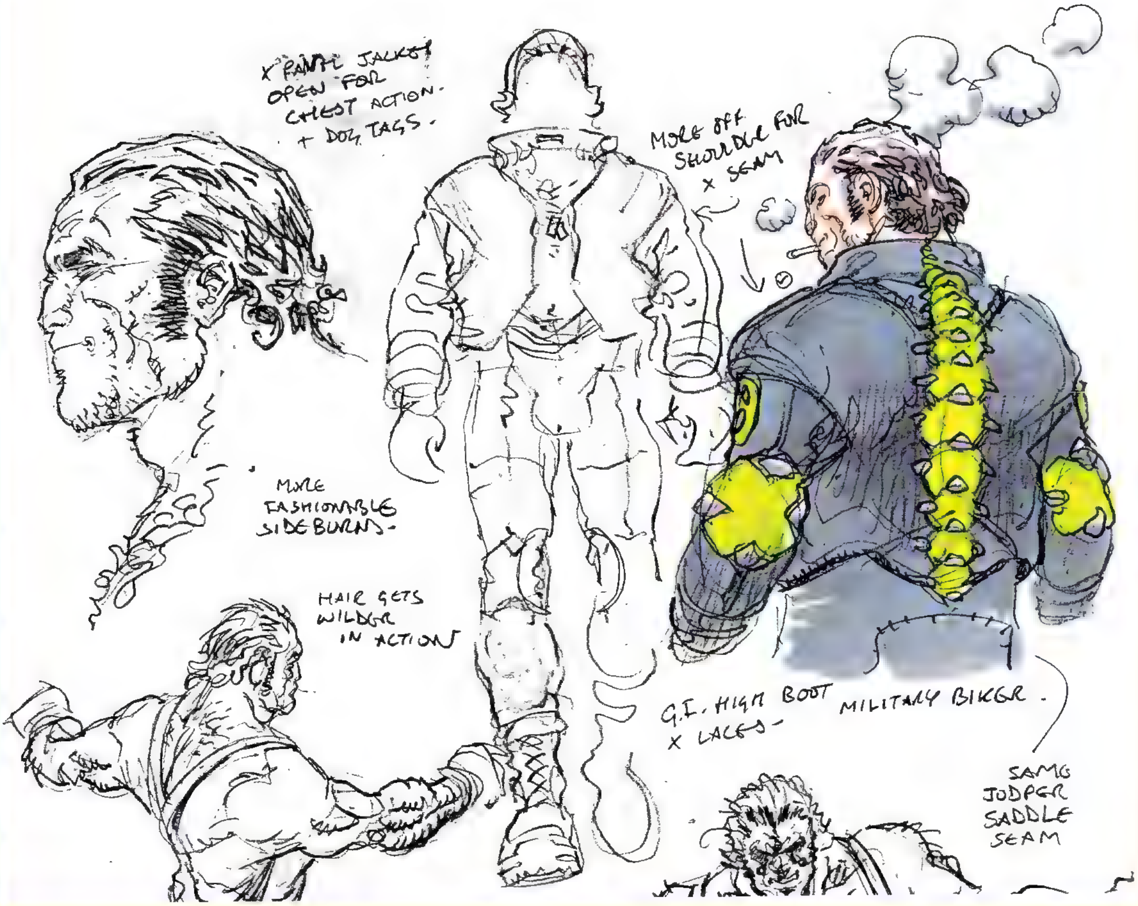


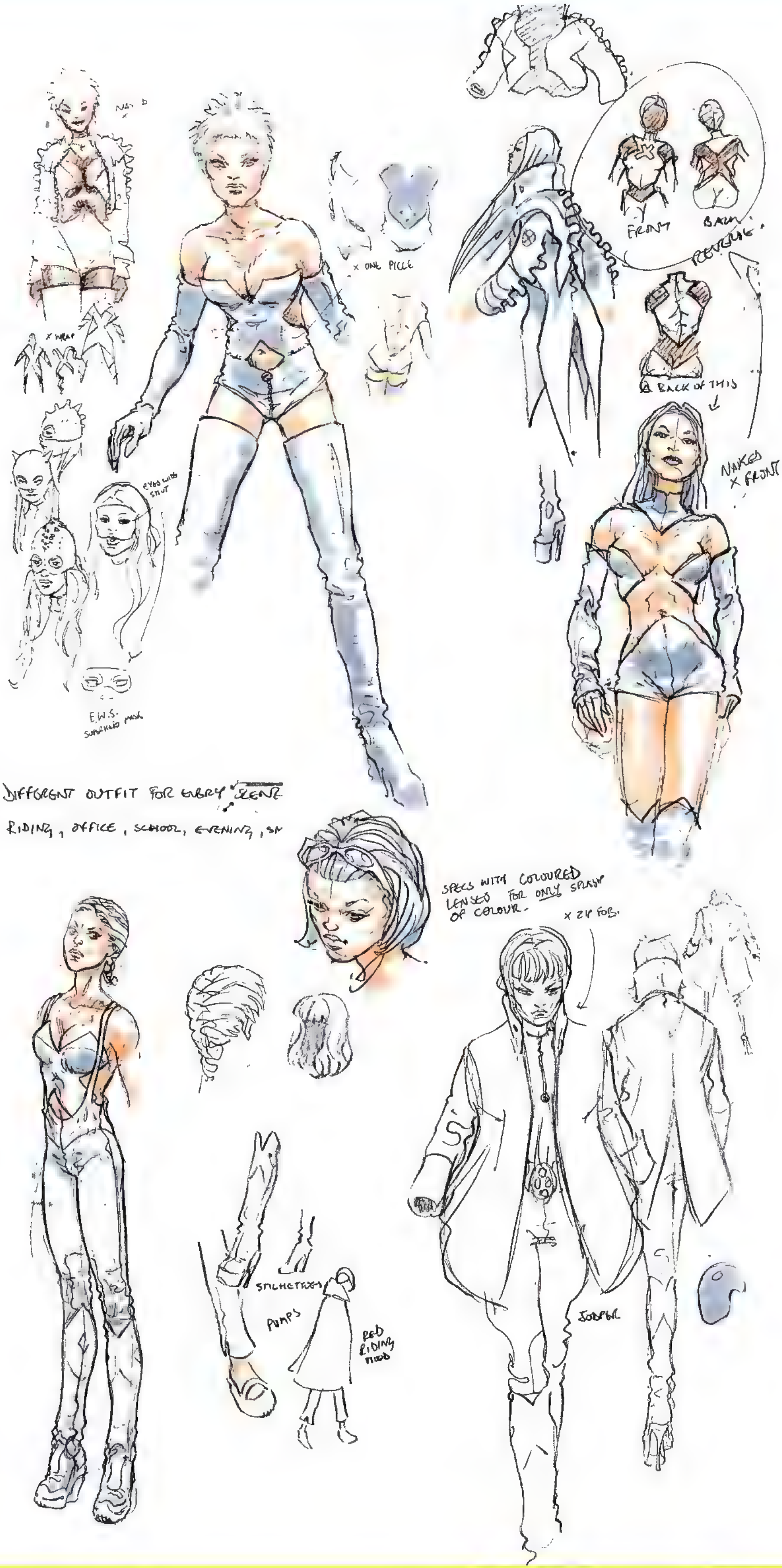
NEW X-MEN #115 **VARIANT COVER BY**
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH

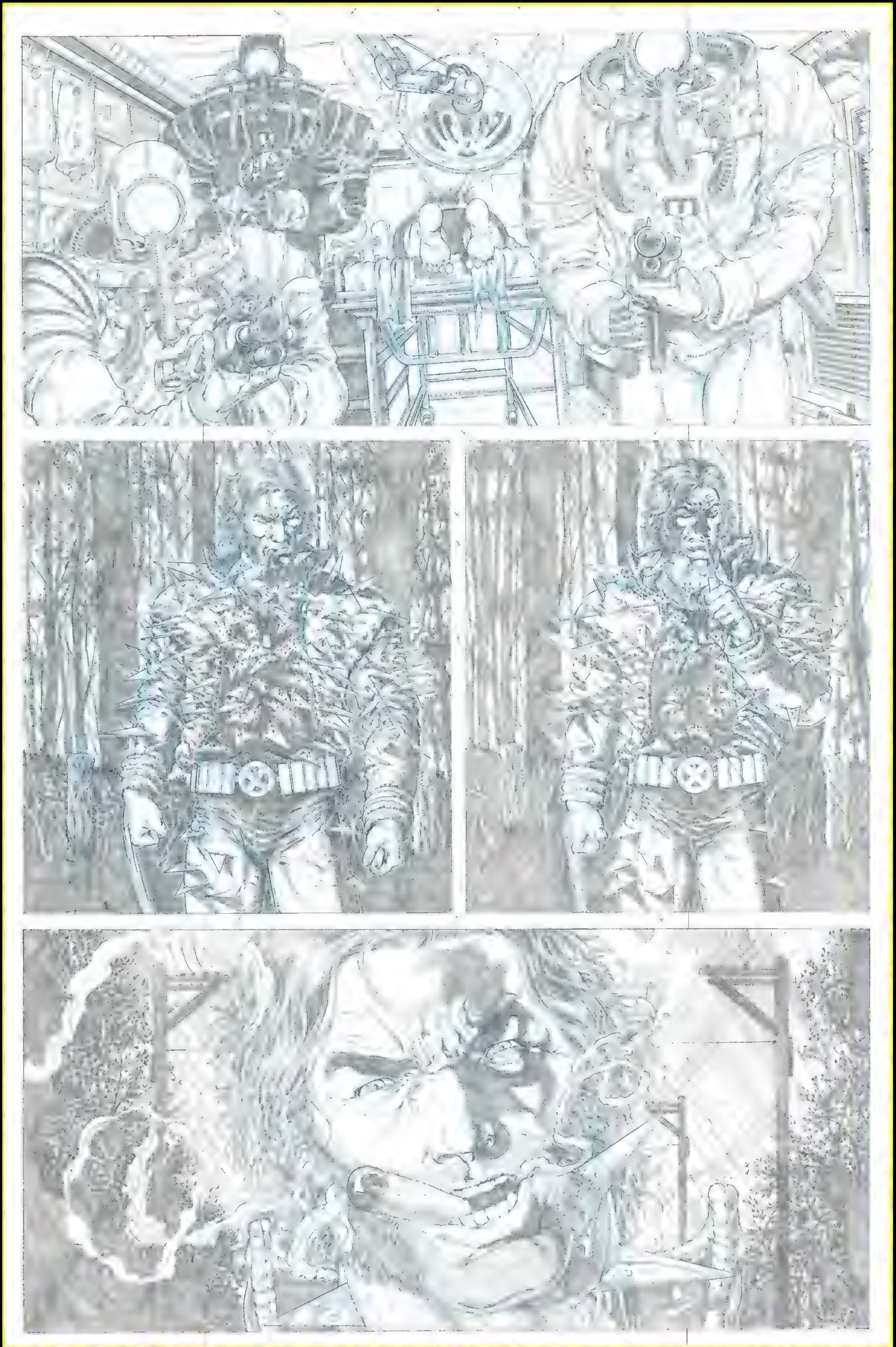
CHARACTER DESIGNS BY
FRANK QUITELY


SLEEVELESS BIKER JACKET – BODY WARMER
X SYMBOL ON SHOULDERS OF THERMAL T
V. SKINNY 'RIB'
ALL ONE COLOR
CLUB LOOK.
CHECK RELEVANCE OF BELT COMPARTMENTS
× ZIP FOB.
iD GIFT # 127. FOR PLAIN LEGS.
ZIP NECK TOO.
½ ZIP SLEEVE LIKE RECENT CHANEL.
FASHION VICTIM ALERT!
V CUT BOOT WITH X ALL ONE COLOR.
CAMPER. NO LACE
X OPEN.
FOB.
CAPTAIN CUFFS'
CENTRE FRONT SEAM * FOR CREASE EFFECT

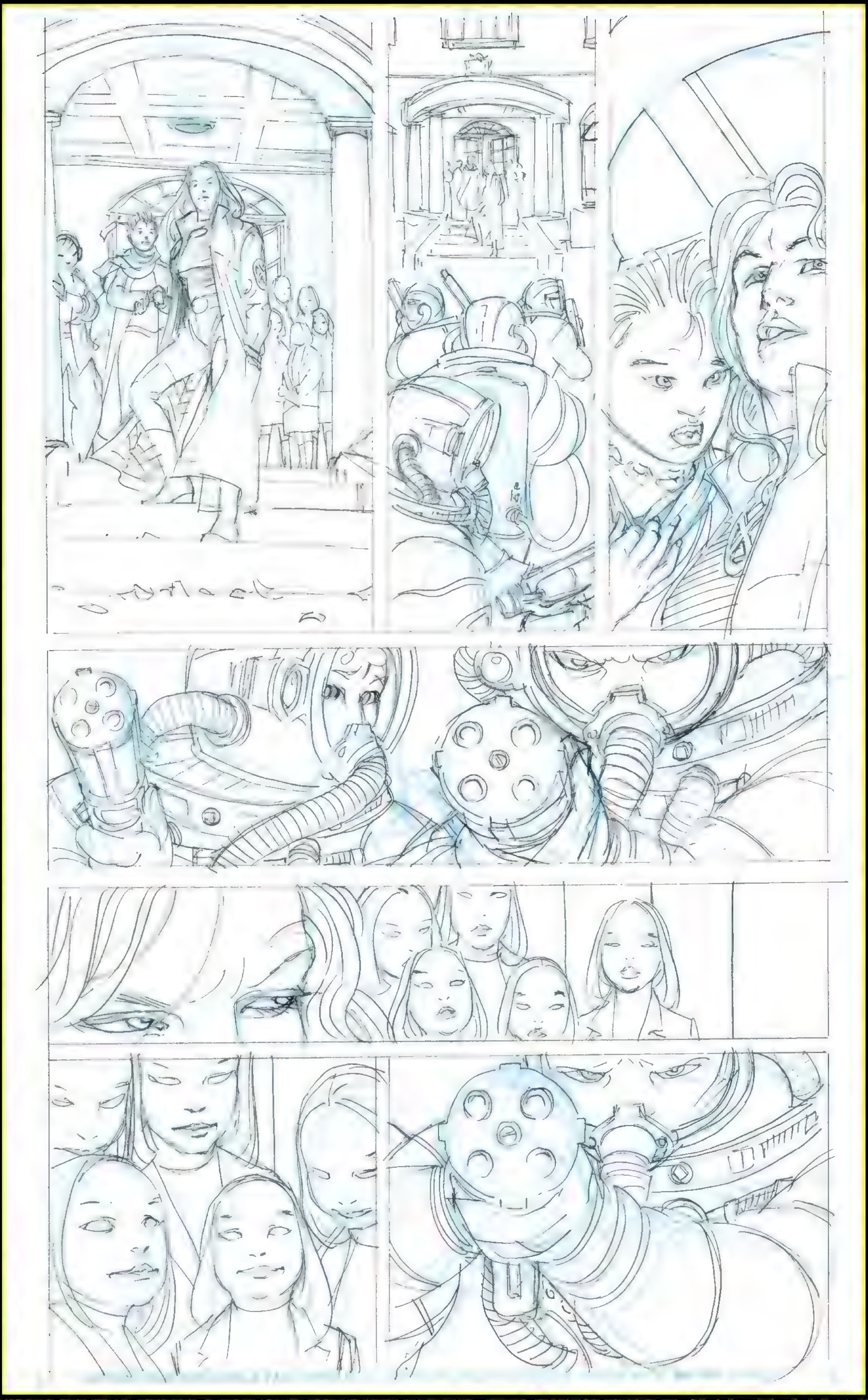



X PANEL JACKET OPEN FOR CHEST ACTION. + DOG TAGS.
MORE OFF SHOULDER FOR X SEAM
MORE FASHIONABLE SIDEBURNS-
HAIR GETS WILDER IN ACTION
G.I. HIGH BOOT X LACES-
MILITARY BIKER.
SAME JODPER SADDLE SEAM


NAKED X
X WRAP
X ONE PIECE
FRONT
BACK
REVEALING
BACK OF THIS
NAKED X FRONT
EYES WITH SHUT
E.W.S. SUPERHERO MASK
DIFFERENT OUTFIT FOR EVERY SCENE
RIDING, OFFICE, SCHOOL, EVENING, SN
SPECS WITH COLOURED LENSES FOR ONLY SPLASH OF COLOUR.
X ZIP FOB.
STILETTOS
PUMPS
RED RIDING HOOD
JODPUR



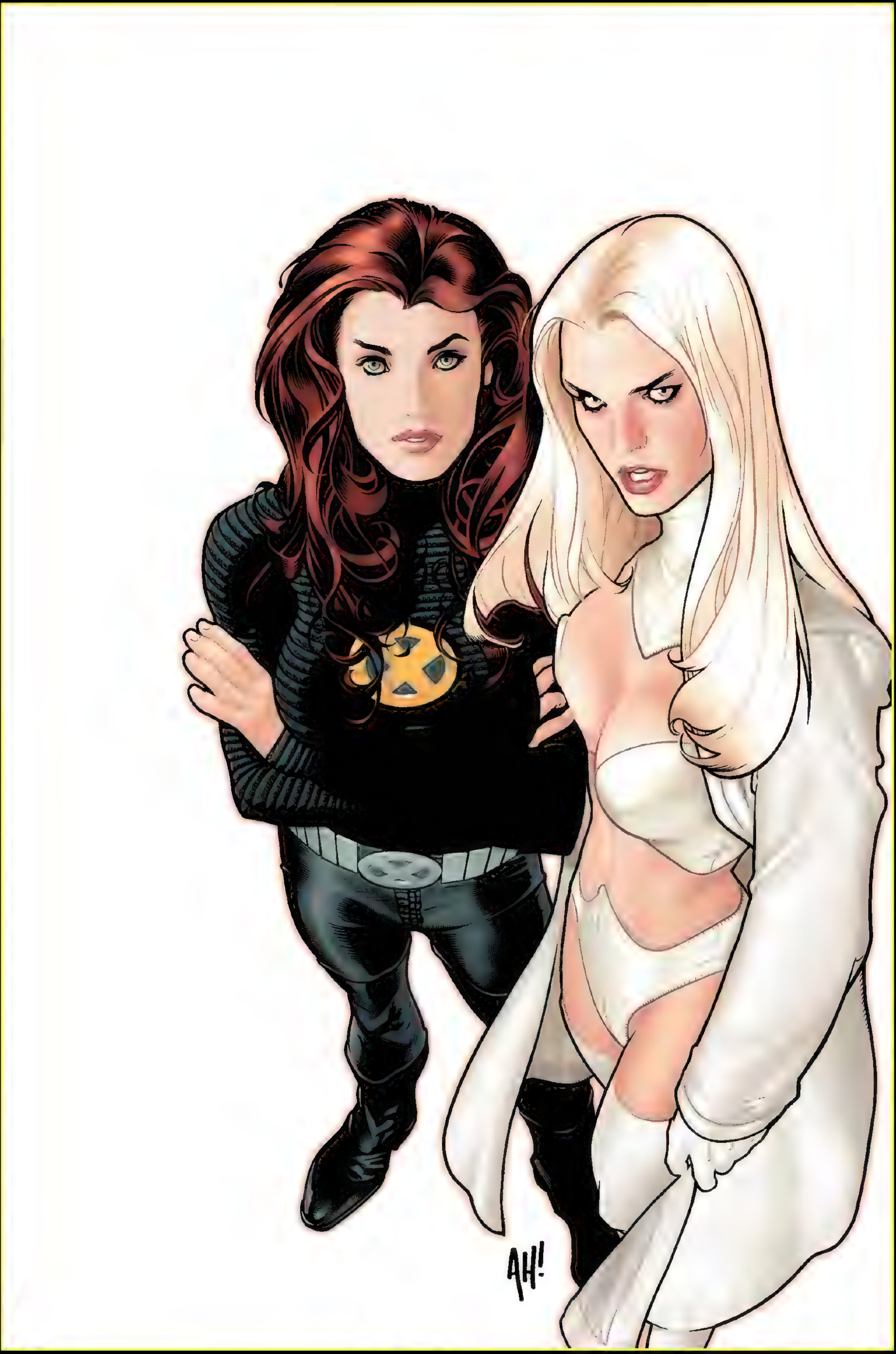
ETHAN VAN SCIVER DREW NEW ***X-MEN #119***, PAGE 7 BEFORE
IGOR KORDEY JOINED THE ***NEW X-MEN*** ART TEAM.



ORIGINAL SINGLE PAGE LAYOUT FOR NEW ***X-MEN #120***, PAGE 8 BEFORE
IGOR KORDEY RE-ENVISIONED IT AS A DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD.

WIZARD #117 COVER BY
FRANK QUITELY

WIZARD #124 COVER BY
FRANK QUITELY



WIZARD #129 COVER BY
ADAM HUGHES

NEW X-MEN #121 SCRIPT BY **GRANT MORRISON** WITH ART BY **FRANK QUITELY** & **HI-FI DESIGN**

PAGE 1

Frame 1: Establishing shot of the Xavier school gates. The sign is seen at a weird oblique angle, so that the perspective of the letters seems forced, diminishing into background. Huge oblique X near to us.

Frame 2: HUGE title credits page with the close up image of red glowing letters which read SILENCE:

TITLE/CREDITS: WRITER:GRANT MORRISON
ARTIST: FRANK QUIETLY
COLORS: HI-FI DESIGN

PAGE 2 & 3

Frame 1: Spread page with two tiers. The top tier has eight vertical panels. The bottom tier is one cinemascope panel. First three panels show the X-Men: Scott, Logan, Emma , Jean standing outside the door where the SILENCE sign glows. Hushed moment of silent preparation. In this first is Logan...

Frame 2: Emma now opening the door to go in, looking back briefly.

Frame 3: Jean turns to Scott.

Frame 4: Kiss on cheek. Logan glances at Jean.

Frame 6: Scott about to say something. Jean puts a finger to his lips.

Frame 7: Jean makes a hush gesture as she turns away.

Frame 8: The door closes behind her.

Frame 9: Emma and Jean stand looking at Cassandra Nova...she's in a bad way on drips and life support... we're now in the sickbay area. Light is different.

PAGE 4

Frame 1: Overhead shot. Emma takes her position in a chair behind the bed. Jean looks down.

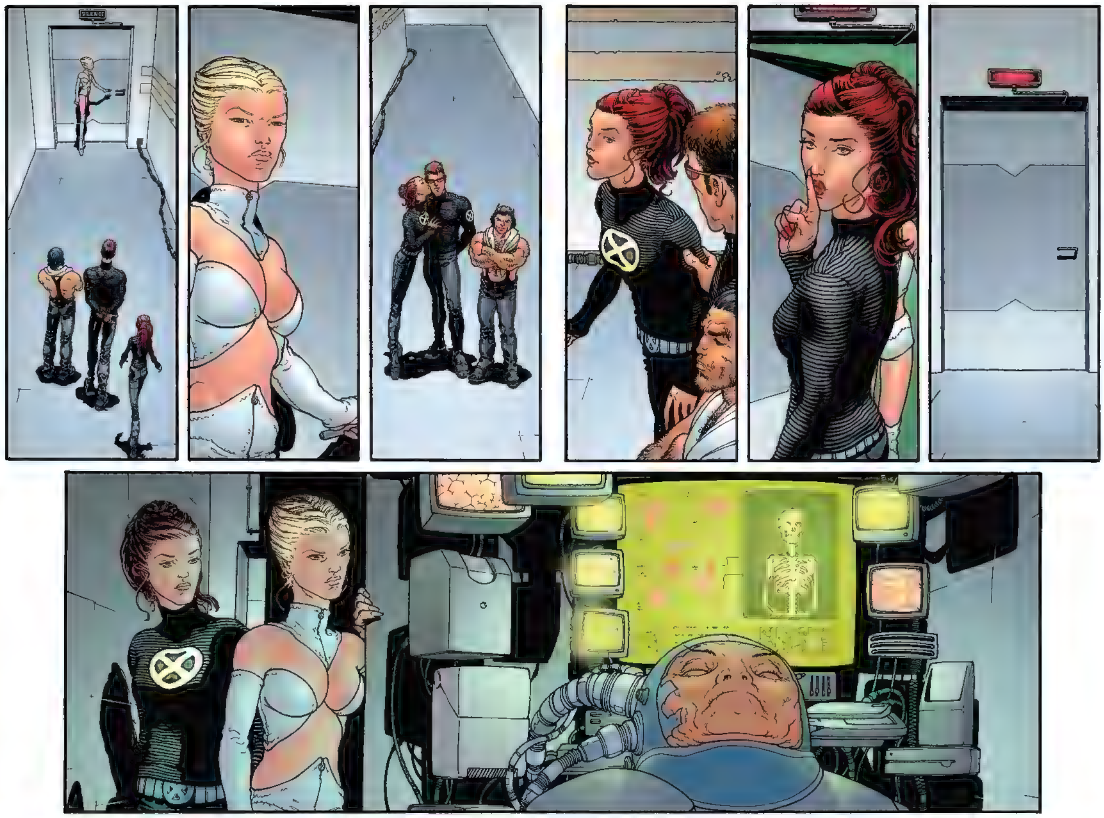
Frame 2: Jean sits in her own chair beside the bed. She touches Cassandra's head.

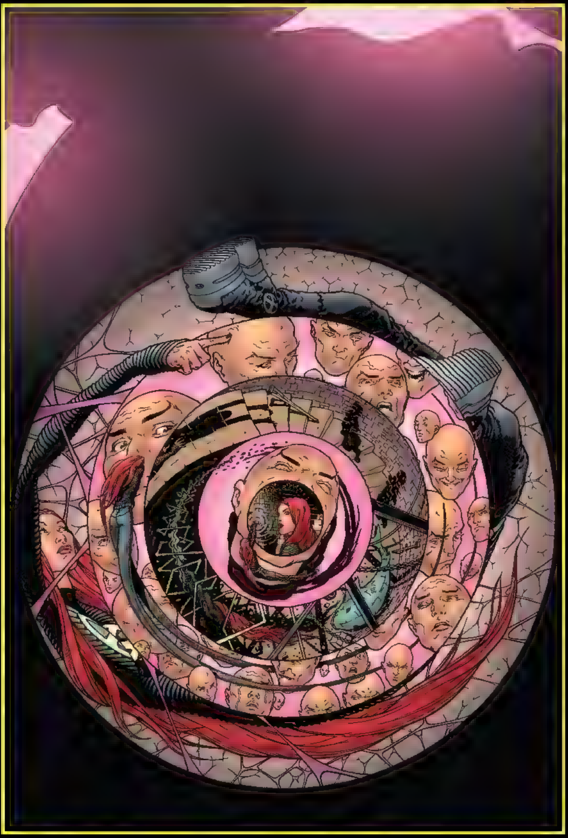
Frame 3: Closer. Jean leans down and lightly closes her eyes.

Frame 4: Jean looks up and gives a thumbs up to Emma. Emma knocks back a stiff drink.

Frame 5: Emma composes herself, closes her eyes. Fingers lightly on Xavier's temples.

Frame 6: Jean goes in. Whatever expression or pose you think would work best to suggest someone boring their way into someone else's consciousness.





PAGE 5

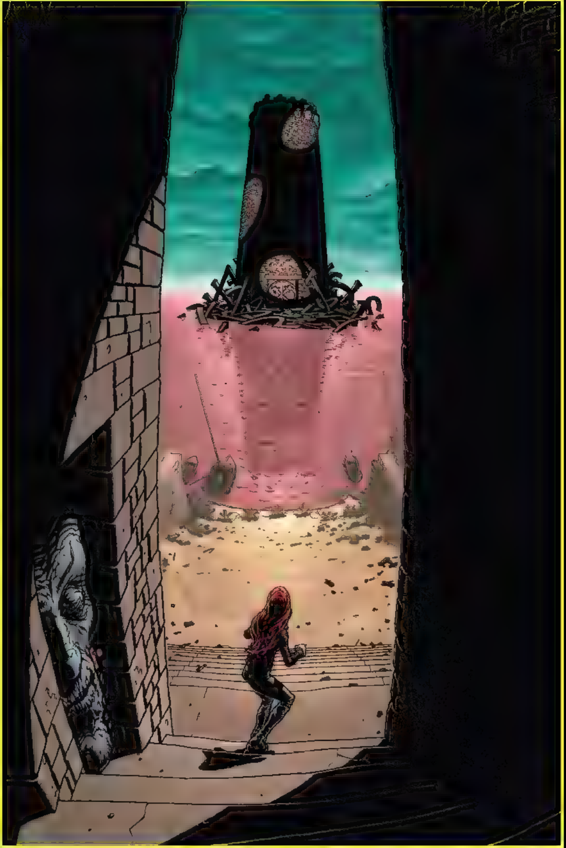
Frame 1: Six panels arranged in concentric circles, like ripples or a target. In the outermost ripple is filled with an abstract neuronal fuzz of twisted dendrites and brain fibres, with Jean superimposed as if diving away from us, down towards the centre of the page in a clockwise spiral.

Frame 2: The second tier is filled with Xavier faces, screaming laughing, howling, crying guardians - extreme emotional defence systems to ward off telepathic invaders. Pointing, accusing, hiding their eyes, pontificating. A smaller figure of Jean spins away from us, down into the center. Splashing into the one face which is calm, Christ-like in its quiet suffering expression.

Frame 3: Then in the third tier, looking down a fisheye perspective past the pillars and stairs and beams of a strange cellar filled with iconic dreamlike objects — a huge unnerving paper and wood fish sculpture is rotting there, papers and photographs of people from Xavier's past, all swirling in a wind which whips through the cellar, rearranging things. A bow. A crutch (all these things are associated with the letter X according to my trusty "abecedarium." Add other Peter Greenaway-esque details. This is the library of Xavier's mind. The memories and symbols of his ego. A smaller Jean spirals down like water into a plughole down the weird DNA stairs and bone bookcases.

Frame 4: A screaming Xavier face fills the fourth tier. Man at the end of his tether, holding onto his own identity and sanity with a sheer act of raging will. The tiny Jean hits this face as if there's a surface there which splashes up like liquid. She's in.

Frame 5: In the bullseye at the center of the page, is Jean's face in close up, turning to look back over her shoulder at us. Seeing something awesome off panel.



PAGE 6

Frame 1: Full page pic as we get to see it too. Jean is in Cassandra's brain. Longshot from behind her as she stands on a small, miserable looking beach hemmed in on three sides by tall black brick buildings. Out in the sea dominating the image there is a huge tower. Black and foreboding it rises up like a lighthouse of the damned. The tower has a strange superstructure — the central pillar is surrounded by a skeleton cage or helix of broken words, shattered symbols. Searchlights probe the isolated structure. At the edge of the beach are X shaped posts embedded in the sand, twisted through with barbed wire. It's like the beach at the Normandy landings. A feeling of oppression, police state tyrannical brutalism. The tarry rotted skeletons of boats in the shallows. Everything from here on in has the symbolic superreality of a dream.

PAGE 7

Frame 1: Jean head and shoulders in foreground looks off panel with a determined frown. In background on a narrow set of stone stairs which descend between tenements to the beach, we see Emma. She can't come any further than where she is.

We can see Jean's thoughts in the form of purple neon pictograms in the air near her head. They should translate as: HE'S BEEN IMPRISONED. A MENTAL CONSTRUCTION A

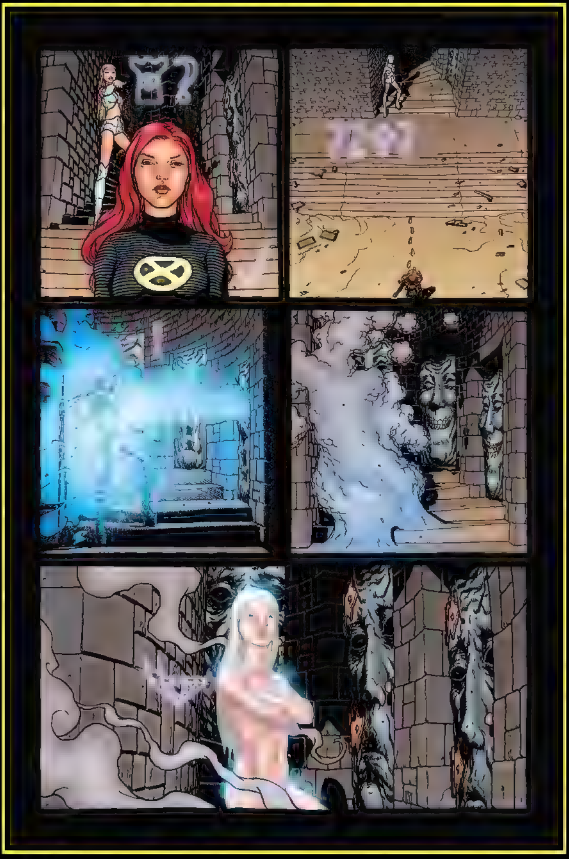
TRAP FOR HIS SELF...Emma's telepathic symbols float in the air in front of her, glowing like purple neon and reading:

(We'll talk about these symbols as you get to them.)

Frame 2: Emma facing away from us in foreground on the steps extends her arm to indicate the faces of Cassandra in the doors lining the narrow stairwell. Each door is made of what looks like black Bible leather with huge clasp hinges. The Cassandra faces are like bas reliefs. Frame 3 Jean looks at the sleeping face on the door.

Frame 4: It snaps at her and she flinches her hand back. Eyes surly, sleepy, partially opening for a moment.

Frame 5: Emma looks around, sensing danger. Jean is getting ready to move.



PAGE 8

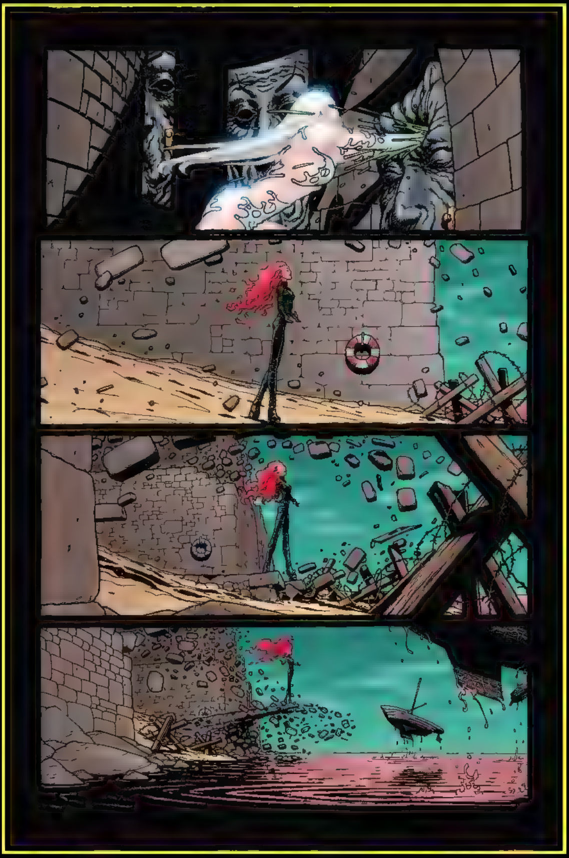
Frame 1: The faces on the doors come to life. Eyes widen, mouths open into 'O's. Emma points across the beach to the sea and Jean takes off in that direction.

Frame 2: Jeans runs across the beach.

Frame 3: The heads fire beams from their eyes. Emma consumed in the ferocious energy of the crossfire.

Frame 4: Mist fades. The heads grin, thinking they've destroyed Emma's thought-form. In the swirl of smoke we may glimpse a dim figure.

Frame 5: Emma stands naked and diamond, beautiful. Her clothes are burnt away, her arms are folded across her chest and a wisp of smoke hides her naked loins. All she has on now is a wide belt. She looks pleased with herself and wickedly sexy.



PAGE 9

Frame 1: Emma plunges her fingers through the forehead of one of the Cassandra heads. Its eyes roll up and it squawks in death. Emma's costume forms around her, thought-controlled in this environment.

Frame 2: Jean slows as she walks towards the shoreline, gathering her thoughts. Her hair begins to rise up around her as though caught in a fan blast from below. Little flickers of fire run through the strands.

Frame 3: Jean walks forward dramatically, posing like an MTV star, lifting her arms at either side, palms upward, making things happen all around her as if by this simple gesture. Objects rise. Her telekinetic command is staggering in its scale and precision. Her hair flares up and whips around her.

Frame 4: Dream buildings coming apart, old boats rising from the dark foam. Huge orderly, towering processions of brick and mortar pass in avenues beside her.

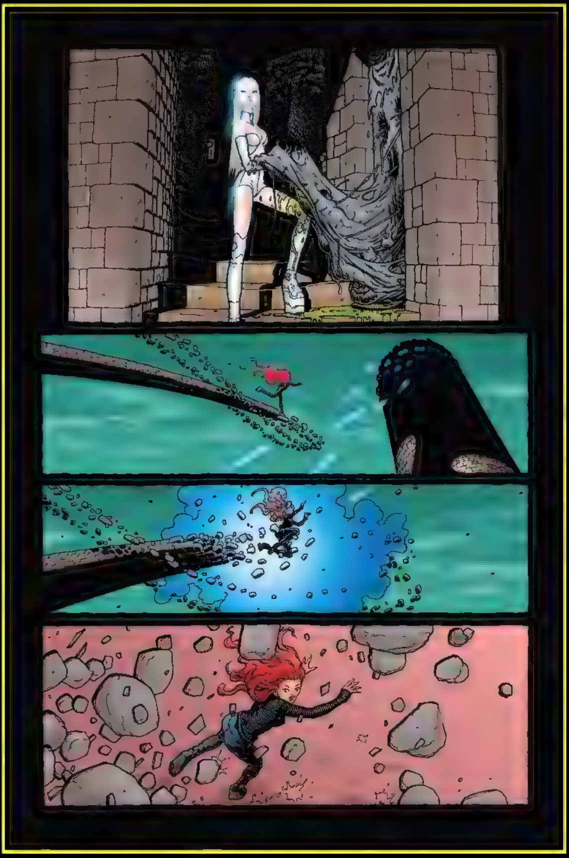
PAGE 10

Frame 1: Tiny Jean in longshot, dwarfed by the great bridge she's building. A gorgeous span begins to form itself out of borrowed and mind-assembled debris, an incredible Kingdom Brunel bridge extending to the tower.

Frame 2: Jean walks as the bridge creates itself around her. She's very focused. The scale of her control is incredible

Frame 3: Overhead shot. We're looking at Jean as she walks across the bridge. Parts still fly into place.

Frame 4: Looking down from the tower itself. Cassandra gargoyles can be seen on the tower, rotating to fire upon Jean.



PAGE 11

Frame 1: Emma pause. She's got a huge Cassandra face in her hands, hanging limply from where she has it gripped between the eyes. She's ripped it off the leather facing of a door. In the stencil patch beneath, we see what looks like bleeding skin and knotted nerve cables of winking digital fibre optics and platinum circuit wire. She turns to see what's happening with Jean. The other heads shriek in fear, eyes twisting to look at Emma.

Frame 2: Jean runs across the bridge and we follow her as the gargoyles attack, launching destructive bolts from their mouths. The barred door at the base of the tower has an X motif with two crossed downward thrust swords.

Frame 3: We're looking up at Jean as she leaps across the collapsing gap of exploded smoking bridge.

Frame 4: Jean falls towards the ocean, looking off panel as if for some help from Emma.

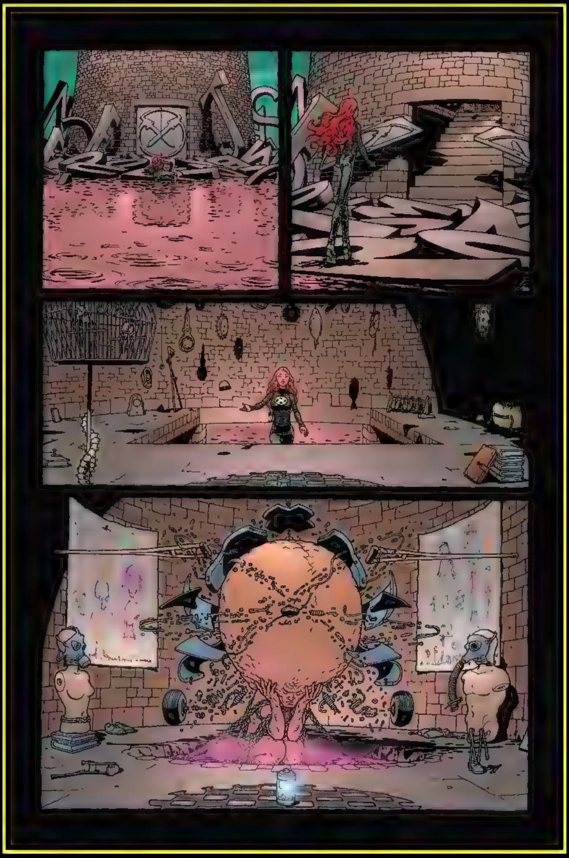
PAGE 12

Frame 1: Emma sticks out her tongue wickedly. She has no intention of coming to Jean's aid.

Frame 2: Emma gets a shock as she looks down at the grinning face she's just discarded. It opens its mouth.

Frame 3: Jean hits the water amidst a fall of debris...

Frame 4: And the face bites Emma's foot, trapping it. The others purse their lips and spit on Emma. The flying saliva is red and filled with lots of little jumbled up letters like the rind in marmalade.



PAGE 13

Frame 1: Jean hauls herself up out of the sea, really determined and pissed off now. The bridge is collapsed and sunken into the foaming sea behind, epic in its decay.

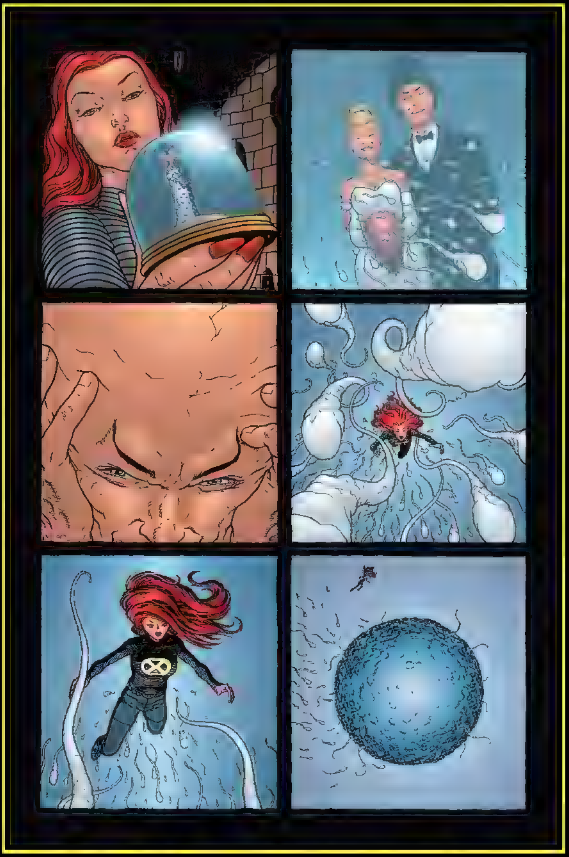
Frame 2: She walks towards the door, blows it open. Water flies off her telekinetically like a nimbus of rain. The great "X" seal on the door is shattered into fragments.

Frame 3: She walks into the hollow black tower. A weird room filled with symbolic stuff — bird skeleton in a cage, locked books, a rack of running shoes, gas masks, symbols of suffocation and fetuses in jars. Twin stuff hinted at everywhere. A snowglobe lifts towards her outstretched hand. She looks off panel, eyes riveted on the sight there ...

Frame 4: Charles Xavier in grotesque pose, holding his vast swollen dripping brain, like an Atlas. Xavier struggling with the gross weight of his own imprisoned thoughts, sunk to the thighs in bubbling slime and tar like some monstrous Blakean figure.

As a nod to Dali, there's an exploded wheelchair hovering in bits around Xavier . The components hang in strange splendor — Xavier's own version of the hypercubist cross.

The terrible interior walls run with moisture and sport huge scrawled ghastly child-like drawings of the primal mummy and daddy. Any mad stuff you want to throw in to add to the density of visual information is fine.



PAGE 14

Frame 1: Close up. Jean holds up the snowglobe and we see that it contains a bride and groom — Xavier's mother and father. The snow inside, stirred into swirls by Jean's hand, is tiny tadpole swarms of sperm.

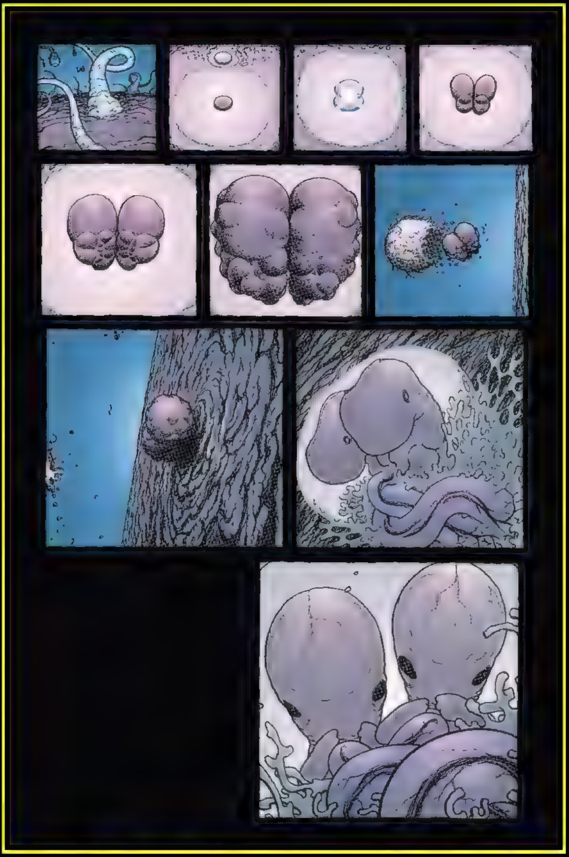
Frame 2: Zoom in on the snowglobe as she shakes it a little, into the driving rush of sperm and bubbles.

Frame 3: Xavier looks up from his torment, the huge head weighing him down.

Frame 4: Jean has been swept into the ultimate original memory — Xavier's DNA recall. Surprised, she's diving down towards us through a 3D explosion of swimming seed as it heads for destiny. The sperm in foreground have intricate delicate glass heads filled with coils of information. Jean looks like she's diving with some exotic species of incredible luminous deep-sea jellyfish.

Frame 5: Jean slows to a stop and floats in the impossible symbol world. Her eyes are wide with cosmic awe. Lit from below by an unearthly primordial light. Fragments of fern-like XXX shaped villi float in the solution.

Frame 6: Outrageous cosmic moment as Jean hangs poised in the solution beside us, looking down at the dreamlike scene below. the primal moment of conception as the sperm surround the egg and merge into it. It's like a weird planet sunk in wet space, surrounded by thrashing tails and burrowing heads.



PAGE 15

Frame 1: Microscopically accurate shots now as a single sperm forces its way through the coral-like structures of the zona.

Frame 2: The fusion. The X-gene activates in the pronucleus pair. A vivid signal flare, the clarion call of mutant conception.

Frame 3: Pull back to watch cell division in the egg. Something unusual is happening as twins begin to divide.

Frame 4: Two figures hooked up to the placenta — twin unformed fetuses identical at this stage. Charles and Cassandra emerging from undifferentiated cells into the red Eden of this primary world of total nourishment.

Frame 5: Close on the unformed alien newt face of Charles Xavier. Tiny organic Xs floating in solution. The eerie light of the deepest chambers of the human experience.

PAGE 16

Frame 1: Babies growing now to near term. All lit in eerie ultraviolet plutonian shades instead of the warmth of the womb scenes we're accustomed to seeing and experiencing.

Frame 2: Close up on the face of Cassandra — perfect light, pre-dawn divine light on the barely-formed face. She seems lit from within, godlike.

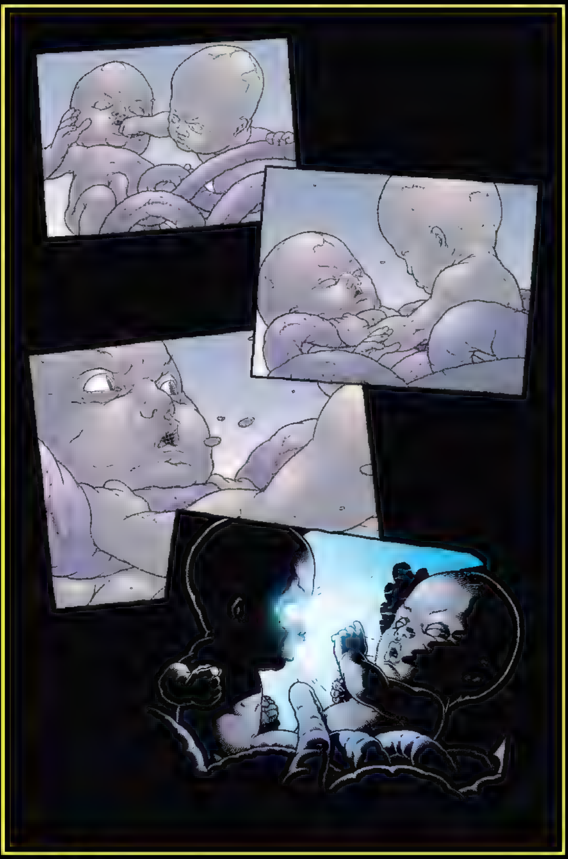
Frame 3: She and Charles float silently, calm, together. We circle around them in this timeless still place.

Frame 4: Then the supreme shocking moment as Cassandra's eyes tear open and stare at us.

Frame 5: Cassandra's POV. She reaches out her translucent hand and looks down at it with awe and understanding.

Frame 6: She makes a fist. A terrible smile crosses her face. It's worse because there should be no such expression on an unborn face. Her eyes shift to look at Charles dreaming in his prenatal trance.

CHARLES WAS BORN WITH HIS EYES OPEN, STARING...



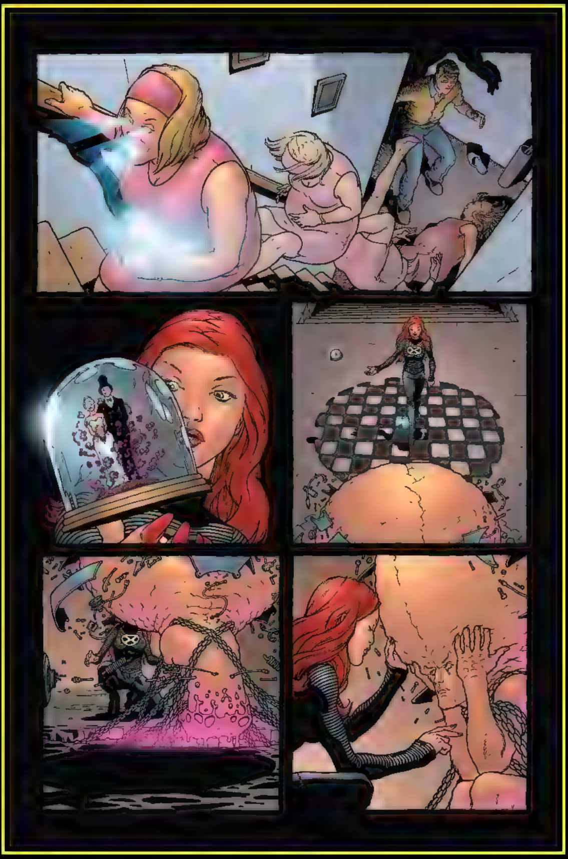
PAGE 17

Frame 1: And suddenly it's War in the Womb as Cassandra hits her brother's face with her hand. A nasty backhanded blow. The tiny Charles yelps in first pain.

Frame 2: Thrashing internal tides, the tiny hands choke and battle. Cassandra's face is gruesomely evil. Charles's eyes are closed, he's in distress as Cassandra attacks his face, blocking his nose and mouth.

Frame 3: Cassandra is killing Charles now, strangling him with his own umbilicus, pulling at his face. Seething toxic horror in the coloring now, amniotic fluid like urine and bile in the dark green light. Charles's eyes tear open, seeing the unseen universe for the first time.

Frame 4: The primal crime: Charles unleashes intense psychic power to destroy Cassandra. His mouth streams with energetic light and more pours from his eyes. Cass screams. Infernal scouring light fills the miniature womb world.



PAGE 18

Frame 1: Outside it all. Mum in strobe motion sequence across the panel, clutches her stomach, sways and then falls. Her belly glows in the first spasm and light shoots from her mouth and nose. Dad Xavier reaches to grab her.

Frame 2: Jean looking at the snowglobe as flowers of blood bloom inside it, snaking around the bride and groom. It floats up from her hand.

Frame 3: The snowglobe floats back into place as Jean walks towards Charles.

Frame 4: We're behind him as he hangs in his chains. Jean crouches down in front of him and the chains begin to come apart.

Frame 5: She takes his huge head in her hands, he looks up, eyes rolling tears. Monstrous, godlike in grotesque immensity Xavier seems like some suffering figure from a Renaissance fever dream.

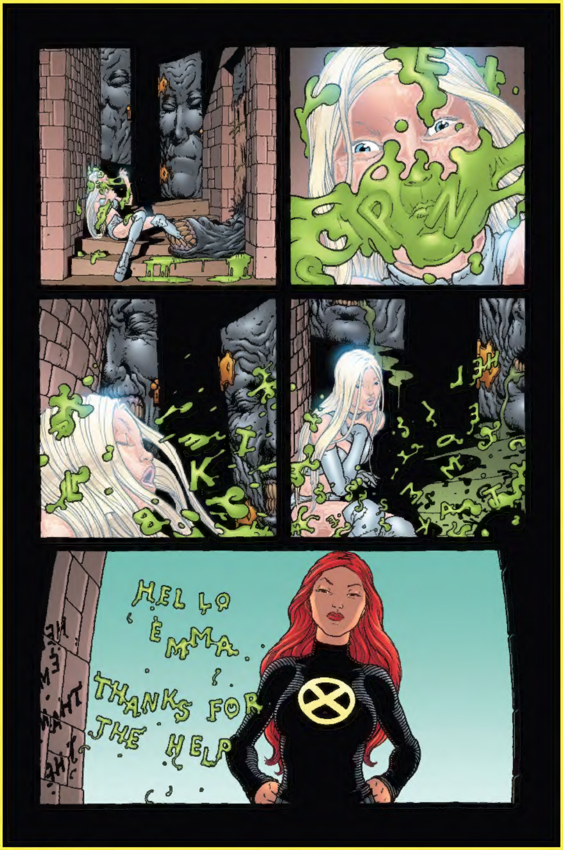
PAGE 19

Frame 1: A page of tall vertical frames, showing the anti-lighthouse prison of Charles Xavier. The bridge fallen.

Frame 2: A star appears in the center of the tower.

Frame 3: The tower crumbles. Sun bursts down out of the clouds.

Frame 4: Tower falls. The star is Jean.



PAGE 20

Frame 1: Emma is trapped under the sticky word goo of the heads. They aim their crackling eyes at her.

Frame 2: Emma struggles. Choking and pulling at the incoherent sticky gel filled with little letters. It's tacky like pizza cheese, covering her face, cutting off her breath.

Frame 3: Then it all splats into tiny gelatin globules and letters all around her. The door faces go rigid with shock as though electrified.

Frame 4: Jean is there in the aftermath. All the faces are limp and dead now, like stroke victims. Smoke drifts from their slack mouths. Letters and jelly globules spin in the air, arranging themselves into HELLO EMMA THANKS FOR THE HELP

Frame 5: Emma gets up, dusting herself down look, shooting a venomous glance at Jean. Jean is taking no [redacted]t. She point back towards the beach shells come from. A shape there maybe?

PAGE 21

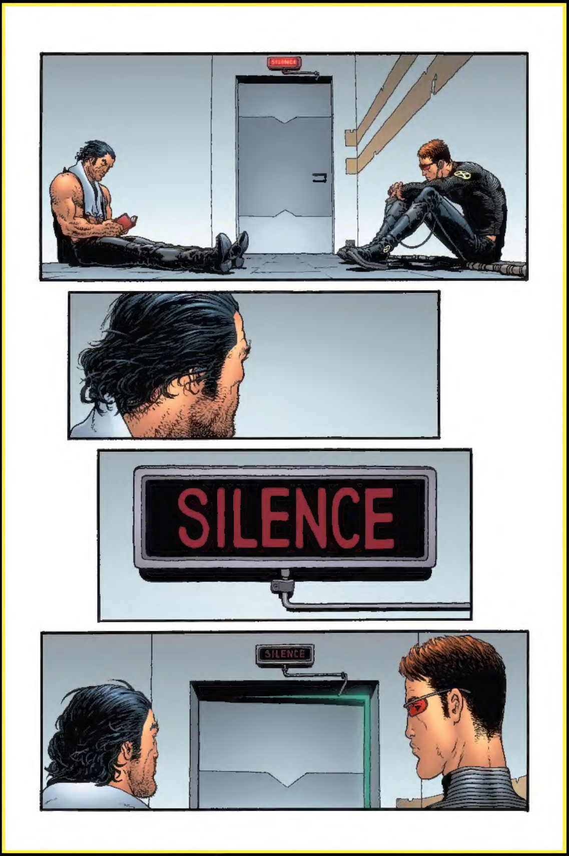
Frame 1: Longshot. Emma kicks the fallen head angrily and one eye flies out to splat on the wall. Jean is grimly amused as she walks towards us.

Frame 2: Emma shoots us a placatory glance over her shoulder. I'm all right really...

Frame 3: Emma follows Jean as Jean issues a symbol command.

Frame 4: The crouched fetal autistic Professor on the beach with his huge swollen head.

Frame 5: Overhead, Jean crouches down, putting her arm around the monstrous Xavier self. They seem small and isolated on the beach. Emma stands by, looking down at the strange numinous scene.



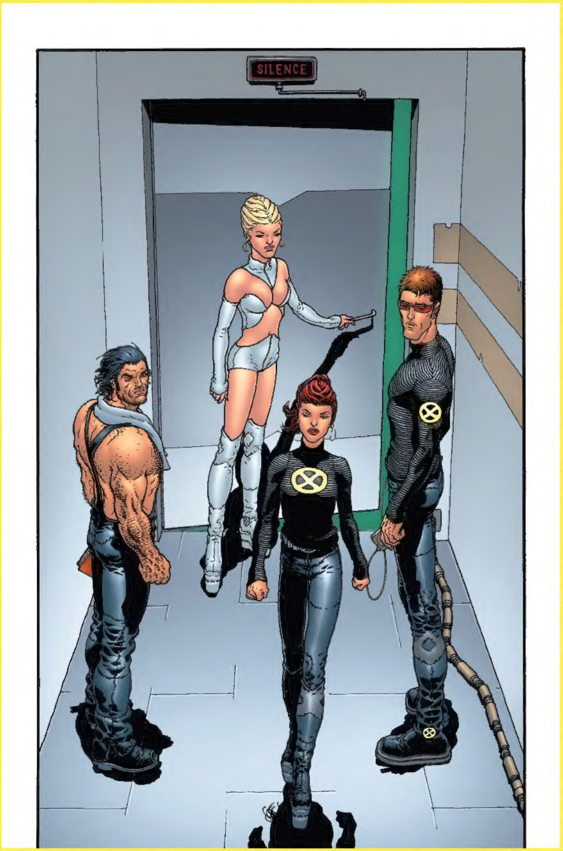
PAGE 22

Frame 1: Five horizontal insert panels in a double page end scene. First pic has the X-Men. Logan is reading and Scott is listening to his walkman, waiting. They sit apart and do not talk.

Frame 2: Logan looks up suddenly alert.

Frame 3: The red SILENCE warning light goes out.

Frame 4: Scott and Logan exchange glances as the door opens.



PAGE 23

Big pic taking up all of the final page. Emma and Jean emerge.

Jean looks grave. Emma is just behind and looks confident, in control.

Jean a sly, sullen glance. Emma doesn't like being beaten. And if she can't beat Jean with her super-powers then she might have to get ugly...

JEAN: PROFESSOR X TRIED TO KILL HIS TWIN SISTER WHILE THEY WERE BOTH STILL IN THE WOMB.

JEAN: WE OUGHT TO TALK...

MODERN ERA EPIC COLLECTIONS

MARVEL
MODERN ERA
EPIC COLLECTION
McCANN
SWIERCZYNSKI
LÓPEZ
GARCÍA
DIAZ
DRAGOTTA
DE LANDRO
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HAWKEYE
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Cassandra Nova will stop at nothing to see all mutants exterminated. Her wild Sentinels' first strike on Genosha brings death and horror beyond belief, but she has far more personal plans for the X-Men! Meanwhile, joined by wicked telepath Emma Frost and mysterious powerhouse Xorn, the X-Men go public and expand Xavier's school to train a new generation of mutants — including the insect-like Angel, bird-boy Beak and telepathic quintuplets the Stepford Cuckoos! As the team faces the disturbing threat of John Sublime and his organ-harvesting U-Men, Jean's powers flare out of control, the Beast makes a frightening discovery, and Professor X lies near death! Can the X-Men withstand Cassandra's return — with the full might of the Shi'ar Imperial Guard at her command?

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